Thirty Years in Washington

Mrs. John A. Logan

GIFT OF
Marston Campbell, Jr.

Marston Campbell

Mrs. John A. Logan

MRS. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SEATED AT HER DESK IN THE LIBRARY OF THE REMODELED WHITE HOUSE.

From her latest photograph, approved by herself, and engraved expressly for this book.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

THIRTY YEARS IN WASHINGTON

OR

LIFE AND SCENES IN OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL.

PORTRAYING

THE WONDERFUL OPERATIONS IN ALL THE GREAT DEPARTMENTS, AND DESCRIBING EVERY IMPORTANT FUNCTION OF OUR NATIONAL GOVERNMENT,

INCLUDING ITS

Historical, Executive, Administrative, Departmental, Artistic, and Social Features.

WITH SKETCHES OF

THE PRESIDENTS AND THEIR WIVES

AND OF

ALL THE FAMOUS WOMEN WHO HAVE REIGNED IN THE WHITE HOUSE

FROM WASHINGTON'S TO ROOSEVELT'S ADMINISTRATION.

EDITED

By MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

Main Entrance to the White House.

Superbly Illustrated

WITH FIFTY FULL-PAGE PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

H. L. BALDWIN COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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GIFT OF
Marston Campbell Jr.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

PREFACE.

IN presenting this volume, in the preparation of which the utmost care has been taken, and no expense considered too great, I have endeavored to meet the demand for a story of the birth and growth of our National Capital, and for a comprehensive and interesting description of the countless and mighty interests that center there. Few citizens of the United States really appreciate the number and magnitude of the Departments of the Government, or realize how marvelously the volume of business has expanded as the population of our ever-widening domain has increased. Many otherwise well-informed people are unfamiliar with the workings of the giant activities carried on in these Departments, and much of what I have written will doubtless be a revelation to them.

The sketches of the Presidents of the great Republic, from Washington to McKinley, together with those of the ladies of the White House, whose influence has often been "the power behind the throne," I am sure will claim the in-

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terested attention of my readers. The lives and personality of these women have been overshadowed, historically speaking, by the more prominent careers of their distinguished husbands or relatives. Every woman will read with pride the record of these women who were called to fill the most prominent and difficult position in the gift of the people. In almost every instance they were lovely and admirable characters. Most of them were equipped by birth, education, and social acquirements to adorn this high position; and some possessed a rare combination of gifts and graces that made them pre-eminent as social queens, and made their reign, as mistress of the White House, a part of our National history.

My first introduction to life in the city of Washington was in 1858, General Logan being then a member of Congress, and for more than thirty years I have lived there almost continuously, an interested observer of passing events. As the wife of a Senator, I may say that I enjoyed unusual privileges and opportunities to see and know the inner life and activities of the Capital City. I have had my share of the favor of the powers that were, and the honor of being included among the distinguished guests at both private and official entertainments; and I have known the pleasure of personal acquaintance with prominent statesmen, courtly diplomats, gallant commanders of our Army and Navy, famous scientists and authors, and beautiful, winning, and gifted women, filling with grace and dignity the highest social positions that the people could bestow. In these years there have been stormy political times, and troubled years of cruel war,

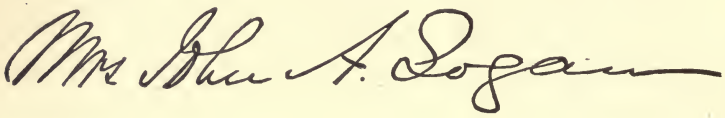
when the very existence of the Nation was threatened, and many happy, prosperous years of peace. Through all, our great Republic has steadily advanced to the highest station among the ruling powers of the world.

What I have written has been without prejudice, and with no striving for sensational effect. I know whereof I affirm, and this volume may be looked upon as reliable, whether in its historical review of the birth and development of our National Capital; its presentation of the official duties and responsibilities of those who occupy high or humble positions in the government service; its account of the marvelously interesting workings of great administrative forces; its biographical sketches of famous characters; its descriptions of remarkable events; or its portrayal of everyday life in a city that, from a straggling village in the woods, has grown to be one of the most stately and magnificent of capitals, vying with those of the Old World in picturesqueness, majestic and splendid architecture, artistic decoration, unique and manifold government industries, and surpassing all of them in its collections of relics and curiosities from every part of the world.

It has been my aim to show my readers, both by word and pictorial art, the wonders and the workings of the elaborate machinery of the Government in motion, by leading them through the great national buildings and explaining what the army of busy men and women workers do and how they do it; to show them the works of art, and the architectural glories and priceless treasures of the Capital; to portray not only daily life at the White House, past and present, but its brilliant social and official functions as

well; in short, to present every interesting phase of life in Washington.

My desire is to be remembered as an intelligent guide, leading the reader on from one scene of interest to another, awakening the mind to a finer comprehension of our country's greatness, and inspiring all with a higher and more devoted patriotism.



WEST FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE, AND THE PRESIDENT'S NEW OFFICE BUILDING.

The White House is at the left, the new Office Building at the extreme right. It is connected with the White House by a promenade over which the President passes from the White House to his Office.

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Mainly from photographs taken expressly for this work by permission of the United States Government.

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The official residence of the President and his family. The view is of the north or main entrance front, as seen from Pennsylvania Avenue. It was begun in 1792, and cost, to the present time, over $1,700,000. Some of the rooms on the first floor are open to visitors from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. daily, except Sunday. The number of visitors has been known to exceed over 3,000 in a single day.

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Showing its daily throng of tourists and visitors. It is open to the public every day from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. except Sunday, and is annually visited by tens of thousands of people. Anyone may enter this room without introduction or formality. Its three immense crystal chandeliers cost $15,000. Public receptions are here held by the President, and millions of people have passed through this historic room.

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For the private use of the President, his family, and their guests. It is on the main floor, but is never shown to visitors.

18. THE STATE DINING ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 152

Used only for formal state dinners given by the President to high officials. The President sits at the middle of the farther side of the table. In front of his seat is a plat sixteen feet long, made up of orchids and ferns, and at intervals nine other plats similarly decorated, and sixteen vases filled with roses. About twenty dozen orchids, as many roses, and 500 pots of ferns are used to decorate the table. The set of cut glass consists of 520 pieces, and cost $6,000. The set of china consists of 1,500 pieces, each piece exquisitely decorated.

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The family kitchen is for the exclusive use of the presidential family, and is never shown to visitors. There is another kitchen in the White House where state dinners are prepared, and which is used only on such occasions.

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The beautiful and massive oak table used by the President was made from timbers of the British vessel *Resolute*, which was abandoned in the Arctic Sea while searching for Sir John Franklin in 1854, but recovered by American whalers. It is a gift from Queen Victoria, and has a suitable inscription on a silver plate which can be seen facing the President's chair.

23. INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE. OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT (**Full Page**) . . *Facing* 179

Showing assistant secretaries and clerks at their daily work. This room is on the second floor of the White House and near the President's private office.

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In this room Cabinet meetings are held and important national questions are discussed by the President and his Cabinet. Around this historic table many of the greatest men in our history have been seated in council. Here the policy of the administration and the destiny of the nation is shaped. The walls are adorned with many portraits of ex-Presidents. The President's flag may be seen in the glass case behind the table.

25. THE LIBRARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 191

Showing the steel safe in which are deposited the originals of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, now no longer exhibited to the public. Many rare and valuable volumes are deposited here.

26. FACSIMILE OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE (**Insert**) 193-6

The original Declaration was almost ruined early in the nineteenth century in securing a facsimile for a copper plate. The process caused the ink to fade and the parchment to deteriorate. The original document and the copper plate are now deposited for safe keeping in a steel safe in the Library of the Department of State, and are inaccessible to the public. The full text of the original document is still legible, but the signatures have, with but few exceptions, utterly vanished. The facsimile shown above was photographed from a perfect copy loaned by the Department of State for use in this volume.

27. A MYSTERY OF THE TREASURY. SOPHIA HOLMES, A COLORED JANITRESS, DISCOVERING $200,000 IN BANK BILLS IN A WASTE PAPER BOX IN THE TREASURY (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 213

Upon the arrival of General Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, at midnight, accompanied by the night watchman, Sophia removed the top layer of waste paper from the box, pointed to the huge pile of bills beneath, and told her story to the astonished Treasurer. She was retained in office by the Government until her death, in 1900, a period of thirty-eight years. The mystery of how this large sum of money found its way into the box has never been explained to the public.

28. BUSY WORKERS IN THE TREASURY. THE ROOM WHERE PRINTED SHEETS OF UNCLE SAM'S PAPER DOLLARS ARE SEPARATED (**Full Page**) . . . . *Facing* 223

Bank notes are printed four on a sheet, and are separated into single bills by machines run by women. The bills are then counted and sealed in packages. Over 100 pounds of wax a month is used in sealing the packages. Formerly the bills were cut apart by women armed with long shears. Hundreds of millions of dollars have passed through this room.

29. HOW UNCLE SAM MAKES HIS MONEY. THE ENGRAVING ROOM WHERE UNITED STATES NOTES, BONDS, STAMPS, ETC., ARE ENGRAVED (**Full Page**) . . . *Facing* 229

All the beautiful designs embodied in Uncle Sam's bills, notes, stamps, and checks are engraved in this room. The most expert engravers in the world are here employed by the Government, some of them receiving a salary of $6,000 a year. The Government owns 65,000 dies, rolls, plates, etc., used in printing its securities. They are guarded with the greatest care.

30. MAKING MONEY. ONE OF THE ROOMS WHERE UNCLE SAM'S PAPER DOLLARS ARE PRINTED (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 235

All Government notes, bills, bonds, stamps, etc., are printed by hand. No method for printing successfully from steel plates by machinery has ever been devised. Each press is run by an experienced printer, assisted by a woman.

31. INSIDE THE TREASURY. THE ROOM IN WHICH UNCLE SAM'S PAPER DOLLARS ARE NUMBERED AND TRIMMED (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 238

All bank notes, bills, and securities, excepting pension checks, are numbered in this room by machines run by women. Great skill and experience are required. Mistakes are frequent, but each woman is allowed to spoil ten out of every thousand sheets. The numbering machines are on the left, the trimming machines on the right.

32. WOMEN'S WORK IN THE TREASURY. COUNTING UNCLE SAM'S NEWLY PRINTED DOLLARS (**Full Page**) *Facing* 245

Every dollar and all the bonds issued by the Government have passed through the hands of these expert counters, who count and examine more than a million dollars a day with a celerity that is perfectly astonishing. It is impossible to count the rapid movements of the fingers of any one of these women. Each one will average counting 32,000 notes a day. They do nothing but count all day long, week after week and year after year. No one in the world has handled so many dollars as they.

33. WOMEN'S WORK IN THE TREASURY. COUNTING, IDENTIFYING, AND ASSORTING WORN-OUT MONEY (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 249

All worn-out money returned to the Government by National Banks or from other sources to be "redeemed" is first counted and assorted by expert women, who, at the same time, keep a keen eye for counterfeits. More than $160,000 of worn-out money is here daily received for redemption. Each counter sits at a desk by herself, that the money committed to her care may not become mixed with that to be counted by any other person.

34. WOMEN EXPERTS IN THE TREASURY IDENTIFYING BURNED MONEY FOR REDEMPTION (**Full Page**) *Facing* 253

On the expert's desk is a lot of burned bills, and she, with a magnifying glass, is in the act of determining their denomination. In her left hand she holds a new, perfect bill for comparison. On the top of her desk are bundles containing thousands of dollars of mutilated bills awaiting identification. Money has here been received as taken from the stomachs of animals, and from the bodies of drowned human beings; some of it has been chewed up by pigs, goats, and mice, or lain at the bottom of rivers for years.

35. THE FUNERAL OF UNCLE SAM'S PAPER DOLLARS. THE TREASURY DESTRUCTION COMMITTEE DESTROYING $5,000,000 IN PAPER MONEY (**Full Page**) . . *Facing* 261

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36. UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE DETECTIVES SURPRISING A DEN OF COUNTERFEITERS (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 284

$100,000 is annually appropriated for the use of the Government Secret Service. Its methods of work are naturally concealed from the public, but its eyes are everywhere. The Chief of the Bureau can instantly place in the field at any desired point a corps of the most capable and experienced detectives in the world.

37. MAKING POSTAGE STAMPS. WOMEN SEPARATING AND PERFORATING THE PRINTED SHEETS (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 318

Each separated sheet contains 100 postage stamps. The perforating is swiftly done by little machines, each tended by two women. In early days the stamps were cut apart with scissors. The Government now manufactures over four billion postage stamps every year.

38. WHO IS IT FOR? A SCENE IN THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE. EXPERTS TRYING TO DECIPHER AN ILLEGIBLE ADDRESS (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 332

Many apparently hopeless cases are brought to life and delivered to their owners. Last year 2,321,000 letters, including money and values amounting to $1,100,000, were delivered to owners; 5,393,000 unclaimed letters were opened, and 4,283,000 letters were sold as waste paper. Some of the keenest-witted officials in the Government service are employed in the Dead-Letter Office, and some of the best experts are women.

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An average of 23,000 pieces of dead mail matter are received in the Dead-Letter Office every day, or over 7,000,000 pieces every year. Of these, last year, over 50,500 letters contained $44,140 in money; 38,000 contained drafts, notes, etc., representing $1,136,645. The "dead" mail for that year contained 177,000 parcels of merchandise, books, etc., and about 60,000 photographs; 81,600 letters and parcels bore no address; 191,000 contained postage stamps; 145,000 letters and parcels were held for postage; misdirected, 422,000.

47. FORECASTING THE WEATHER IN THE INSTRUMENT ROOM OF THE WEATHER BUREAU (**Full Page**) *Facing* 404

The United States Weather Bureau is in close communication with over 200 sub-stations scattered throughout the United States, Canada, Mexico, and the West Indies. Weather telegrams have the right of way over all other telegraphic business. The illustration shows "weather sharps" at work forecasting the weather. One of the Bureau's weather kites, which has been known to rise to a height of nearly three miles, is seen decorating the ceiling at the farther end of the room. The yearly cost of maintaining the Bureau is over $1,000,000. Its telegraphic service costs over $180,000 a year.

48. THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, AS SEEN FROM THE CAPITOL (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 418

The most beautiful and the costliest library building in the world. Completed in 1897 at a cost of nearly $7,000,000, including the land. It contains about 1,000,000 books and forty-five miles of shelving. It is connected with the Capitol by an underground book tunnel, through which books can be delivered to Senators and Congressmen in three minutes. The library service requires a force of 341 persons.

49. FIRST-STORY PLAN, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS . . . 424

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51. THE PUBLIC READING ROOM IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 430

The central and most important part of the building. It is marked by a magnificence of decoration and splendor of architecture surpassing every other part of the edifice. It is paneled with the rarest of colored marbles in great profusion and massive proportions. The room is 100 feet in diameter and 160 feet from the main floor to the apex of the dome. Seats are provided for over two hundred readers.

52. INSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 440

No one is prepared for the vision that bursts upon him when he has passed through the mammoth bronze doors. It is like entering into another world. Visitors gaze in dumb amazement, as with uplifted eyes they seek to comprehend the beauty and the grandeur that pervade the place. The massive stairway is of white marble, delicately carved.

53. THE FOREST OF MARBLE PILLARS ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 448

These massive white marble columns rise in majestic splendor. Through them are seen glimpses of mural paintings and marvels of mosaic art, and hundreds of decorative details wrought by famous artists.

54. MAIN FLOOR OF THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 453

This beautiful marble building contains over 4,000 works of art, including casts of the most noted works of ancient sculpture, many original marbles, a large collection of famous bronzes, 250 valuable paintings, portraits of all the Presidents, etc. The value of the collection is over $2,000,000.

55. A SECTION OF THE MAIN FLOOR OF THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART (**Full Page**) . . . . *Facing* 458

Showing some of the beautiful and notable statues and bronzes now on permanent exhibition there.

56. BEAUTIFUL ARLINGTON, THE SILENT CITY OF THE DEAD (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 528

Here lie the remains of over 17,000 soldiers who died that the nation might live. The stones are set in rows, uniform in distance one from the other, and marshaled as battalions for review. Arlington was formerly the home of General Robert E. Lee. It is the privilege of wives and daughters of soldiers buried at Arlington to be buried here, and many a woman's grave is here beside that of her husband or father.

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58. TOMB AT ARLINGTON TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD OF THE CIVIL WAR (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 536

The bones of 2,111 unknown soldiers of the Civil War, whose remains were gathered from various battlefields, are interred beneath this stone. At the right, behind the trees, is the Temple of Fame, on whose columns are engraved the names of distinguished American soldiers. At the extreme left may be seen a portion of the mansion owned by General Robert E. Lee until the opening of the Civil War.

59. THE HOME OF GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON. THE MANSION AT MOUNT VERNON AS IT IS TO-DAY. (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 544

Its venerable roof sheltered Washington and all he held most dear, from youth to age. The room in which he died is the end room of the second story, having two windows opening upon the roof of the veranda. The dormer window in the attic above is the room in which Martha Washington secluded herself for two and one-half years after her husband's death, and here she died. It was chosen by her because its little window was the only one in the mansion that commanded a view of his tomb.

60. THE ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED AT MOUNT VERNON (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 557

The room was closed after his death and never again occupied. The bed now in this room is the one on which he died. The small stand at the head of the bed is the one on which his medicines were kept during his last illness.

61. THE OLD WASHINGTON TOMB AT MOUNT VERNON (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 558

The remains of Washington, and later those of his wife, were placed in metal coffins and deposited in this vault. Here they remained until 1837, when they were removed to the new tomb. The vault was once entered by vandals and a skull and some bones were taken, but it was found that these comprised no part of the remains of the illustrious dead. The new vault was then built, and the family remains were removed to it.

62. THE NEW TOMB OF GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON (**Full Page**) . . . . *Facing* 562

Their remains now lie in this tomb, in separate marble coffins, hewn each from a single block of marble. When they were deposited here, in 1837, the tomb was locked and sealed and the key thrown into the Potomac river.

63. THE ATTIC ROOM AT MOUNT VERNON IN WHICH MARTHA WASHINGTON DIED (**Full Page**) . . *Facing* 576

Martha Washington secluded herself in this room for two and one-half years after her husband's death, and here on this bed she died. Some of the furniture was used by Washington's family. The room is a mere garret and has but one small window.

64. THE VESTIBULE IN THE WHITE HOUSE (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 586

The main entrance to the White House opens into this vestibule, which is separated from the central corridor by a magnificent screen of stained-glass mosaic, studded with cut crystal, which at night shines like the walls of an enchanted palace.

65. IN THE LIBRARY AT THE WHITE HOUSE (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 634

The stateliest room on the upper floor. It is sometimes used by the President as an official reception room, and sometimes as an evening sitting room for the presidential family and their guests.

66. THE GREEN ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 648

A beautiful room furnished and decorated in delicate green, with gold ornamentation. Notable portraits of famous men and women of the White House adorn its walls. Here lay the body of Willie, the little son of Abraham Lincoln, awaiting its journey to the grave. Mrs. Lincoln never again entered this room.

67. THE EAST ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE DECORATED FOR A STATE RECEPTION (**Full Page**) . . *Facing* 680

It is a rare sight to see this famous room decorated for a state function. Over 5,000 decorative plants are used, ranging from giant palms to tiny and delicate ferns. About a mile of smilax is required. The room is not open to visitors when decorated for such occasions.

68. IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE DURING A NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION (**Full Page**) . . . . *Facing* 694

Every grade of society is represented at a New Year's reception at the White House, and the President welcomes courtly ambassadors and humble laboring men with equal cordiality.

69. THE RED ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 716

Used by the President and his family as a reception room. It is furnished and decorated in red, and is one of the most attractive rooms in the White House. At the left hangs a portrait of President Harrison's first wife, who died in the White House. At the right is a portrait of Mrs. President Hayes. In the center, over the door, is a portrait of President Hayes. Many portraits of former Presidents look down from its walls.

70. THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE STAIRWAY IN THE WHITE HOUSE (**Full Page**) . . . . . *Facing* 724

For the exclusive use of the President and his family. It is near the family dining room and leads from the first to the second floor.

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The room is furnished and decorated in blue. President McKinley's portrait is at the left; Mrs. McKinley's at the right. A portrait of their little daughter, who died at the age of three years, is in the center.

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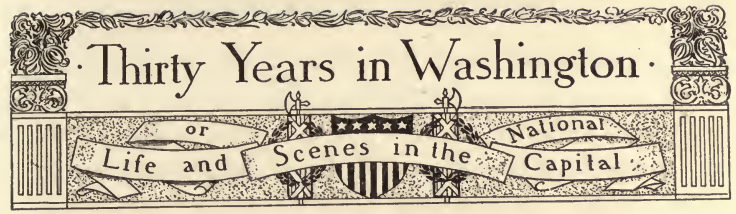
MAIN CORRIDOR IN THE REMODELED WHITE HOUSE.

The State Dining Room is at the end of the corridor.



EDITED BY

Mrs. John A. Logan

CHAPTER I.

THE SITE OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL AND HOW IT WAS SELECTED—EARLY TROUBLES AND TRIALS.

The Prophet of the Capital—Forecasting the Future—A Government Moving Slowly and Painfully About on Wheels—Insulted by a Band of Mutineers—Troubles and Trials—Washington's Humble Ideas of a President's House—Renting and Furnishing a Modest Home—Spartan Simplicity—Madison's Indignation—"Going West"—Where is the Center of Population?—A Dinner and What Came of it—Sweetening a "Peculiarly Bitter Pill"—A "Revulsion of Stomach"—End of a Long and Bitter Strife.

THE Capital of his country should be the Mecca of every citizen of the United States. The richest and most influential man in the Nation has no proprietary rights in its magnificent government buildings, in the marvelous and manifold industries and gigantic operations carried on within them, in its treasures of Art and Literature, its costly paintings and historic statues, and the mammoth collections in its museums, that do not belong equally to the lowliest and humblest citizen. The thoughts of millions who cannot make pilgrimages hither to behold the sights and scenes of the Federal City with their own eyes, are constantly turned toward it. Indeed, it may be said that to it all roads lead, just as in olden days all roads led to Rome.

Ask any native American who it was that first thought of the site of Washington as that of the Capital of the Great Republic and he will be very apt to reply by asking: "Who else but George Washington?" His title of the "Father of His Country" was not entirely earned in war. In peace his ideas and his wishes dominated the noble band of patriots that founded the constitutional government, and while there is no real evidence that Washington first marked this site for the Federal City, it is nevertheless probable that he did. At least tradition has it that when as a young surveyor, and Captain of the Virginia troops, he encamped with Braddock's forces on Camp Hill * overlooking the present city of Washington, he looked down as Moses looked from Nebo upon the promised land, until he saw growing before his prophetic vision the Capital of a vast and free people then unborn. The woody plain upon which he gazed was to others the undreamed-of site of the yet undreamed-of city of the Republic. This youth, ordained of God to be the Father of the Republic, was the Prophet of its Capital. He foresaw it, in time he chose it, he faithfully served it, he ever loved it; but as a Capital he never entered it.

Gazing from the green promontory of Camp Hill, the young surveyor looked across a broad amphitheater of rolling plain, covered with native oaks and undergrowth. It was not these only, tradition tells us, that he saw. His prescient vision forecast the future. He saw the gently rising hills crowned with villas, and in the stead of oaks and undergrowth, broad streets, a populous city, magnificent buildings, outrivaling the temples of antiquity — the Federal City, the Capital of the vast Republic yet to be! The dreary camp, the weary march, patient endurance of privation, cold, and hunger, the long, resolute struggle, hard-won victory at last, all these were to be outlived, before the beautiful Capital of his future was reached. Did the youth foresee these, also?

* Subsequently and until 1892 the site of the United States Observatory.

Many toiling, struggling, suffering years bridged the dream of the young surveyor and the first faint dawn of its fulfillment.

After the Declaration of Independence, before the adoption of the Constitution, the government of the United States moved slowly and painfully about on wheels. As the exigencies of war demanded, Congress met at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, York, Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton, and New York. During these troubled years it was the ambition of every infant State to claim the seat of government. For this purpose New York offered Kingston; Rhode Island, Newport; Maryland, Annapolis; Virginia, Williamsburg.

June 21, 1783, Congress was insulted at Philadelphia by a band of mutineers that the State authorities could not subdue. The body adjourned to Princeton; and the troubles and trials of its itinerancy caused the subject of a permanent national seat of government to be taken up and discussed with great vehemence from that time till the formation of the Constitution. This insult led Congress to determine that wherever the Capital was placed, it should be in a district freed from any State control. The resolutions offered, and the votes taken in these debates, indicate that the favored site for the future Capital lay somewhere between the banks of the Delaware and the Potomac — "near Georgetown," says the most oft-repeated sentence. October 30, 1784, the subject was discussed by Congress, at Trenton. A long debate resulted in the appointment of three Commissioners, with full power to lay out a district not exceeding three, nor less than two miles square, on the banks of either side of the Delaware, for a Federal town, with the power to buy land and to enter into contracts for the building of a Federal House, President's house, house for Secretaries, etc.

Notwithstanding the adoption of this resolution, these Commissioners never entered upon their duties. Probably

the lack of necessary appropriations did not hinder them more than the incessant attempts made to repeal the act appointing the Commissioners, and to substitute the Potomac for the Delaware, as the site of the anticipated Capital. Although the name of President Washington does not appear in these controversies, even then the dream of the young surveyor was taking on in the President's mind the tangible shape of reality. First, after the war for human freedom and the declaration of national independence, was the desire in the heart of George Washington that the Capital of the new Nation whose armies he had led to triumph, should be located upon the banks of the great river which rolled past his home at Mount Vernon and at the point where he had foreseen it in his early dream. That he used undue influence with the successive Congresses which debated and voted on many sites, not the slightest evidence remains, and the nobility of his character forbids the supposition. But the final decision attests the prevailing potency of his preferences and wishes, and the immense pile of correspondence which he has left on the subject proves that, next to the establishment of its independence, the founding of the Capital of the Republic was dear to his heart. May 10, 1787, Massachusetts, New York, Virginia and Georgia voted for, and New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland against the proposition of Mr. Lee of Virginia, that the Board of Treasury should take measures for erecting the necessary public buildings for the accommodation of Congress, at Georgetown, on the Potomac River, as soon as the land and jurisdiction of said town could be obtained. But these and other proposed measures led to no immediate results.

Many and futile were the battles fought by the old Continental Congress over the important but troublesome question. These battles doubtless had much to do with Section 8, Article 1, of the Constitution of the United States, which

declares that Congress shall have power to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever, over such district (not exceeding ten miles square), as may, by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of government of the United States. This article was assented to by the convention which framed the Constitution, without debate. The adoption of the Constitution was followed spontaneously by most munificent acts on the part of several States. New York appropriated its public buildings to the use of the new government, and Congress met in that city April 6, 1789. On May 15 following, Mr. White of Virginia presented to the House of Representatives a resolve of the Legislature of that State, offering to the Federal government ten miles square of its territory, in any part of that State, which Congress might choose as the seat of the Federal government. The day following, Mr. Seney presented a similar act from the State of Maryland. Memorials and petitions followed in quick succession from Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland. The resolution of the Virginia Legislature begged for the co-operation of Maryland, offering to advance the sum of $120,000 to the use of the general government toward erecting public buildings, if the Assembly of Maryland would advance two-fifths of a like sum. Whereupon the Assembly of Virginia immediately voted to cede the necessary land, and to provide $72,000 toward the erection of public buildings.

"New York and Pennsylvania gratuitously furnished elegant and convenient accommodations for the government" during the eleven years which Congress passed in those States, and offered to continue to do the same. The Legislature of Pennsylvania went further in lavish generosity, and voted a sum of money to build a house for the President. When George Washington saw the dimensions of the house which the Pennsylvanians were building for the President's Mansion, he informed them at once that he

would never occupy it, much less incur the expense of buying suitable furniture for it. In those Spartan days it never entered into the designs of the State to buy furniture for the "Executive Mansion." Thus the Chief Citizen, instead of accepting a pretentious dwelling, rented and furnished a modest house belonging to Mr. Robert Morris.

Meanwhile the great battle for the permanent seat of government went on unceasingly among the representatives of conflicting States. No modern debate, in length and bitterness, has surpassed this of the first Congress under the Constitution. Nearly all agreed that New York was not sufficiently central. There was an intense conflict concerning the relative merits of Philadelphia and Germantown; Havre de Grace and a place called Wright's Ferry, on the Susquehanna; Baltimore on the Patapsco, and Conococheague on the Potomac. Mr. Smith proclaimed the advantages of Baltimore, and the fact that its citizens had subscribed $40,000 for public buildings. The South Carolinians cried out against Philadelphia because of its majority of Quakers who, they said, were eternally dogging the Southern members with their schemes of emancipation. Many others ridiculed the project of building palaces in the woods. Mr. Gerry of Massachusetts declared that it was the height of unreasonableness to establish the seat of government so far south that it would place nine States out of the thirteen so far north of the National Capital; while Mr. Page protested that New York was superior to any place that he knew for the orderly and decent behavior of its inhabitants.

September 5, 1789, a resolution passed the House of Representatives "that the permanent seat of the government of the United States ought to be at some convenient place on the banks of the Susquehanna, in the State of Pennsylvania." The passage of this bill awoke the deepest ire in the members from the South. Mr. Madison declared that if the proceedings of that day could have been fore-

seen by Virginia, that State would never have *condescended to become a party to the Constitution.*

The bill passed the House by a vote of thirty-one to nineteen. The Senate amended it by striking out "Susquehanna," and inserting a clause making the permanent seat of government Germantown, Pennsylvania, provided the State of Pennsylvania should give security to pay $100,000 for the erection of public buildings. The House agreed to these amendments, but it was at the very close of the session and never reached final action.

In the long debates and pamphlets of 1790, the question as to whether the seat of the American government should be a commercial capital was warmly discussed. Madison and his party argued that the only way to insure the power of exclusive legislation to Congress as accorded by the Constitution was to remove the Capital as far from commercial interests as possible. They declared that the exercise of this authority over a large mixed commercial community would be impossible. Conflicting mercantile interests would cause constant political disturbances, and when party feelings ran high, or business was stagnant, the commercial capital would swarm with an irritable mob brimful of wrongs and grievances. This would involve the necessity of an army standing in perpetual defense of the capital. London and Westminster were cited as examples where the commercial importance of a single city had more influence on the measures of government than the whole empire outside. Sir James Macintosh was quoted, wherein he said "that a great metropolis was to be considered as the heart of a political body — as the focus of its powers and talents — as the direction of public opinion, and, therefore, as a strong bulwark in the cause of freedom, or as a powerful engine in the hands of an oppressor." To prevent the Capital of the Republic becoming the latter, the Constitution deprived it of the elective franchise, and hence residents of

the District of Columbia have never had a vote in federal elections and for many years no vote even in local affairs.

In view of the vast territory now comprehended in the United States the provision made by Congress for the future growth of the country may seem meager and limited. But when we remember that there were then but thirteen States, that railroads, telegraphs, and the wonderful electric inventions of modern times were undreamed of as human possibilities — that nearly all territory west of the Potomac was an unpenetrated wilderness, we may wonder at their prescience and wisdom, rather than smile at their lack of foresight. Even in that early and clouded morning there were statesmen who foresaw the later glory of the West foreordained to shine on far-off generations. Said Mr. Madison: "If the calculation be just that we double in fifty years we shall speedily behold an astonishing mass of people on the western waters. . . . The swarm does not come from the southern but from the northern and eastern hives. I take it that the center of population will rapidly advance in a southwesterly direction. It must then travel from the Susquehanna if it is now found there — *it may even extend beyond the Potomac.*"

These are but a few of the questions which were discussed in the great debates which preceded the final locating of the Capital on the banks of the Potomac. Bitterness and dissension were even then rife in both Houses of Congress. An amendment had been offered to the funding act, providing for the assumption of the State debts to the amount of twenty-one millions, which was rejected by the House. The North favored assumption and the South opposed it. Just then reconciliation and amity were brought about between the combatants precisely as they often are in our own time, over a well-laid dinner table, and a bottle of rare old wine. Jefferson was then Secretary of State, and Alexander Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury. Hamilton thought that

the North would yield and consent to the establishment of the Capital on the Potomac, if the South would agree to the amendment to assume the State debts. Jefferson and Hamilton met accidentally in the street, and the result of their half an hour's walk "backward and forward before the President's door" was the next day's dinner party, and the final, irrevocable fixing of the National Capital on the banks of the Potomac. How it was done, as an illustration of early legislation, which has its perfect parallel in the legislation of the present day, can best be told in Jefferson's own words, quoted from one of his letters. He says: "Hamilton was in despair. As I was going to the President's one day I met him in the street. He walked me backward and forward before the President's door for half an hour. He painted pathetically the temper into which the legislature had been wrought; the disgust of those who were called the creditor States; the danger of the secession of their members, and the separation of the States. He observed that the members of the administration ought to act in concert; . . . that the President was the center on which all administrative questions finally rested; that all of us should rally around him and support by joint efforts measures approved by him, . . . that an appeal from me to the judgment and discretion of some of my friends might effect a change in the vote, and the machine of government, now suspended, might be again set in motion. I told him that I was really a stranger to the whole subject, not having yet informed myself of the system of finance adopted . . . that if its rejection endangered a dissolution of our Union at this incipient stage, I should deem that the most unfortunate of all consequences, to avert which all partial and temporary evils should be yielded.

"I proposed to him, however, to dine with me the next day, and I would invite another friend or two, bring them into conference together, and I thought it impossible that

reasonable men, consulting together coolly, could fail by some mutual sacrifices of opinion to form a compromise which was to save the Union. The discussion took place. . . . It was finally agreed to, that whatever importance had been attached to the rejection of this proposition, the preservation of the Union and of concord among the States was more important, and that therefore it would be better that the vote of rejection should be rescinded, to effect which some members should change their votes. But it was observed that this pill would be peculiarly bitter to Southern States, and that some concomitant measure should be adopted to sweeten it a little to them. There had before been a proposition to fix the seat of government either at Philadelphia or Georgetown on the Potomac, and it was thought that by giving it to Philadelphia for ten years, and to Georgetown permanently afterward, this might, as an anodyne, calm in some degree the ferment which might be excited by the other measure alone. So two of the Potomac members (White and Lee), but White with a revulsion of stomach almost convulsive, agreed to change their votes, and Hamilton agreed to carry the other point . . . and so the assumption was passed."

June 28, 1790, to carry out the agreement an old bill was dragged forth and amended by inserting "on the River Potomac, at some place between the mouths of the Eastern Branch and the Conococheague." This was finally passed, July 16, 1790, and entitled "An Act establishing the temporary and permanent seat of the government of the United States." The word "temporary" applied to Philadelphia, whose disappointment in not becoming the final Capital was to be appeased by Congress holding their sessions there till 1800, when, as a member expressed it, "they were to go to the Indian place with the long name, on the Potomac."

The long strife ended, and the permanent Capital of the United States was fixed on the banks of the Potomac, in

the amendatory proclamation of President Washington, done at Georgetown the 30th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1791, and of the independence of the United States the fifteenth, which concluded with these words: "I do accordingly direct the Commissioners named under the authority of the said first-mentioned act of Congress to proceed forthwith to have the said four lines run, and by proper metes and bounds defined and limited, and thereof to make due report under their hands and seals; and the territory so to be located, defined, and limited shall be the whole territory accepted by the said act of Congress as the district for the permanent seat of the government of the United States."

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL WASHINGTON AND OBSTINATE DAVY BURNS—HOW THE "WIDOW'S MITE" WAS SECURED—HOW AND BY WHOM THE CITY WAS PLANNED.

Making Peace With Lords of Little Domains—"Obstinate Mr. Burns"—A Pugnacious Scotchman—The "Widow's Mite"—A Graceful Surrender—Republicans in Theory but Aristocrats in Practice—Who Was Major L'Enfant?—A Lucky Circumstance—Plans that Were Ridiculed—Men Who Did Not "Get On" Well Together—The Man Who Worried President Washington—Demolishing Mansions Without Leave or License—An Uncontrollable Engineer—His Summary Dismissal—Living Without Honor and Dying Without Fame—A Quaker Successor of "Uncommon Talent" and "Placid Temper"—Five Dollars a Day and "Expenses"—"Too Much"—A Colored Genius for Mathematics—"Every Inch a Man"—Why the Capitol, the White House, and Government Buildings Were Set Far Apart.

THAT part of the district of ten miles square falling within the boundaries of Maryland and designated for the center of the Federal City, while covered with sturdy trees, seamed with gullies and, in fact, nearly as wild as when it had been the camping ground of the savage Manahoacs, was nevertheless the private property of a few individuals, one or two of them holding patents dating back for more than a hundred years. Following the cession of the land by Maryland, therefore, the next step in the settlement of the government was to make peace with these lords of their little domains. With one exception they sought and welcomed the establishment of the proposed city, three of them being appointed Commissioners for the purpose.

The single exception was a pugnacious little Scotchman named David Burns. He owned an immense tract of land south of where the White House now stands, extending as far as that which the Patent Office called, in the land patent of 1681 which granted it, "the Widow's Mite, lyeing on the east side of the Anacostia River, on the north side of a branch or inlett in the said river, called Tyber." This "Widow's Mite" contained 600 acres or more, and David Burns was at first in nowise willing to part with any portion of it. Although it lay within the District of Columbia, ceded by the act of Maryland for the future Capital, no less a personage than the President of the United States could move David Burns one whit, and even the President found it no easy matter to bring the Scotchman to terms. More than once in his letters he alludes to him as "the obstinate Mr. Burns," and it is told that upon one occasion when the President was dwelling upon the advantage that the sale of his lands would bring, the planter, testy Davy, exclaimed: "I suppose you think people here are going to take every grist that comes from you as pure grain, but *what would you have been if you hadn't married the widow Custis?*"

After many interviews and arguments even the patience of Washington finally gave out, and he said: "Mr. Burns, I have been authorized to select the location of the National Capital. I have selected your farm as a part of it, and the government will take it at all events. I trust you will, under these circumstances, enter into an amicable arrangement."

Seeing that further resistance was useless, the shrewd Scotchman thought that by a final graceful surrender he might secure more favorable conditions; thus, when the President once more asked: "On what terms will you surrender your plantation?" Davy humbly replied: "Any that your Excellency may choose to name." The deed con-

veying the land of David Burns to the Commissioners in trust is the first on record in the city of Washington. This sale secured to him and to his descendants an immense fortune. The deed provided that the streets of the new city should be so laid out as not to interfere with the cottage where David Burns lived in the most humble manner, with his daughter who was to become one of the richest heiresses of Washington. The other original owners of the land on which the city of Washington was built cheerfully accepted the proposed terms, and on the 31st of May Washington wrote to Jefferson from Mount Vernon, announcing that the owners had conveyed all their interest to the United States on consideration that when the whole should be surveyed and laid off as a city the original proprietors should retain every other lot. The remaining lots were to be sold by the government from time to time and the proceeds applied towards the improvement of the place. The land comprised within this agreement contained over 7,100 acres.

The founders of the Capital were all very republican in theory, and all very aristocratic in practice. In speech they proposed to build a sort of Spartan capital, fit for a Spartan republic; but in fact, they proceeded to build one modeled after the most magnificent cities of Europe. European by descent and education, many of them allied to the oldest and proudest families of the Old World, every idea of culture, of art and magnificence had come to them as part of their European inheritance, and we see its result in everything that they did or proposed to do for the new Capital which they so zealously began to build in the woods.

The art-connoisseur of the day was Jefferson. He knew Europe not only by family tradition but from travel and observation. Next to Washington he took the deepest personal interest in the projected Capital. Of this interest we find continual proof in his letters, also of the fact that his

taste had much to with the plan and architecture of the coming city. In a letter to Washington dated Philadelphia, April 10, 1791, he wrote: "I received last night from Major L'Enfant a request to furnish any plans of towns I could for examination. I accordingly send him by this post, plans of Frankfort-on-the-Main, etc.,* which I procured while in those towns respectively. They are none of them, however, comparable to the old Babylon revived in Philadelphia and exemplified." Evidently it did not occur to these two fathers of their country that a mercurial Frenchman would never attempt to satisfy his soul with acute angles of old Babylon revived through the arid and level lengths of Philadelphia.

The man who planned the Capital of the United States, not for the present but for all time, was Pierre Charles L'Enfant, born in France in 1755. He was a lieutenant in the French provincial forces, and with others of his countrymen was early drawn to these shores by the magnetism of a new people, and the promise of a new land. He offered his services to the revolutionary army as an engineer in 1777, and was appointed captain of engineers February 18, 1778. After being wounded at the siege of Savannah, he was promoted to major of engineers, and served near the person of Washington. Probably at that time there was no man in America who possessed so much genius and art-culture in the same direction as Major L'Enfant. In a new land, where nearly every artisan had to be imported from foreign shores, the chief designer and architect surely would have to be. It seemed a fortunate circumstance to find on the spot a competent engineer for the prospective Capital.

The first public communication extant concerning the

*Other plans were those of Carlsruhe, Amsterdam, Strassburg, Paris, Orleans, Bordeaux, Lyons, Montpelier, Marseilles, Turin, and Milan.

laying out of the city is from the pen of General Washington, dated March 11, 1791. In a letter dated April 30, 1791, he first called it the "Federal City." Four months later, without his knowledge, it received its present name in a letter from the first Commissioners, Messrs. Johnson, Stuart, and Carroll, which bears the date of Georgetown, September 9, 1791, to Major L'Enfant, which informs that gentleman that they have agreed that the federal district shall be called The Territory of Columbia, and the federal city The City of Washington, directing him to entitle his map accordingly.

In March, 1791, we find Jefferson addressing Major L'Enfant in these words: "You are desired to proceed to Georgetown, where you will find Mr. Ellicott employed in making a survey and map of the federal territory. The special object of asking your aid is to have the drawings of the particular grounds most likely to be approved for the site of the federal grounds and buildings."

The French genius "proceeded," and behold the result, the city of "magnificent distances," and from the beginning, of magnificent intentions, — intentions which for years called forth only ridicule, because in the slow mills of time their fulfillment was so long delayed. As Thomas Jefferson wanted the chessboard squares and angles of Philadelphia, L'Enfant used them for the base of the new city, but his genius avenged itself for this outrage on its taste by transversing them with sixteen magnificent avenues, which from that day to this have proved the confusion and the glory of the city.

The avenues were named after the states. The great central avenue running a length of over four miles from the Anacostia to Rock Creek was named after Pennsylvania. The commonwealth of Massachusetts was dignified by a parallel avenue of equal length on the north, and Virginia in like manner on the south. The avenues crossing the

great central thoroughfare were named after New York, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Maryland, the Carolinas and Georgia, while Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Vermont were given shorter and non-intersecting avenues in the rather unpromising northwest, though, contrary to the general belief, they could not have been regarded as possibilities quite so remote as those avenues east of the Capitol which later received the names of the new states Kentucky and Tennessee, the former running south from Pennsylvania avenue and the latter north. At any rate the small New England states ultimately had the satisfaction of seeing their avenues become the finest residential streets of the city.

Two months after the publication of his magnificent designs for posterity, Major L'Enfant was dismissed from his exalted place. He was a Frenchman and a genius. The patrons of the new Capital were not geniuses, and not Frenchmen, reasons sufficient why they should not and did not "get on" long in peace together. Without doubt the Commissioners were provincial, and limited in their ideas of art and of expenditure; with their colonial experience they could scarcely be otherwise; while L'Enfant was metropolitan, splendid, and willful, in his ways as well as in his designs. Hampered, held back, he yet "builded better than he knew," — builded for posterity. The executor and the designer seldom counterpart each other.

L'Enfant worried Washington, as a letter from the latter written in the autumn of 1791, plainly shows. He says: "It is much to be regretted that men who possess talents which fit them for peculiar purposes should almost invariably be under the influence of an untoward disposition. . . . I have thought that for such employment as he is now engaged in for prosecuting public works and carrying them into effect, Major L'Enfant was better qualified than anyone who has come within my knowl-

edge in this country, or indeed in any other. I had no doubt at the same time that this was the light in which he considered himself." At least, L'Enfant was so fond of his new "plan" that he would not give it up to the Commissioners to be used as an inducement for buying city lots, even at the command of the President, giving as a reason that if it was open to buyers, speculators would build up his beloved avenues (which he intended, in time, should outrival Versailles) with squatter's huts — just as they afterwards did. Then Duddington House, the abode of Daniel Carroll, one of the Commissioners, was in the way of one of his triumphal avenues, and he ordered it torn down without leave or license, to the rage of its owner and the indignation of the Commissioners. Duddington House was rebuilt by order of the government in another place. Nevertheless its first demolition was held as one of the sins of the uncontrollable L'Enfant, who was summarily discharged March 6, 1792.

His dismissal was thus announced by Jefferson in a letter to one of the Commissioners: "It having been found impracticable to employ Major L'Enfant about the Federal City in that degree of subordination which was lawful and proper, he has been notified that his services are at an end. It is now proper that he should receive the reward of his past services, and the wish that he should have no just cause of discontent suggests that it should be liberal. The President thinks of $2,500, or $3,000, but leaves the determination to you." Jefferson wrote in the same letter: "The enemies of the enterprise will take the advantage of the retirement of L'Enfant to trumpet the whole as an abortion." But L'Enfant lived and died within sight of the dawning city of his love which he had himself created — and never wrought it or its projectors any harm through all the days of his life. He was loyal to his adopted government, but to his last breath clung to every atom of

his personal claim upon it, as pugnaciously as he did to his maps when commanded to give them up. He lived without honor, and died without fame. Time has vindicated one and will perpetuate the other in one of the most magnificent capitals of the earth.

He lived for many years on the Digges farm, situated about eight miles from Washington, and was buried in the family burial-ground in the garden. When the Digges family were disinterred, his dust was left nearly alone. There it lies to-day, and the perpetually growing splendor of the ruling city which he planned is his only monument.

Major L'Enfant was succeeded by Andrew Ellicott, a practical engineer, born in Pennsylvania. Ellicott was called a man of "uncommon talent" and "placid temper." Neither saved him from conflicts with the Commissioners. A Quaker, he yet commanded a battalion of militia in the Revolution, and "was thirty-seven years of age when he rode out with Washington to survey the embryo city." He finished (with certain modifications) the work which L'Enfant began. For this he received the stupendous sum of $5.00 per day, which, with "expenses," Jefferson thought to be altogether too much. In his letter to the Commissioners dismissing L'Enfant, he says: "Ellicott is to go on to finish laying off the plan on the ground, and surveying and plotting the district. I have remonstrated with him on the excess of five dollars a day and his expenses, and he has proposed striking off the latter."

Ellicott's most remarkable assistant was Benjamin Bancker, a negro, the first of his race to distinguish himself in the new Republic. He was born with a genius for mathematics and the exact sciences, and at an early age was the author of an Almanac which attracted the attention and commanded the praise of Thomas Jefferson. When he came to "run the lines" of the future Capital, he was sixty years of age. The color-line could not have been drawn very

tensely at that time, for the Commissioners invited him to an official seat with themselves, an honor which he declined. The picture given us of him is that of a sable Franklin, large, noble, and venerable, with a dusky face, white hair, and Quaker coat and hat.

Nothing calls forth more comment from strangers than the distance between the Capitol and many of the Executive Departments. It is still a chronic and fashionable complaint to decry the time and distance it takes to get anywhere. We are constantly hearing exclamations of what a beautiful city Washington would be with the Capitol for the center of a square formed by a chain of magnificent public buildings. John Adams wanted the Departments around the Capitol. George Washington, but a short time before his death, gave in a letter the reasons for their present position. He says: "Where or how the houses for the President and the public offices may be fixed is to me, as an individual, a matter of moonshine. But the reverse of the President's motive for placing the latter near the Capitol was my motive for fixing them by the former. The daily intercourse which the secretaries of departments must have with the President would render a distant situation extremely inconvenient to them, and not much less so would one be close to the Capitol; for it was the universal complaint of them all, *that while the Legislature was in session, they could do little or no business, so much were they interrupted by the individual visits of members in office hours, and by calls for paper.* Many of them have disclosed to me that they have been obliged often to go home and deny themselves in order to transact the current business." The denizen of the present time, who knows the Secretaries' dread of the average besieging Congressman, will smile to find that the dread was as potent in the era of George Washington as it is to-day. A more conclusive reason could not be given why Capitol and Departments should be a mile or more apart.

CHAPTER III.

BIRTH OF THE NATION'S CAPITOL—GRAPHIC PICTURES OF EARLY DAYS—SACKED BY THE BRITISH—WASHINGTON DURING THE CIVIL WAR—THEN AND NOW.

Raising the Money to Build the Capitol—Government Lottery Schemes—Hunting for the Capital—"In the Center of the City"—Queer Sensations—Dismal Scenes—Sacked by the British—"The Royal Pirate"—Flight of the President—Burning of the White House—Mrs. Madison Saves the Historic Painting of General Washington—Paul Jennings' Account of the Retreat—Invaded by Torch Bearers and Plunderers—A Memorable Storm—Midnight Silent Retreat of the British—Disgraceful Conduct of "The Royal Pirate"—"Light up!"—Setting Fire to the Capitol—Dickens' Sarcastic Description of the Capital—"Such as It Is, It Is Likely to Remain"—When the Civil War Opened—Dreary, Desolate, and Dirty—The Capital During the War—Days of Anguish and Bloodshed.

N going through Washington's correspondence one finds that there is scarcely anything in the past, present, or future of its Capital, for which the Father of his Country has not left on record a wise, far-reaching reason. His letters are full of allusions to the annoyance and difficulty attending the raising of sufficient money to make the Capitol and other public buildings tenantable by the time specified, 1800. He seemed to regard the prompt completion of the Capitol as an event identical with the perpetual establishment of the government at Washington. Virginia had made a donation of $120,000, and Maryland one of $72,000; these were now exhausted. After various efforts to raise money by the forced sales of public lots, and after abortive

attempts to borrow money, at home and abroad, on the credit of these lots, amidst general embarrassments, while Congress withheld any aid whatever, the urgency appeared to the President so great as to induce him to make a personal application to the State of Maryland for a loan of $100,000, which was successful. The deplorable condition of the government credit at that time is exhibited in the fact that the State called upon the personal credit of the Commissioners as an additional guarantee for the re-payment of the amount.

When in 1792 financial distress was very acute, the government asked Samuel Blodget of Philadelphia to promote the city's growth by a lottery scheme, the immediate necessity being a hotel. He at once instituted what was called "Federal Lottery No. I" for $50,000, the tickets being seven dollars each, with 1,679 prizes, the first being the hotel itself. The drawing took place in 1793, after the people of Georgetown had bought up a large remnant of tickets to save the scheme from failure. Federal Lottery No. II was instituted to build a row of houses west of the White House, a block which became known as "The Six Houses," and though very unpretentious they were long conspicuous in a city which consisted largely of streets. The record of Federal Lottery No. I, a quaint book whose leaves are brown with age, is now one of the relics treasured in the Library of Congress.

Not only was the growth of the public buildings hindered through lack of money, but also through the "jealousies and bickerings" of those who should have helped to build them. Human nature, in the aggregate, was just as inharmonious and hard to manage then as now. The Commissioners did not always agree. Artisans, imported from foreign lands, of themselves made an element of discord, one which Washington dreaded and deprecated. He led. with a patience and wisdom undreamed of and unappreci-

ated in this generation, the straggling and discordant forces of the Republic from oppression to freedom, from chaos to achievement — he came in sight of the promised land of fruition and prosperity, but he did not enter it, this Father and Prophet of the people! George Washington died in December, 1799. The City of Washington was officially occupied in June, 1800.

The only adequate impression of what the Capital was at the time of its first occupancy we must receive from those who beheld it with living eyes. Fortunately several have left graphic pictures of the appearance which the city presented at that time. Probably the earliest account we have was that written in his diary by Thomas Twining, an energetic Englishman who visited this country in 1795 and was entertained by Washington. He had arrived at Georgetown from Baltimore one April day and on the next set out on horseback to see the new Capital, elaborate plans of which he had seen at Baltimore and which he had supposed must be truly magnificent. The following is taken from his diary:

"Having crossed an extensive tract of level country somewhat resembling an English heath, I entered a large wood through which a very imperfect road had been made, principally by removing the trees, or rather the upper parts of them, in the usual manner. After some time this indistinct way assumed more the appearance of a regular avenue, the trees having been cut down in a straight line. Although no habitation of any kind was visible, I had no doubt but I was now riding along one of the streets of the metropolitan city. I continued in this spacious avenue for half a mile, and then came out upon a large spot, cleared of wood, in the center of which I saw two buildings on an extensive scale and some men at work on one of them. . . . Advancing and speaking to these workmen they informed me that I was now in the center of the city and that the build-

ing before me was the Capitol, and the other destined to be a tavern. . . . Looking from where I now stood I saw on every side a thick wood pierced with avenues in a more or less perfect state."

President John Adams took possession of the unfinished Executive Mansion in November, 1800. During the month, Mrs. Adams wrote to her daughter, Mrs. Smith, as follows: "I arrived here on Sunday last, and without meeting with any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederic road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through the woods, where we wandered for two hours without finding guide or path . . . but woods are all you see from Baltimore till you reach *the city*, which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed amongst the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were com pact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them."

Hon. John Cotton Smith, of Connecticut, a distinguished member of Congress, of the Federal school of politics, also gives his picture of Washington in 1800: "Our approach to the city was accompanied with sensations not easily described. One wing of the Capitol only had been erected, which, with the President's house, a mile distant from it, both constructed with white sandstone, were shining objects in dismal contrast with the scene around them. Instead of recognizing the avenues and streets portrayed on the plan of the city, not one was visible, unless we except a road, with two buildings on each side of it, called the New Jersey Avenue. The Pennsylvania, leading, as laid down on paper, from the Capitol to the presidential mansion, was then nearly the whole distance a deep morass, covered with alder

bushes which were cut through the width of the intended avenue during the then ensuing winter. Between the President's house and Georgetown a block of houses had been erected, which then bore, and may still bear, the name of the *six buildings.* There were also other blocks, consisting of two or three dwelling houses, in different directions, and now and then an insulated wooden habitation, the intervening spaces, and indeed the surface of the city generally, being covered with shrub-oak bushes on the higher grounds, and on the marshy soil either trees or some sort of shrubbery. The roads in every direction were muddy and unimproved. A sidewalk was attempted in one instance by a covering formed of the chips of the stones which had been hewn for the Capitol. It extended but a little way and was of little value, for in dry weather the sharp fragments cu our shoes, and in wet weather covered them with white mortar; in short, it was a 'new settlement.' The houses, with one or two exceptions, had been very recently erected, and the operation greatly hurried in view of the approaching transfer of the national government. A laudable desire was manifested by what few citizens and residents there were, to render our condition as pleasant as circumstances would permit."

The visitor who notes that the name of Thomas Moore does not appear among the poets in the decorations of the beautiful Library of Congress will be told of the facetious lines he wrote when he visited the city soon after its occupation by the government:

> "This famed metropolis, where fancy sees,
> Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
> Which traveling fools and gazetteers adorn
> With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn."

Washington was incorporated as a city by act of Congress, passed May 3, 1802. The city, planned solely as the National Capital, was laid out on a scale so grand and ex-

tensive that scanty municipal funds alone would never have been sufficient for its proper improvement. From the beginning it was the ward of Congress. Its magnificent avenues, squares, and public buildings, could receive due decoration from no fund more scanty than a national appropriation. For a time, its founders and patrons zealously pursued plans for its improvement. But failing funds, a weak municipality, and indifferent Congresses, did their work, and for many years "the city of magnificent distances" had little but those distances of which to boast.

The National Capital was sacked by the British under Admiral Cockburn, known as "The Royal Pirate," and Major-General Ross, an audacious Irishman, on August 24, 1814. The United States had been at war with England for two years, and Admiral Cockburn had been cruising about Chesapeake Bay with an English fleet for a year, robbing villages and farmhouses and devastating the whole Chesapeake coast. Although President Madison had early received warning that British troops were expected to co-operate with Cockburn along the Potomac, he was not aroused to the danger that menaced the Capital.

On July 1, 1814, the President received word that an English fleet with a large force of seasoned Peninsula veterans on board had reached Bermuda and was about to sail for the Potomac. The States were called upon for 93,500 militia. About 5,000 reported, mostly raw recruits. An unseemly squabble over the appointment of a general to command this army followed. With no cavalry, no vessels, no mounted guns, and only a few thousand undisciplined troops, the people of Washington, who then numbered about 6,000, heard of the approach of the enemy August 18. They were panic-stricken. Many left the city, and the streets were filled with wagons loaded with household effects.

The British land force, consisting of 4,500 disciplined troops and three cannon, disembarked at Benedict, August

21, and marching rapidly across fifty miles of country appeared on the river bank opposite Bladensburg, at noon, August 24, and prepared to cross the bridge. This was but six miles from the Capital. President Madison and his Cabinet rode out on horseback to see the struggle. The little American army was formed in three lines, too far apart to support each other. There were actually three commanding officers, — General Winder, Secretary of State Monroe, and Secretary of War Armstrong. The Secretaries repeatedly changed the order of battle, without the knowledge of General Winder, and so confused the troops that when Winder gave a command regimental officers held consultations as to whether they should obey him or the cabinet officials. For three hours the battle raged furiously, then the militia gave way before a heavy column, and the American forces retreated to Maryland. The President and his Cabinet scattered and fled, the President continuing his flight into Virginia, where he hid in a hovel for two days before he ventured to return to the Capital. Dolly Madison, the famous mistress of the White House, was also forced to flee, but before she went she removed from its frame the historic picture of General Washington in the White House, and also saved many Cabinet papers and records, sacrificing her own personal effects to do so.

The British forces halted a mile and a half from the city, but finding no officials to negotiate a pecuniary ransom for the property at their mercy, Ross, with his far less scrupulous companion in iniquity — Cockburn — with a corps of torch bearers and plunderers rode into the Capital at 8 o'clock in the evening. They lost no time in burning and destroying everything connected with the government. The blazing houses, ships, and stores brilliantly illumined the sky, while the report of exploding magazines, and the crashing of falling roofs, gave evidence of the wanton destruction that went steadily on. A detachment was sent

to destroy the President's house, and it is related by Gleig, an English writer, that they "found a bountiful dinner spread for forty guests. This they concluded was for the American officers who were expected to return victorious from the field of Bladensburg." Gleig goes on to say that the British soldiers plundered the house, taking a great deal of President Madison's private property, and then sat down to the feast. "Having partaken freely of wine, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them." This story, often quoted, has, at least so far as relates to the "feast," been pronounced absolutely false. But Mr. Madison's faithful slave, Paul Jennings, a man of unusual intelligence and education, who afterwards bought his freedom from Mrs. Madison and lived for many years a respected citizen of Washington, has left on record his observations of what happened.

He says: "On that very morning Gen. Armstrong assured Mrs. Madison there was no danger. The President, with Gen. Armstrong, Gen. Winder, Col. Monroe, et al., rode out on horseback to Bladensburg to see how things looked. Mrs. Madison ordered dinner to be ready at three o'clock, as usual. I set the table myself, and brought up the ale, cider, and wine and placed them in the coolers, as all the Cabinet and several military gentlemen and strangers were expected. While waiting, at just about three, as Sukey, the house-servant, was lolling out of a chamber window, James Smith, a colored man who had accompanied Mr. Madison to Bladensburg, galloped up to the house, waving his hat, and cried out: 'Clear out, clear out! General Armstrong has ordered a retreat.'

"All then was confusion. Mrs. Madison ordered her carriage, and passing through the dining-room caught up what she could crowd into her old-fashioned reticule, and then jumped into the chariot with her servant girl, Sukey, and Daniel Carrol, who took charge of them. Jo. Bolin

drove them over to Georgetown heights. The British were expected in a few minutes. Mr. Cutts, her brother-in-law, sent me to a stable on 14th St. for his carriage. People were running in every direction. John Freeman (the colored butler) drove off in the coachee with his wife, child, and servant; also a feather-bed lashed on behind the coachee, which was all the furniture saved.

"Mrs. Madison slept that night at Mrs. Love's, two or three miles over the river. After leaving that place, she called in at a house and went upstairs. The lady of the house, learning who she was, became furious, and went to the stairs and screamed out: 'Mrs. Madison, if that's you, come down and go out! Your husband has got mine out fighting, and, d—— you, you sha'n't stay in my house. So get out.' Mrs. Madison complied, and went to Mrs. Minor's, a few miles further on."

During the night a terrible storm came up, and the rain extinguished the conflagration. General Winder meantime had rallied his men, and they were beginning to appear on the outskirts of the city. The British, scattered by the hurricane, and fearing retribution, stole away by night under cover of the tempest, in a panic of causeless fear. They left their dead unburied, and their wounded to the care of the Americans. It was a stealthy but precipitate retreat. Says a British writer: "The troops stole to the rear by twos and threes, and when far enough removed to avoid observation, took their places in silence and began the march. No man spoke. Steps were planted lightly and we cleared the town without exciting observation." They reached Benedict on August 29, and embarked on the 30th with their booty.

During their occupation of the city a detachment of the British force marched to the Capitol. Only two wings of the building were finished, and these were connected by a wooden passage-way, erected where the Rotunda now stands. British officers entered the House of Representatives, where

Admiral Cockburn, seating himself in the speaker's chair, called the assemblage to order and held a mock session of Congress. "Gentlemen," said he, "the question is, Shall this harbor of Yankee democracy be burned? All in favor of burning it will say 'Aye.'" There was a general affirmative response. And when he added, "Those opposed will say 'Nay,'" silence reigned for a moment. "Light up!" cried the bold Briton; and the order was soon repeated and obeyed in all parts of the building, while soldiers and sailors vied with each other in collecting combustible material for their incendiary fires. The books on the shelves of the Library of Congress were used as kindling wood for the north wing; and the much admired full length portraits of Louis XVI, and his queen, Marie Antoinette, which had been presented by that unfortunate monarch to Congress, were torn from their frames and trampled under foot.

The capture of the Capital aroused the nation, and Congress was compelled to investigate the causes that led to its easy fall and partial destruction. Many eminent men were smirched, but responsibility was never fixed. The total damage done to government property by the British was over $3,000,000.

Of the Washington of 1842, at the completion of its first half century of existence, Charles Dickens says in his "American Notes":—

"It is sometimes called the 'City of Magnificent Distances,' but it might with greater propriety be termed the 'City of Magnificent Intentions'; for it is only on taking a bird's-eye view of it from the top of the Capitol that one can at all comprehend the vast designs of its projector, an aspiring Frenchman. Spacious avenues, that begin in nothing, and lead nowhere; streets, miles long, that only want houses and inhabitants; public buildings that need but a public, to be complete; and ornaments of great thoroughfares, which only lack great thoroughfares to ornament—

are its leading features. One might fancy the season over, and most of the houses gone out of town forever with their masters. To the admirers of cities it is a Barmecide Feast: a pleasant field for the imagination to rove in; a monument raised to a deceased project, with not even a legible inscription to record its departed greatness. Such as it is, it is likely to remain."

Such indeed it continued to remain for another quarter of a century. When the Civil War opened, Washington was a third-rate Southern city of about 61,000 inhabitants. Even its mansions were without modern improvements or conveniences, while the mass of its buildings were low, small, and shabby in the extreme. The avenues, superb in length and breadth, in their proportions afforded a painful contrast to the hovels and sheds which often lined them on both sides for miles. Scarcely a public building was finished. No Goddess of Liberty held tutelary guard over the dome of the Capitol. Scaffolds, engines, and pulleys everywhere defaced its vast surfaces of white marble. The northern wing of the Treasury building was not even begun. Where it now stands then stood the State departments, crowded, dingy, and old.

All Public offices, magnificent in conception, were in a state of incompleteness. Everything worth looking at seemed unfinished. Everything finished looked as if it should have been destroyed generations before. Even Pennsylvania Avenue, the leading thoroughfare of the Capital, was lined with little two- and three-story shops, which in architectural comeliness had no comparison with their ilk of the Bowery, New York. Not a street car ran in the city. A few straggling omnibuses and helter-skelter hacks were the only public conveyances to bear members of Congress to and fro between the Capitol and their remote lodgings. In spring and autumn the entire west end of the city was one vast slough of impassible mud. One would

have to walk many blocks before he found it possible to cross a single street, and that often one of the most fashionable of the city. "The waters of Tiber Creek," which in the magnificent intentions of the founders of the city were "to be carried to the top of Congress House, to fall in a cascade of twenty feet in height and fifty in breadth, and thence to run in three falls through the gardens into the grand canal," stretched in ignominious stagnation across the city, oozing at last through green scum and slime into the still more ignominious canal, the receptacle of all abominations, the pest-breeder and disgrace of the city.

Capitol Hill, dreary, desolate, and dirty, stretched away into an uninhabited desert, high above the mud of the West End. Arid hill and sodden plain showed alike the horrid trail of war. Forts bristled above every hill-top. Soldiers were entrenched at every gate-way. Shed hospi tals covered acres on acres in every suburb. Churches, art-halls, and private mansions were filled with the wounded and dying of the Union armies. The noisy rumbling of the army wagon disturbed every hour of the day and night. The rattle of the anguish-laden ambulance, the piercing cries of the sufferers whom it carried, made morning, noon, and night too dreadful to portray. The streets were filled with marching troops, with new regiments, their hearts strong and eager, their virgin banners all untarnished as they marched up Pennsylvania avenue, playing "The girl I left behind me" as if they came to holiday glory — and to easy victory. Later the streets were crowded with soldiers, foot-sore, sun-burned, and weary, their clothes begrimed, their banners torn, their hearts sick with hope deferred, ready to die with the anguish of long-delayed triumph. Every moment had its drum-beat, every hour was alive with the tramp of troops going, coming.

How many an American youth, marching to its defense, beholding for the first time the great dome of the Capitol

rising before his eyes, comprehended in one deep gaze, as he had never before in his whole life, *all* that that Capitol meant to him, and to every freeman. Never, till the Capital had cost the life of the dauntless patriots of our land, did it become to the heart of the American citizen of the nineteenth century the object of personal love that it was to George Washington. Up to that hour the intense loyalty to country, the pride in the National Capital which amounts to a passion in the European, had been in the American diffused, weakened, and broken. In ten thousand instances, State allegiance had taken the place of love of country. Washington was nothing but a place in which Congress could meet and politicians carry on their games at high stakes for power and place. New York was the Capital to the New Yorker, Boston to the New Englander, New Orleans to the Southerner, Chicago to the man of the West. There was no one central rallying point of patriots. The unfinished Washington monument stood the monument of the nation's neglect and shame. What Westminster Abbey and Hall were to the Englishman, what Notre Dame and the Tuileries were to the Frenchman, the unfinished and desecrated Capitol had never been to the average American.

Anarchy threatened it. In an hour the loyal sons of the nation were awake to the danger that menaced the Capital, and ready to march to its defense. Washington City was no longer only a name to the mother waiting and praying in the distant hamlet — *her boy* was encamped on the floor of the Rotunda. No longer a far-off mirage to the lonely wife — *her husband* was on guard upon the heights which surrounded the Capital. No longer a place good for nothing but political schemes to the village sage — *his son*, wrapped in his blanket, slept on the stone steps under the shadow of the great Treasury, or paced his beat before the Presidential mansion. The Capital was sacred at last to tens of thousands whose beloved languished in the wards

of its hospitals or slept the sleep of the brave in the dust of its cemeteries.

Thus from the holocaust of war, from the ashes of our sires and sons, arose new-born the holy love of country, and veneration for its Capital. The zeal of nationality, the passion of patriotism, awoke above the bodies of our slain. National songs, the inspiration of patriots, were sung with enthusiasm. National monuments began to rise, consecrated forever to the martyrs of Liberty. Never, till that hour, did the Federal City,— the city of George Washington, the first-born child of the Union, born to live or to perish with it,— become to the heart of the American people that which it had so long been in the eyes of the world — truly the capital of a great Republic.

The citizen of our times sees the dawn of that perfect day of which the founders of the Capital so fondly dreamed. The old provincial Southern city is no more. From its foundations has risen another city, neither Southern, Northern, Eastern nor Western, but national, cosmopolitan.

Where the "Slough of Despond" spread its black mud across the acres of the West End, where pedestrians were "slumped" and horses "stalled," and discomfort and disgust prevailed, we now see broad asphalt carriage drives, (level as floors and lined on each side by palatial residences,) over which splendid equipages glide with a smoothness that is a luxury, and an ease of action which is rest. Where ravines and holes made the highway dangerous, now asphalt pavements stretch over miles on miles of inviting road. Where streets and avenues crossed and re-crossed their long vistas of shadeless dust, now plat on plat of restful grass "park" the city from end to end, and luxuriant trees with each succeeding summer cast a deeper and more protecting shade.

Old Washington was full of small Saharas. Where the great avenues intersected, acres of white sand were caught

up and carried through the air by counter winds. It blistered at white heat beneath your feet, it flickered like a fiery veil before your eyes, it penetrated your lungs and begrimed your clothes. Now emerald "circles," with central fountains cooling the air with their crystal spray, refresh alike the young and the old who are ever to be found among the flowers and beneath the shades of these beautiful parks. Pennsylvania Avenue has outlived its mud. More than one superb building now rises high above the lowly shops of the past, a forerunner of the architectural splendor of the buildings of the future. Swift and commodious street cars have taken the place of the solitary stage, plodding its slow way between Georgetown and the Capitol. Stately mansions have risen in every direction, taking the place of the small, isolated houses of the past, with their stiff porches, high steps, and open basement doorways.

No scaffolding and pulleys now deface the snowy surfaces of the Capitol. Complete, its grand dome pierces the sky till the Goddess of Liberty on its top seems enveloped in the clouds. Flowers blossom on the sites of old forts, so alert with warlike life during the Civil War. The army roads, so deeply grooved then, have long been grass-grown. The long shed-hospitals vanished years ago, and splendid dwellings stand on their already forgotten sites. The "boys" who languished in their wards, the boys who proudly marched these streets, who guarded this city, alas! far too many of them were laid to rest years ago on yonder hill-top under the oaks of Arlington, and in the cemetery of the Soldiers' Home!

CHAPTER IV.

BUILDING THE CAPITOL — HOW WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON ADVERTISED FOR PLANS — COMPLETION OF THE CAPITOL.

Early Trials and Tribulations — Schemers and Speculators — A "Front Door in the Rear" — Seeking for Suitable Plans — A Troublesome Question — Washington and Jefferson Advertise Premiums for the Best Plan — A Curious "ad" — Some Remarkable Offerings — The Successful Competitor — Carrying Off the Prize — Laying of the Corner-Stone by President Washington — A Defeated Competitor's Audacity — President Washington's Rage — Jealousies of Rivals — Congress Sitting in "the Oven" — Crimination and Recrimination — Building Additions to the Capitol — Hoodwinking Congress — How the Money Was Appropriated to Build the Great Dome — A Successful Ruse — Laying of the Second Corner-Stone by Daniel Webster — Completion of the Building — Its Dimensions and Cost — Curious Construction of the Great Dome — Its Weight and Cost.

ONE of the first essentials of the Capital city was a Capitol building. The plans for such a structure had occupied the minds of the founders of the young government long before L'Enfant had surveyed the ground and designated the brow of the eastern plateau as the site for the Capitol. Cherishing a vision of the future metropolis with a fervor and clearness hardly equaled since the apocalyptic vision of the aged apostle at Patmos, the earnest patriots of those days may have pictured the spacious plateau extending eastward to the Anacostia, two miles or more, as occupied by the mansions of the cultured and the wealthy, while the lower lands to the west fell to the humbler classes and

the commercial interests. This has been assumed to be the case, because an exorbitant price was placed upon some of this land to the eastward.

One of the largest of the original proprietors, and the one whose acres included most of this high plateau, was Daniel Carroll, a man of culture and of high standing in Maryland. He was a man in whom Washington placed the greatest confidence, and was chosen one of the Commissioners for the laying out of the city. Naturally he anticipated that his land would command enormous prices. Speculators were at once eager for it and bought several acres, largely with promises to pay. Stephen Girard, then the wealthiest man in Philadelphia, offered $250,000 for a portion of the estate, but Carroll asked a round million. The result, it is assumed, was that the city grew in the other direction where land was cheaper, while Carroll, who had acquiesced always in Washington's plans, died practically penniless, and obstinate Davy Burns became one of the richest men of the city.

It is assumed also that because of the anticipations of greater growth to the eastward, the Capitol, like the Irishman's shanty which had its front door at the rear, now stands with its majestic back to the fashionable and thriving part of the city. But there are no good grounds for the assumption. In the first place it is unreasonable to suppose that the founders would have placed the White House — the center about which society would inevitably circle — a mile and a half away in a location which would not attract home seekers among the *élite*. Then, too, all the public buildings planned were located to the west of the Capitol. Furthermore, a recent careful study of the plans which were originally accepted for the Capitol, and upon which the construction proceeded for some years, plainly indicates that it was originally intended to have the main entrance, not on the east, but on the west.

It was amid the trials and tribulations attending the early days of construction, so painful to the placid soul of Washington and so exasperating to the more impatient Jefferson, that the position of the main entrance was changed. As we now look at this stately pile of marble, crowned by its magnificent soaring dome, we can hardly realize that it did not spring forth a completed whole, like Athena from the head of Jove, and that it had an extremely complex and precarious infancy.

The question of how to get suitable plans for the building was very troublesome to Washington and Jefferson. Finally the following advertisement, written by Jefferson and revised by Washington, was printed in New York and Philadelphia papers:

A PREMIUM

of a lot in the city to be designated by impartial judges and $500 or a medal of that value at the option of the party will be given by the Commissioners of the Federal Buildings to persons who, before the 15th day of July, 1792, shall produce them the most approved plan, if adopted by them, for a Capitol to be erected in the city; and $250 or a medal for a plan deemed next in merit to the one they shall adopt. The building to be of brick and to contain the following compartments, to wit:

"A Conference Room. } To contain 300
"A Room for Representatives. } persons each.
"A Lobby or ante-chamber to the latter.
"A Senate Room of 1,200 square feet of area.
"An ante-chamber or Lobby to the latter.
} These rooms to be of full elevation.

"Twelve rooms of 600 feet square are each for committee rooms and clerks to be half of the elevation of the former.

"Drawings will be expected to the ground plats, elevations of each front and sections through the building in such directions as may be necessary to explain the material, structure and an estimate of the cubic feet of brick work composing the whole mass of the wall.

THOS. JOHNSON,
DD. STEWART,
DANL. CARROLL,
} *Commissioners.*

Mar. 14, 1792.

This drew forth sixteen plans, mostly from amateurs who had no idea of the artistic or practical. Most of these plans have been pronounced by modern architects very bad —some of them bordering on the ludicrous. Some of these curiosities are now in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society. None rose to the ideals entertained by Washington or Jefferson, but the one approaching nearest was that of Stephen H. Hallett of Philadelphia, an architect who had been educated in France. He was accordingly invited to come to Washington; both Washington and Jefferson gave him suggestions; and thus, practically under official engagement, he spent six months in working up and revising his plans. Meantime Jefferson had received a letter from Dr. William Thornton, a native and resident of the West Indies, saying that he would like to submit plans, but could not get them to this country within the advertised time. About the time when Hallett had his plans revised, as he supposed, to meet the wishes of the government, Thornton's plans arrived and at once and completely captivated both Washington and Jefferson. The latter wrote "to Dr. Stewart, or to all the gentlemen" Commissioners, January 31, 1793:

"I have, under consideration, Mr. Hallett's plans for the Capitol, which undoubtedly have a great deal of merit. Doctor Thornton has also given me a view of his. The grandeur, simplicity and beauty of the exterior, the propriety with which the departments are distributed, and economy in the mass of the whole structure, will, I doubt not, give it a preference in your eyes, as it has done in mine and those of several others whom I have consulted. I have, therefore, thought it better to give the Doctor time to finish his plan, and for this purpose to delay until your meeting a final decision. Some difficulty arises with respect to Mr. Hallett, who, you know, was in some degree led into his plan by ideas which we all expressed to him. This ought not to induce us to prefer it to a better; but while he is liberally rewarded for the time and labor he has expended on it, his feelings should be saved and soothed as much as possible. I leave it to yourselves how best to prepare him for the possibility that the Doctor's plans may be preferred to his."

February 1, 1793, Jefferson writes from Philadelphia to Mr. Carroll:

"DEAR SIR: — Doctor Thornton's plan for a Capitol has been produced and has so captivated the eyes and judgments of all as to leave no doubt you will prefer it when it shall be exhibited to you; as no doubt exists here of its preference over all which have been produced, and among its admirers no one is more decided than him, whose decision is most important. It is simple, noble, beautiful, excellently distributed and modern in size. A just respect for the right of approbation in the Commissioners will prevent any formal decision in the President, till the plan shall be laid before you and approved by you. In the meantime the interval of *apparent* doubt may be improved for settling the mind of poor Hallett, whose merits and distresses interest every one for his tranquillity and pecuniary relief."

It has been claimed that the building was erected upon Hallett's plans, but the facts do not substantiate the statement. There must have been something genuinely meritorious in Thornton's plan to have so completely overcome the personal equation, the sentiment which just men like Washington and Jefferson naturally felt for Hallett, who had received their encouragement and practically their endorsement. Thornton was awarded the first premium, Hallett the second. But Thornton was not a practical architect, and the Commissioners engaged Hallett on a moderate salary, to reduce his rival's plans to practical form.

He immediately embarked upon a crusade against Thornton's plans; he continually worried the Commissioners about defects in them; he charged that Thornton had stolen his ideas, and later claimed that Thornton's plans were absolutely impracticable. By the summer of 1793 Washington was almost in despair. He intimated to Jefferson that if there were such defects in Thornton's plans that they could not be remedied, steps should at once be taken to secure new plans, for the "Demon of Jealousy" was at work in the "lower town," which beheld the White

House nearing completion and the Capitol hardly begun. Commissioners were appointed, went over all the plans, and made some modifications in Thornton's designs, much to Hallett's joy; but later they dropped most of them and returned substantially to Thornton's original idea.

September 18, 1793, the southeast corner of the Capitol was laid by Washington with imposing ceremonies. A copy of the *Maryland Gazette*, published in Annapolis, September 26, 1793, gives a minute account of the grand Masonic ceremonial which attended the laying of that august stone. It tells us that "there appeared on the southern bank of the river Potomac one of the finest companies of artillery that hath been lately seen parading to receive the President of the U. S." Also, that the Commissioners delivered to the President, who deposited it in the stone, a silver plate with the following inscription:

"This southeast corner of the Capitol of the United States of America, in the city of Washington, was laid on the 18th day of September, 1793, in the thirteenth year of American independence; in the first year, second term of the Presidency of George Washington, whose virtues in the civil administration of his country have been as conspicuous and beneficial, as his military valor and prudence have been useful, in establishing her liberties; and in the year of Masonry, 5793, by the President of the United States, in concert with the Grand Lodge of Maryland, several lodges under its jurisdiction, and Lodge No. 22 from Alexandria, Virginia.

(Signed) THOMAS JOHNSON, DAVID STEWART, DANIEL CARROLL, *Commissioners, etc.*"

The Gazette continues:

"The whole company retired to an extensive booth, where an ox of 500 lbs. weight was barbecued, of which the company generally partook with every abundance of other recreation. The festival concluded with fifteen successive volleys from the artillery, whose military discipline and manœuvres merit every commendation.

"Before dark the whole company departed with joyful hopes of the production of their labors."

Finding that he could not procure official changes in the plan, Hallett had the boldness to change whatever he wished without asking authority. He was reprimanded, threatened to resign, refused to surrender the plans, and was discharged. When Washington saw the unauthorized changes Hallett had made he expressed his disapproval in terms his dignity seldom permitted. As if to secure themselves against further dangers of this kind Dr. Thornton was made one of the Commissioners of the District, and the construction of the building was begun substantially on his plans.

But other troubles quickly appeared. Hallett's place as superintendent was filled in the fall of 1794 by the selection of George Hadfield, who had come highly recommended as one who would with becoming meekness and subordination carry out the designs; but he had been at work only a short time when he too began to suggest changes, which, not meeting with favor, he proceeded to make on his own authority. Washington again vigorously disapproved; Hadfield resigned; the Commissioners hastened to accept; Hadfield reconsidered, and was again engaged with the express stipulation that he was to superintend but "not to alterate." His obstinacy, however, soon overcame his good resolutions and finally in 1798 he was discharged for not surrendering the plans.

We need not pursue the disturbed course of events in detail. The above indicated the nature of the troubles which seemed to beset the building in these early days. Slow progress was made. The north wing was made ready for the first sitting of Congress in Washington, November 17, 1800. By that time the walls of the south wing had risen twenty feet and were covered over for the temporary use of the House of Representatives. It sat in this room —named "the oven"—from 1802 until 1804. At that time the transient roof was removed and the wing com

pleted. Meantime Dr. Thornton resigned as Commissioner to become Keeper of the Patents, and the year following, 1803, Benjamin H. Latrobe was appointed supervising architect of the building. He also made changes, but they were largely confined to the interior and the central portion of the exterior. He was a man of ability and most of his modifications were undoubtedly improvements. He invented what has been called the American style of architecture, by introducing corn and tobacco leaves into the capitals of the columns.

It was with Latrobe also that the idea of having the main entrance on the east originated, and thus it was ten years after the construction was begun and after the wings were built that the building was made to face the east. Thornton's western entrance would have consisted of a grand semi-circular colonnade with a broad sweep of circular steps running down the hill, while on the east he planned a less imposing portico with a basement entrance.

When, after the departure of the British, the new opposition of those who wished to move the Capital elsewhere and put an end to the troublesome attempt "to build a Capital in the woods" had been overcome, the construction was resumed under Latrobe. He did not get on well either with Congress or the Commissioners, and many bitter things were said in the reports of those days. Finally in 1817 he resigned. Charles Bulfinch of Boston, the new architect, completed the center of the building, making the western entrance more imposing than Latrobe had planned, and in 1827, or over thirty years after the laying of the corner-stone, he reported the whole building complete. Thus the Capitol as it then stood was made up of the designs of Thornton, Latrobe, and Bulfinch, modified by Hallett and others.

The growth of the country had exceeded the most extravagant expectation of its founders, and when after the war

with Mexico it became evident that the country would extend to the Pacific, bringing in many new states and many representatives, it was promptly decided "to extend the wings by greater wings called extensions." Thomas U. Walter of Philadelphia, who had built Girard College, was secured as architect. As the sandstone walls of the old structure had been painted white to cover the damage done by the British, it was decided to construct the additions of white marble, while the one hundred massive columns to be placed around them were to be each a solid block. Walter was an architect of splendid ability. He perceived better than Congress could the kind of building which the future of the great country would require, but well knew the opposition he would meet if Congress had time to deliberate over the expense of carrying out proper plans. To complete the wings and leave the little flat copper dome in the center would give the building a squat and unpleasant appearance. Walter drew his plans complete, dome and all, much as it at present appears; but knowing that Congress would not vote the sum required, he first submitted the plans for the wings. Later, when Congress was about to adjourn, and was in night session with everybody in good spirits, he had the plan of the great dome, handsomely drawn and highly colored, submitted. There was no time to think of expense. In the enthusiasm of the moment and the desire to adjourn, the money was appropriated; but the amount barely sufficed to remove the old dome! Yet it was to this little ruse that we owe the existence of that great dome which is the crowning glory of the structure.

Fifty-eight years after the first stone was set in place, another corner-stone was laid, beneath which was deposited a tablet bearing the memorable words of Daniel Webster:

"On the morning of the first day of the seventy-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America, in the City of Washington, being the 4th day of July, 1851, this stone designated as the corner-stone

of the Extension of the Capitol, according to a plan approved by the President in pursuance of an act of Congress was laid by

MILLARD FILMORE,

President of the United States,

Assisted by the Grand Master of the Masonic Lodges, in the presence of many members of Congress, of officers of the Executive and Judiciary departments, National, State and Districts, of officers of the Army and Navy, the Corporate authorities of this and neighboring cities, many associations, civil and military and Masonic, officers of the Smithsonian Institution, and National Institute, professors of colleges and teachers of schools of the Districts, with their students and pupils, and a vast concourse of people from places near and remote, including a few surviving gentlemen who witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol by President Washington, on the 18th day of September, 1793. If, therefore, it shall hereafter be the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundation be upturned, and this deposit brought to the eyes of men; be it then known that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm, that their constitution still exists unimpaired, and with all its original usefulness and glory growing every day stronger and stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world. And all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayer, that this deposit, and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures, now to be erected over it may endure forever.

"God save the United States of America.

DANIEL WEBSTER,

Secretary of State of the United States."

Already the mutterings of civil revolution stirred in the air. Could Webster have foreseen that the marble walls of the Capitol whose corner-stone he then laid would rise only ten years later amid the thunder of cannon aimed to destroy it and the great Union of States which it crowned, to what anguish of eloquence would his words have risen!

The great building was not fully completed till 1867 or nearly seventy-five years after the laying of the first corner-stone. The whole structure is 751 feet, four inches long;

thirty-one feet longer than St. Peter's in Rome, and 175 feet longer than St. Paul's in London. Its greatest dimension from east to west is 350 feet.

The ground actually covered by the Capitol is 153,112 square feet of floor space, or nearly four acres. Its total cost from the beginning to the present time, including the land, is estimated at nearly $16,000,000. The great dome, the fitting crown to the noble edifice, is of cast iron, and weighs 8,909,200 pounds, or nearly 4,500 tons. Large sheets of iron, securely bolted together, rest on iron ribs, and by an ingenious plan used in its construction the changes of temperature cause it to contract and expand "like the folding and unfolding of the lily." It cost $1,047,291.89 according to the official figures. Eight years were required in its construction, so carefully was the work done, and as it is thoroughly protected from the weather by thick coats of white paint, renewed yearly, it is likely to last for centuries. Its base consists of a peristyle of thirty-six fluted columns surmounted by an entablature and a balustrade. Then comes an attic story, and above this the dome proper. The ascent to the dome may be made by a winding stairway of 365 steps, one for each day in the year. It is even possible to climb to the foot of the statue. At the top is a gallery, surrounded by a balustrade, from which may be obtained a magnificent view of the city and its environs. Rising from the gallery is the "lantern," twenty-four feet and four inches in diameter and fifty feet high, surrounded by a peristyle. The lantern has electric lights which illuminate the dome during a night session. Over the lantern is a globe, and standing on the globe is the bronze statue of Liberty, designed by Thomas Crawford. It is nineteen feet six inches high, weighs seven and one-half tons, and cost more than $24,000. It was placed in position December 2, 1863, amid the salutes from guns in Washington and the surrounding forts, and the cheers of thousands

of soldiers. It was lifted to its position in sections, afterwards bolted together. The original plaster model is in the National Museum.

From the very beginning the Capitol has suffered as a National Building from the conflicting and foreign tastes of its decorators. Literally begun in the woods by a nation in its infancy, it not only borrowed its general style from the buildings of antiquity, but it was built by men, strangers in thought and spirit to the genius of a new Republic, and the unwrought and unembodied poetry of its virgin soil. Its earlier decorators, all Italians, overlaid its walls with their florid colors and foreign symbols. The American plants, birds and animals representing prodigal Nature at home, though exquisitely painted, are buried in twilight passages, while mythological bar-maids, misnamed goddesses, dance in the most conspicuous places. Happily the Capitol has already survived this era of false decorative art.

Phidias created the Parthenon. Beneath his eyes it slowly blossomed, the consummate flower of Hellenic art. It has never been granted to another one man to create a perfect building which should be at once the marvel and model of all time. Many architects have wrought upon the American Capitol, and there are discrepancies in its proportions wherein we trace the conflict of their opposing idiosyncrasies. We see places where their contending tastes met and did not mingle, where the harmony and sublimity which each sought were lost. We see frescoed fancies and gilded traceries which tell no story; we see paintings which mean nothing but glare. But a human interest attaches itself to every part of the noble building. Its very defects the more endear it to us, for, above all else, these are human. The stranger fancies that he could never be lost in its labyrinths, yet he is constantly finding passages that he dreamed not of, and confronting shut and silent doors which he may not enter. But the deeper he penetrates into its recesses,

the more positively he is pervaded by its nobleness, and the more conscious he becomes of its magnitude and its magnificence.

The Capitol is vastly more than an object of mere personal attachment to be measured by a narrow individual standard. To every American citizen it is the majestic symbol of the majesty of his land. You may be lowly and poor. You may not own the cottage which shelters you, nor the scanty acres which you till. Your power may not cross your own door-step; yet these historic statues and paintings, these marble corridors, these soaring walls, this mighty dome, are yours. The Goddess of Liberty, gazing down from her proud eminence, bestows no right upon the lofty which she does not extend equally to the lowliest of her sons.

Within the walls of the Capitol every State in the Union holds its memories, and garners its hopes. Every hall and corridor, every arch and alcove, every painting and marble is eloquent with the history of its past, and the prophecy of its future. The torch of revolution flamed in sight, yet never reached this beloved Capitol. Its unscathed walls are the trophies of victorious war; its dome is the crown of triumphant freemen; its unfilled niches and perpetually growing splendor foretell the grandeur of its final consummation. Remembering this, with what serious thought and care should this great national work progress.

> "The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
> And groined the aisles of ancient Rome,
> Wrought with a sad sincerity."

Let no mediocre artist, no insincere spirit, assume to decorate a building in whose walls and ornaments a great nation will embody and perpetuate its most precious history. The brain that designs, the hand that executes for the Capitol, works not for to-day, but for all time.

EAST FRONT OF THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL, AS SEEN FROM THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

The building covers nearly four acres, and was seventy-four years in process of construction. It cost, including the land, about $16,000,000. The Senate Wing is at the right; the House Wing at the left. The great cast-iron dome weighs 4,500 tons, required eight years for its construction, and cost over $1,000,000. The bronze Statue of Liberty that surmounts the dome is 19 feet 6 inches high, weighs 1½ tons, and cost over $24,000.

CHAPTER V.

A TOUR INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE CAPITOL — INTERESTING SIGHTS AND SCENES — UNDER THE GREAT DOME — A PARADISE FOR VISITORS.

Entering the Capitol Grounds — Inside the Capitol — Bridal Pairs in Washington — Where Do They Come From? — Underneath the Capitol — Using the Capitol as a Bakery — Turning Out 16,000 Loaves of Bread Daily — Marble Staircases and Luxurious Furniture — In the Senate Chamber and House of Representatives — Costly Paintings. Bronzes and Statues — In the Rotunda — Under the Great Dome — In Statuary Hall — Famous Statues and Works of Art — "Brother Jonathan" — The Famous Marble Clock — The Scene of Fierce and Bitter Wrangles — Where John Quincy Adams Was Stricken — The Bronze Clock Whose Hands Are Turned Back — Climbing to the Top of the Mighty Dome — Looking Down on the Floor of the Rotunda — Under the Lantern — At the Tip-top of the Capitol.

IN all the broad land there is no spectacle so bright, so inspiring as the gleaming Capitol on a June day. The crocuses and violets that dotted the green slopes of the Capitol grounds a few weeks ago are gone, and the plumed seeds of dandelions are now sailing all around us through the deep, still air. There is a ripple in the grass that invites the early mower. The shadows lie in undulating outlines underneath the old trees which throw their graceful branches against a sky of purest azure, and on the easy seats sit black and white, old and young, taking rest. There is that in this new bloom so tender, so unsullied, which makes politicians appear paltry, and all their outcry a mockery and an impertinence. The long summer wave in the June grass; the low, swaying boughs, with their deep mysterious

murmur that seems instinct with human pleading; the tender plaint of infant leaves; the music of birds; the depth of sky; the balm, the bloom, the virginity, the peace, the consciousness of life, new, yet illimitable, all are here.

The grounds include fifty-eight and one-half acres, and each year they become more and more beautiful. We cross these lovely grounds and enter the Capitol on the East front, passing Crawford's famous group over the Senate portico representing American Progress, for the models of which, and for those of Justice and History above the bronze doors of the Senate Wing, he received $17,000, the cutting of the marble by various Italian workmen costing over $26,000 more. So many people gather under the great dome of the Capitol that you wonder where they could all have come from. They are not the people who crowd and hurry through the corridors in winter — the claimants, the lobbyists, the pleasure-seekers who come to spend the "season" in Washington. Nearly all are people from the country, many of them brides and grooms, to whom the only "season" on earth is spring — the marriage season. They seem to be gazing out upon life through its portal with the same mingling of delight and wonder with which they gaze through the great doors of the Capitol upon the unknown world beyond. Early summer always brings a great influx of bridal pairs to Washington. Whence they all come no mortal can tell; but they do come, and can never be mistaken. Their clothes are as new as the Spring's. The groom often seems half to deprecate your sudden glance, as if, like David Copperfield, he was afraid you thought him "very young." The affections of the lovely bride seem to be divided between her new lord and her new clothes. She loves him, she is proud of him; but this new suit, who but she can tell its cost? What longing, what privation, what patient toil has gone into its mouse- or fawn-colored folds; for this little bride, who regretfully drags

her demi-train through the dust of the Rotunda, is seldom a rich man's daughter. You see them everywhere repeated, these two neophytes—in the hotel parlor, in the street cars, in the Congressional galleries.

It is like passing from one world into another, to leave behind the bright, sunshiny day for the cool, dim halls of the lower Capitol. No matter how fiercely the sun burns in the heavens, his fire never penetrates the mellow twilight of these grand halls.

Here, in Corinthian colonnades, rise the mighty shafts of stone which bear upon their tops the mightier mass of marble, and which seem strong enough to support the world. In the summer solstice they cast long, cool shadows, full of repose and silence. The electric lights' steady glow sends long rays through the dimness to light us on. We have struck below the jar and tumult of life. The struggles of a nation may be going on above our heads, yet so vast and visionary are these vistas opening before us, so deep the calm which surrounds us, we seem far away from the world that we have left, in this new world which we have found. In wandering on to find our way out, we are sure to make numerous discoveries of unimagined beauty. Here are doors after doors in almost innumerable succession, opening into various committee-rooms. During the Civil War these halls and committee-rooms were used as barracks by the soldiers, who barricaded the outer doors with barrels of cement between the pillars. The basement galleries were used as store-rooms for army provisions; and the vaults were converted into bakeries, where 16,000 loaves of bread were baked every day for many months. Twice during the first years of the war, the Capitol was used as a hospital, and scores of the nation's defenders died there.

It would take months to study and to learn the exquisite pictures and illustrative paintings that adorn these panels, which artists have taken years to paint. They make a

Department of Art in themselves, yet thousands who think that they know the Capitol well are not aware of their existence. The art decorations of the Capitol may have faults, but like the faults of a friend they are sacred. It bears blots upon its fair face, but these can be washed away. It wears ornaments vulgar and vain, these can be stripped off and discarded. Below them, beyond them all, abides the Capitol. The surface blemish vexes, the pretentious splendor offends. These are not the Capitol. We look deeper, we look higher, to find beauty, to see sublimity, to see the Capitol, august and imperishable!

The four marble staircases leading to the Senate Chamber and the House of Representatives, in themselves alone, embody enough of grace and magnificence to save the Capitol from cynical criticism. We slip through the Senate corridor to the President's and Vice-President's rooms. Their furniture is sumptuous, their decoration oppressive. Gilding, frescoes, arabesques, glitter and glow above and around. Luxurious chairs, oriental rugs, and lace curtains abound. Gazing, one feels an indescribable desire to pluck a few of Signor Brumidi's red-legged babies and pug-nosed cupids from their precarious perches on the lofty ceilings, and commit them to anybody who will smooth out their rumpled little legs and make them look comfortable. Here in the President's room the President sometimes sits during the last day of a congressional session, in order to be ready to sign bills requiring his immediate signature. Here in the room of the Vice-President is a marble bust of Vice-President Henry S. Wilson, whose death occurred in this room, November 22, 1875. Upon its eastern wall hangs Rembrandt Peale's portrait of Washington, probably the best portrait of him in possession of the government.

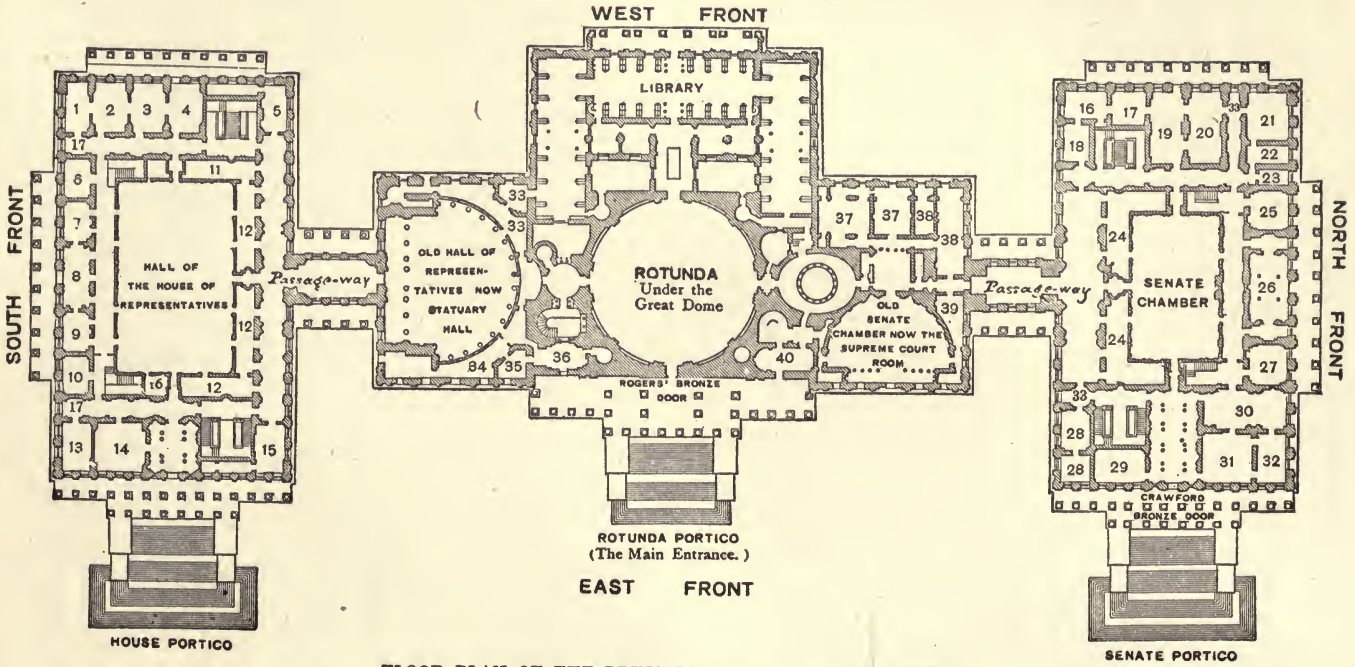
Let us pass to the Marble Room, which alone, of all the rooms of the Capitol, suggests repose —

"The end of all, the poppied sleep."

Its atmosphere is soft, serene, and silent. Its ceiling is of white marble, deeply paneled, supported by fluted pillars of polished Italian marble. Its walls are of the exquisite marble of Tennessee — a soft brown, veined with white — set with mirrors. One whose æsthetic eyes have studied the finest apartments of the world says that to him the most chaste and purely beautiful of all is the Marble Room of the American Capitol.

Crossing the lobby, through doors of choice mahogany, we enter the Senate Chamber. It cannot boast of the ampler proportions of the House of Representatives. The ceiling is of cast-iron, paneled with stained glass — each pane bearing the arms of the different States, bound by most ornate mouldings, bronzed and gilded. The gallery, which entirely surrounds the hall, will seat a thousand persons. Over the Vice-President's chair, the section separated from the rest by a net-work of wire, is the reporters' gallery. The one opposite is the gallery of the diplomatic corps; next are the seats reserved for the Senators' families. The Senators sit in semi-circular rows, behind quaint desks of polished mahogany, facing the Secretary of the Senate, his assistants, and the Vice-President. A Senator retains his desk only during a single Congress, drawing lots at the beginning of the next session for a choice of seats — the Republicans sitting at the left and Democrats at the right of the presiding officer. The President of the Senate is the Vice-President of the United States. He sits upon a dais, raised above all, within an arched niche and behind a broad desk. His high-backed chair of carved mahogany was a gift to the late Vice-President Hobart.

We leave the Senate Chamber by the western staircase. Here in the niche at the foot of the staircase, corresponding to Franklin's on the opposite side, stands Dr. Horatio Stone's noble figure of John Hancock, he whose name is first in the list of signatures of the Declaration of Independence. The



FLOOR PLAN OF THE PRINCIPAL STORY OF THE CAPITOL.

For key see opposite page.

pedestal is inscribed: "He wrote his name where all nations should behold it, and all time should not efface it." The statue was sculptured in 1861, and $5,500 was paid for it. The stairs are of polished white marble, and the painting above them, in its setting of maroon cloth, represents the "Storming of Chepultepec" in all the ardor of its fiery action. For this painting $6,137.00 was paid. We saunter on along the breezy corridors whose doors admit to the Senate galleries. Through open windows we catch delightful glimpses of the garden city, the sheen of the gliding river, and the distant hills beyond. In an adjoining hall is

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KEY TO THE PRINCIPAL STORY OF THE CAPITOL.

The diagram printed on the opposite page was reproduced from the government plan. All the rooms now occupied are numbered, and are devoted to the following uses:

HOUSE WING.

1, 2. Appropriations.
3. Committee on Rivers and Harbors.
4. Journal, printing, and file clerks of the House.
5. Committee on Naval Affairs.
6. Closets.
7, 8, 9. Members' retiring room.
10. Speaker's room.
12. Cloakrooms.
13. Office of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House.
14. Committee on Ways and Means.
15. Committee on Military Affairs.
16. House Library.
17. Elevators.

SENATE WING.

16. Office of the Secretary of the Senate.
17. Executive Clerk of the Senate.
18. Financial Clerk of the Senate.
19. Chief Clerk of the Senate.
20. Engrossing and enrolling clerks of the Senate.
21, 22. Committee on Appropriations.
23. Closets.
24. Cloakrooms.
25. Room of the President.
26. The Senators' reception room.
27. The Vice-President's room.
28. Committee on Finance.
29. Official Reporters of Debates.
30. Public reception room.
31. Committee on the District of Columbia.
32. Office of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate.
33. Elevator.

MAIN BUILDING.

33. House document room.
34. Engrossing and enrolling clerks of the House.
35. Committee on Enrolled Bills.
36. Office of the Clerk of the House of Representatives. It was in this room that ex-President John Quincy Adams died, two days after he fell at his seat in the House, February 23, 1848.
37. Office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court.
38. Robing room of the Judges of the Supreme Court.
39. Withdrawing-room of the Supreme Court.
40. Office of the Marshal of the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court, formerly the Senate Chamber.

The Old Hall of the House of Representatives is now used as a statuary hall, to which each State has been invited to contribute two statues of its most distinguished citizens.

a painting representing the battle between the ironclads, the Monitor and the Merrimac, purchased in 1877 for $7,500. The artist is said to have interviewed in person or by letter some five hundred eye-witnesses of the fight, and consequently this is probably the most correct representation of the battle in existence. This picture is the only exception to the rule that no reminder of the Civil War shall be placed in the Capitol, an exception due to the fact that this was in reality a drawn battle, where the courage on both sides was equal, and when naval methods of the world were revolutionized.

Outside the Senate Chamber, beyond the staircase, is a vestibule which opens upon the eastern portico through the Senate bronze doors, designed by Thomas Crawford. The workmanship is not considered as fine as is that of the famous Rogers door. Crawford received $6,000 for the designs, while the casting and other expenses brought the total cost up to $56,495. In the East Corridor may be seen the famous gilt mirror which Vice-President John Adams innocently purchased for the room at a cost of $36.00. The purchase was regarded as a piece of reckless extravagance, and three days were spent by Congress in stormy and acrimonious debate and much eloquent denunciation of the purchase, before the bill was ordered paid.

Passing by the Supreme Court Room we enter the great Rotunda, which is ninety-five feet in diameter, 300 feet in circumference and over 180 feet in height. Its magnificent dome is one of the most finished specimens of iron architecture in the world. The panels of the Rotunda are adorned with paintings of life-size, painted by Trumbull and others. Colonel John Trumbull was son of Gov. Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, the original "Brother Jonathan." The young officer was aid and military secretary to Gen. Washington, and "having a natural taste for drawing," he, after the war, studied in this country and in

Europe and conceived an ambition to produce a series of national paintings, depicting the principal events of the Revolution, in which each face should be painted from life, so far as sittings could be obtained, while others were to be copied from approved portraits. He painted Adams, then Minister to England, in London, and Jefferson, in Paris. He was given sittings by Washington, and traveled from New Hampshire to South Carolina, collecting portraits and other material. In 1816, after more than thirty years of preparation, he was commissioned by Congress to paint the four great pictures in the Rotunda. They are "Signing the Declaration of Independence," "Surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga," "Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown," and "The Resignation of Washington." For these paintings Trumbull received $32,000 — a large sum in those days.

Numerous other paintings adorn the walls, among them the "Baptism of Pocahontas," the "Landing of Columbus," and the "Discovery of the Mississippi." Like most works of genius, these paintings have many merits and many defects. Perhaps the favorite of all is the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims" on the unseaworthy "Speedwell" at Delft Haven for America. It depicts the farewell service on board. Its figures and the fabrics of its costumes are wonderfully painted; so, too, is the face of the hoary Pilgrim who is offering a fervent petition to God for their safe passage across stormy seas to the land of deliverance; but the enchantment of the picture is the face of Rose Standish. In those eyes, blue as heaven and as true, are seen only purity, faith, devotion, tenderness, and unutterable love.

The group in bas-relief over the western entrance of the Rotunda represents "Pocahontas Saving the Life of Captain John Smith." The idea is national, but the execution is preposterous. Powhatan looks like an Englishman, and Pocahontas has a Greek face and a Grecian head-dress.

The alto-relievo over the eastern entrance of the Rotunda represents the "Landing of the Pilgrims." The Pilgrim, his wife and child, are stepping from the prow of the boat to receive from the hand of an Indian, kneeling on the rock before them, an ear of corn.

Over the south door of the Rotunda we have "Daniel Boone in Conflict with the Indians" in a forest. Boone has dispatched one Indian and is in close battle with the other. It commemorates an occurrence which took place in the year 1773. Over the northern door of the Rotunda we have William Penn standing under an elm, in the act of presenting a treaty to the Indians.

In the Rotunda are statues of men whom patriotism and death have made illustrious and immortal. The statue of Col. E. D. Baker, of Illinois, was executed by Horatio Stone, in Rome, in 1862. While other statues stand forth in heroic size, that of Baker is under that of life, and barely suggests the grand proportions of the man. Yet the dignity and grandeur of his mien are here, as he stands wrapped in his cloak, his arms folded, his head thrown back, his noble face lifted as if he saw the future — *his* future — and awaited it undaunted and with a joyful heart. Amid all the orators of the dark days of the Civil War, no voice uttered such burning words as that of Baker — he who left the seat of a senator for the grave of a soldier.

Congress voted ten thousand dollars to Horatio Stone, then in Rome, to execute the noble and beautiful statue of Alexander Hamilton, which stands in the Rotunda. No painted portrait could give to posterity so grand an idea of the great Federalist. It is eight feet high and represents Hamilton in the attitude of impassioned speech. The execution of the statue is exquisite, while in pose and expression it is the embodiment of majesty and power. Burr — who presided over the Senate, who with the pride, subtlety, and ambition of Lucifer planned and executed to live in the

future amid the most exalted names of his time — sleeps dishonored and accursed; while the great rival whom he hated, whose success he could not endure, whose life he destroyed, comes back in this majestic semblance to abide for all time in the Nation's Capitol. Thus we behold in this statue not only a "triumph of art" but also a triumph of that final retributive compensation of justice which sooner or later avenges every wrong.

In the Rotunda is a notable statue of General Grant and a magnificent bronze statue of Thomas Jefferson. Here also is Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie's statue of Lincoln, the first glance at which is the most satisfactory that you will ever have.

No sculptor has left more lasting evidence of his genius in the decorations of the Capitol than Thomas Crawford, a bust of whom now adorns the Rotunda. Stricken with an incurable malady in the fullness of his powers, many of his great works were left unfinished; but he would need no other title to fame than the great Goddess of Liberty crowning the dome, the tympanum of the Senate portico, and the Senate bronze doors.

We pass from the Rotunda into one of the noblest rooms of the Capitol, the old Hall of Representatives, which when first completed was regarded as "the most elegant legislative hall in the world." Much care was taken in its construction. Above the handsome colonnade of Potomac marble on the south side rises an immense arch, in the center of which is the statue of Liberty, with an altar at the right and an eagle at the feet of the goddess. Under this statue in the frieze of the entablature is a spread eagle carved in stone by Valperti, an Italian. The curious attitude of the national bird gave rise to much adverse criticism, and Valperti was so grieved because its resemblance to a turkey buzzard was so often noted that he drowned himself in the Potomac, leaving this eagle as his only work in America.

It was a happy thought which dedicated the old Hall of Representatives to national art. The late Senator Justin S. Morrill, then a Representative from Vermont, first made the suggestion, which was followed in 1864 by an invitation from Congress to each State to send marble or bronze statues of two of her most illustrious sons for permanent preservation. Many States have responded, and some of the statues are of a high order of merit.

The first effect as we enter Statuary Hall and glance at these white, silent figures ranged regularly about, is peculiar, a feeling mainly due to the varying size of the statues, some being of heroic dimensions, others of ordinary size, and some less than life size. All these men did something to make them remembered by a patriotic and grateful country; but some were heroes of the nation, others were prominent chiefly in their own States. Curiously enough, most of the local statesmen appear in heroic size and many of the great national heroes in ordinary size. For instance, here are the statues of Benton and Blair of Missouri, Cass of Michigan, Morton of Indiana, Allen of Ohio, all good men who lived noble lives and performed good deeds for their country, towering like giants above Houdon's Washington and Conrad's Webster. A serious mistake was made when provision was neglected for making all these statues of uniform size. In studying them we need to dismiss all thought of comparison, to forget when examining one that we have ever seen another, and to lose ourselves completely for the time in the one we behold. Only in this way may we catch the real spirit and purpose of the artist. We can admire the animation chiseled into the figure of General Muhlenberg, the pious statesmanship revealed in Greenough's Winthrop, and the majestic intellectuality in Conrad's Webster, even though the sculptured forms of lesser men rise conspicuously above them.

In studying the statue of Muhlenberg, we recall his sub-

A SECTION OF STATUARY HALL IN THE CAPITOL.

Statuary Hall is the old Hall of Representatives, now dedicated as a Memorial Hall. Here are placed the statues of heroes and statesmen who in life were devoted to the service of the nation. Each State may contribute marble or bronze figures of two of her most illustrious deceased sons. Many States are represented.

lime patriotism when, on the Sunday following the battle of Lexington, after preaching a sermon to his congregation, he suddenly threw off the robes of the minister, and stepped forth in the uniform of the soldier, as he uttered these words: "There is a time for all things — a time to preach and a time to fight — and now is the time to fight." He organized a company of troops from among his congregation, joined Washington's army, became a general, and was present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown.

It is interesting to note the dress that marked different periods in our nation's growth as exhibited in these statues. There is a charm in the quaint costume of colonial and revolutionary heroes, which is wanting in the dress of men of later times. It is refreshing to turn from the stove-pipe hats, shingled heads, and angular garments in which the men of our generation do penance, to the flowing locks, puckered knee-breeches and ample ruffs in which Roger Williams represents his name and time. He holds a book in his hand, on whose cover is inscribed the words "Soul Liberty," and with free, uplifted glance and spirited pose seems about to step forward while his lips appear ready to open with words of inspiration.

One of the most interesting statues is that of Marquette, the missionary explorer, here represented in his flowing priestly robes. Here too is Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, and one can imagine him standing at the head of his Green Mountain Boys and demanding the surrender of the fort "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Connecticut's contribution — the statues of Jonathan Trumbull and Roger Sherman — are of heroic size, and at first glance are most imposing, but the good impression is not abiding. Jonathan Trumbull was Governor of the Colony of Connecticut, and first Governor of the State. An influential leader in the Revolution, fertile in resources, he was a very close friend of Washington, who "relied upon

him as one of his main pillars of support"; and because of his great services in providing the sinews of war he gave him the name "Brother Jonathan," used ever since as the nickname of the United States.

One of the most noticeable of the group is a plaster cast, mounted high on a wooden block, of Houdon's life-size statue of Washington. Jean Antoine Houdon was a French sculptor, educated in Paris and Rome. He was employed by the State of Virginia to make a statue of Washington, and in 1785 he accompanied Franklin to America and resided for several weeks with Washington's family at Mount Vernon. While there he studied his subject, made a cast of Washington's face, and subsequently sculptured in Italy the original statue now in the Capitol at Richmond. It is the most faithful portrait in existence of Washington in his later years, and Lafayette pronounced it the best representation of Washington ever made. The fact that no other statue of him was ever made from life renders this work especially interesting and valuable.

Among other notable statues may be mentioned that of President James A. Garfield, Ohio; Gen. Philip Kearney, New Jersey; Samuel Adams, Massachusetts; Robert R. Livingston, New York; Gen. John Stark, of New Hampshire, and others of nearly or quite equal fame, albeit these memorial marbles and bronzes are of very unequal merit.

Over the main entrance to Statuary Hall, and opposite the former position of the Speaker's desk, still stands the famous clock carved from a solid piece of marble, which has for its theme the Flight of Time. It has for its dial the wheel of the winged chariot of Time, resting on a globe. In this chariot stands a figure of Clio, the Muse who presides over History, with a scroll and pen in her hand, recording passing events upon tablets.

In itself Statuary Hall is the most majestic room in the Capitol. Set apart to enshrine the sculptured forms of the

illnstrious dead, its arches and alcoves are fraught with their living memories. Here Clay presided, here Webster spoke. Calhoun, Randall, Cass, the younger Adams, and many others here won reputation for statesmanship, and made the walls ring with fiery eloquence. It has been the scene of many fierce and bitter wrangles over vexed questions and displays of sectional feeling. It was here that ex-President John Quincy Adams, then a Representative for Massachusetts, was prostrated at his desk by paralysis, resulting in his death two days later. A star set in the floor marks the position of his desk.

Statuary Hall has surprising acoustic properties. Curious echoes, whispers distinct at a distance, and ability to hear what is inaudible to a person at your elbow, are among the curiosities of sound observable at certain points.

We pass from this noble room through the open corridor directly into the House of Representatives. It occupies the precise place in the south wing which the Senate Chamber does in the north wing. Like the Senate Chamber, the light of day comes to it but dimly through the stained glass roof overhead. Like that, also, it is entire, encircled by a corridor opening into smoking apartments, committee rooms, the Speaker's room, etc.

The House of Representatives is 139 feet long, ninety-three feet wide, and thirty-six feet in height, with a gallery running entirely around the Hall holding seats for 2,000 persons. Like the Senate Chamber, the ceiling is of iron work, bronzed, gilded, and paneled with glass, each pane decorated with the arms of a State. At the corners of these panels in gilt and bronze are rosettes of the cotton plant in its various stages of bud and blossom. The Speaker's desk, splendid in proportion, is of pure white marble. At the Speaker's left sits the assistant doorkeeper, and the sergeant-at-arms is within easy call. The symbol of authority of the sergeant-at-arms is the Mace, which lies on a mar-

ble pedestal at the Speaker's right. When it is placed on its pedestal, it signifies that the House is in session and under the Speaker's authority; when it is placed on the floor, that the House is a committee of the whole. The Mace is a bundle of thirteen ebony rods, fastened with transverse bands of silver. On its top is a silver globe on which is engraved a map of the world, and this is surmounted by a silver eagle with wings outstretched. When the sergeant-at-arms is executing the commands of the Speaker, he bears aloft the Mace in his hands.

Over the main entrance is the famous bronze clock whose hands are turned back on the last day of the session, in order that the precise hour of adjournment may not be marked by it before the actual business of the House is finished.

The Speaker's room, at the rear of his chair and across the inner lobby, is one of the most beautiful rooms in the Capitol. Its ornaments are not as glaring as those of the President's and Vice-President's rooms, while its mirrors, carved book-cases, velvet carpets, and chairs, give it a look of home comfort as well as of luxury. It has a bright outlook upon the eastern grounds of the Capitol, and its walls are hung with portraits of every Speaker from the First Congress to the present one.

We pass through the private corridor looking from the Speaker's room out into the grand colonnaded vestibule opening upon the great portico of the south extension. These twenty-four columns and forty pilasters have blossomed from native soil. The models of Athens, Pompeii, Rome, are departed from at last, and their adornments are distinctively American. Looking up to these flowering capitals we see corn-leaves, tobacco, and magnolias budding and blooming from their marble crowns. Every column, every pilaster bears a magnolia, each of a different form, all from casts of the natural flower. And far below, beneath

the Representatives' Hall, there is a row of monolithic columns formed of the tobacco and thistle. It is above the marble staircase opposite, leading to the ladies' gallery, that we see painted on the wall the great painting of Leutze entitled "Westward, Ho!" for which $20,000 was paid. It represents the advance of civilization. Confusing, disappointing perhaps, at first glance, this painting asserts itself more and more in the soul the longer you gaze.

At the foot of the eastern grand staircase is Powers' statue of Thomas Jefferson which cost $10,000. Over the landing is Frank B. Carpenter's painting "Signing of the Proclamation of Emancipation," painted at the White House in 1864. It represents President Lincoln signing the Proclamation in the presence of his Cabinet, September 22, 1862. It was presented to Congress in 1878 by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, who paid $25,000 to the artist for the picture. She received the thanks of Congress, and was given the privilege of the floor of the House during any of its sessions. Only one other woman has been similarly honored, — Dolly Madison, the wife of President Madison, for her distinguished character and patriotic services.

We come back to the grand vestibule of the southern wing, and out to the great portico through one of the famous bronze doors designed by Rogers, and cast in Munich. How heavy, slow, and still its swing! The other opens and closes upon the central door of the north wing, leading to the vestibule of the Senate. Rogers received $8,000 for his plaster models of these doors. The casting cost $17,000 in gold, when gold commanded a high premium, and their total cost to the government was $28,500. The doors are eighteen feet in height, nine feet in width, and weigh ten tons.

Here, on this portico, the inauguration of Presidents of the United States has taken place since the time of Jackson. From it we look out upon the eastern grounds of the Capi-

tol in the unsullied beauty of a June morning, across the paved plaza, through the vistas of maples with their green arcade flecked with light and shadow, to the august form of Horatio Greenough's statue of George Washington sitting in the center of the grounds in a lofty Roman chair mounted on a pedestal of granite twelve feet high. Greenough was commissioned by Congress to execute this statue, the only conditions imposed being that it should be "a *full length pedestrian* statue," and that the countenance should conform to that of the Houdon statue. For this he was paid $20,000, though he devoted the principal part of his time for eight years to the work.

This is the most criticised work of art about the Capitol. It is true that a sense of personal discomfort seems to emanate from the drapery — or lack of it — and the pose of this colossal figure. George Washington with his right arm outstretched, his left forever holding a Roman sword, half-naked, beneath bland summer skies and within a veiling screen of tender leaves, is a much more comfortable-looking object than when the winds and rains beat upon his unsheltered head and uncovered form. This statue was designed in imitation of the antique statue of Jupiter Tonans. The ancients made their statues of Jupiter naked above and draped below as being visible to the gods but invisible to men. But the average American citizen, being accustomed to seeing the Father of his Country decently attired, naturally receives a shock at first beholding him in next to no clothes at all. It is impossible for him to reconcile a Jupiter in sandals with the stately George Washington in knee-breeches and buckled shoes. The spirit of the statue, which is ideal, militates against the spirit of the land, which is utilitarian, if not commonplace.

Nevertheless, in poetry of feeling, in grandeur of conception, in exquisite fineness of detail, and in execution, it is the greatest work in marble yet wrought at the command

of the government for the Capitol. It is scarcely human, certainly not American, but it is god-like. The face is a perfect portrait of Washington. The veining of a single hand, the muscles of a single arm, are triumphs of art. While it is the masterpiece of a master, it has called forth more ridicule, and been the subject of more rude and vulgar jests than any other piece of American sculpture.

The statue weighs nearly twenty-one tons, and was sculptured in Florence. In 1840 Commodore Hull was sent with a vessel of war to bring it to the United States, but when he found it would be necessary to rip up the decks of his vessel in order to place the colossal statue in the hold, he protested. A merchantman was therefore chartered for the purpose, her hatches enlarged, and the vessel otherwise changed in order to receive the statue. Upon its arrival at the Capitol in 1841, the doors of the building were found to be too small to admit it, and the masonry had to be cut away before the statue could be gotten inside. It was subsequently removed from the Rotunda to its present position in the grounds, facing the east front of the Capitol. The statue has cost the government, including the sum paid to Greenough and the amounts paid for work and materials, the cost of transportation from Italy, and the removal from the Rotunda to its present site, $42,170.74.

In the center of the Capitol, on the ground floor, directly under the great dome, is a large circular chamber known as the crypt. In the center of the floor is a marble star, which is, theoretically, the center of the city of Washington, as originally laid out in L'Enfant's plan. Beneath the star, in the center of the crypt, is a tomb known as the "Washington Tomb." In 1799 Congress passed a resolution that a marble statue of General Washington be erected in the Capitol, and that the family of General Washington be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it. Many resolutions were subsequently offered, and much correspond-

ence carried on regarding the ceremonies of removing his remains from Mount Vernon, and a tomb at the Capitol was made ready. The following is a correct copy of one of these resolutions:

"That the remains of General George Washington be removed, with suitable funeral honors, from the family vault at Mount Vernon, conducted under the direction of a joint committee of both Houses of Congress, on the —— day of December next, and entombed in the national sepulchre to be prepared for that purpose under the centre dome of the Capitol in the City of Washington."

A copy of the resolution was transmitted by John Adams to Martha Washington, who sent the following reply:

"Mt. Vernon, Dec. 31, 1799.

"Sir:

"While I feel, with keenest anguish, the late dispensation of Divine Providence, I cannot be insensible to the mournful tributes of respect and veneration which are paid to the memory of my dear deceased husband; and as his best services and most anxious wishes were always devoted to the welfare and happiness of his country, to know that they were truly appreciated, and gratefully remembered, affords me no inconsiderable consolation.

"Taught by that great example which I have so long had before me never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I must consent to the request made by Congress, which you have had the goodness to transmit to me; and, in doing this, I need not, I cannot say, what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty.

"With grateful acknowledgements, and unfeigned thanks for the personal respect and evidences of condolence expressed by Congress and yourself, I remain, very respectfully, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"Martha Washington."

Nothing was done, however, and in 1832 John A. Washington, who was then the owner of Mount Vernon, declined the request made by Congress. When General Grant died the question of honoring him with a final resting-place in the "Washington Tomb" was discussed, but the family were averse to the plan. The tomb in the Capitol is still vacant except for the simple bier of boards covered with

A SECTION OF STATUARY HALL IN THE CAPITOL.

The most majestic room in the Capitol. Here are many notable bronze and marble statues of the illustrious dead, those who helped to found and upbuild the nation. The statues are contributed by their respective States.

black cloth which was used to support the remains of Lincoln, and which has been used for each citizen laid in state at the Capitol since that day.

From the Rotunda we turn westward to the lofty colonnade outside, from whose balcony we look down upon the view which Humboldt declared to be the most beautiful of its type in the whole world. Directly below us, past the western terrace of the Capitol, stretch the western Capitol grounds. These marble terraces and their ornamental approaches cost $200,000. Many varieties of trees grown to forest height spread their interlacing boughs to form a roof of cool, green shadow over the sward below, which is dotted over with the golden dandelions in early May. Broad flights of stairs, parting right and left around a fountain, lead down a lower terrace, in the center of which is a bronze figure of Chief-Justice John Marshall, executed by the American sculptor William W. Story in Rome in 1883. It was presented to the United States by members of the bar, and cost $40,000, Congress supplying the pedestal.

He who has not climbed the winding stairway, which opens from the corridor near the north door of the Rotunda and leads by devious ways to the top of the mighty dome, has missed one of the most inspiring features of the Capitol. In the ascent one beholds the immense iron work which supports and makes the great dome. Part way up the stairway one may look down upon the floor of the Rotunda from the whispering gallery beneath the canopy. A little farther, and one walks out upon the great balustrade surrounding the base of the dome, from which may be seen the whole panorama of the city lying at his feet. Still a little farther, one arrives at the smaller balustrade beneath the lantern which supports the goddess. The view from the top of the Washington monument may be more commanding, but it does not reveal the beauties which are thrust upon the beholder at this dizzy height, for the city radiates

in all directions from this point. The great avenues, like the spokes of a mighty wheel, stretch away till lost in the green foot hills. The long avenues are marked by soft clouds of gently-swaying foliage, for each is doubly fringed with trees; the whole city seems to be smothered under a beautiful canopy of green, pierced here and there by a dome or a steeple or a towering building. Looking directly down, we see the beautiful grounds of the Capitol, gracefully marked by shady walks and drives; farther down the west lie the Botanical Gardens, in the midst of which glistens the great Bartholdi fountain; while to the east, like a vision, rises the Library of Congress. On the distant hill tops, gleaming through the soft green, we behold the Soldiers' Home, and across the Potomac, which winds like a stream of molten silver to the south, we catch a glimpse of Arlington, the silent city of the Nation's dead.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES — A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES — CLAIMANTS AND LOBBYISTS — HOW GOVERNMENT PRIZES ARE WON.

In the House of Representatives — Scenes of Confusion — The Speaker — A Peep Behind the Scenes — "What Did They Do?" — A Visit to the Senate — Playing Marbles Behind the Vice-President's Chair — Secret Sessions — The Veil Lifted — A Senator's Amusing Experience — Some Revelations — How the Senate Works — "Will Carp Eat Gold Fish?" — Curious Requests — "We Want a Baby" — Women With Claims — Professional Lobbyists and Their Ways — Button-holing Senators — "Who are They?" — Importance of "Knowing the Ropes" — Catching the Speaker's Eye — An Indignant Congressman — Catching "the Measles, the Whooping-Cough, and the Influenza" — The Franking Privilege — Providing for the "Comforts" of Members — Shaves, Hair-cuts, and Baths at Uncle Sam's Expense — Barbers as "Skilled Laborers" — "Working a Committee."

E have observed the Capitol as a monument of the people's history and patriotism, but to know it as it is, we must see it as the workshop of Congress, and enter into the spirit and understanding of its manifold operations. In its various and conflicting architectural conceptions we have noted both the weakness and the strength of human nature and ability; we have yet to observe that same human nature in its daily activity in both legislative halls of the Congress. These grand paintings, these famous statues and costly bronzes, these wonderful corridors, this mighty dome, all bring up a past — a history that is made; but the life of the Capitol is an affair always of to-day —

history which is *being* made, and which is ever running back into our glorious past. We can see no halo about the present; that comes with time. All this active, storming life in the great Capitol is the motion of the mightiest engine of the government — the legislative machine. There is nothing in all the world like it; no legislative machine that can do and has done so much.

Entering the Senate wing and beholding this machine on one side, it seems to be proceeding so calmly, so noiselessly and serenely, as to be hardly moving at all. When we visit the House wing and view the other side, we behold such utter confusion, such an apparently woful lack of attention to anything that is going on at any one place, that we are impressed at once with the idea that something dreadful has happened to the mechanism. We take a seat in the gallery, which is never empty when Congress is in session, and which is often full, though people are every minute going out and others coming in to take their places. The House is in session. We look down upon a confused mass of desks littered with books and papers, and men who are constantly walking about in every direction. The deep, low buzz of never-ceasing conversation rises and falls and comes to us from every part of the room, including the gallery. The few men who may at any one time be seen at their desks appear to be absorbed in attending to a vast private correspondence. There is an intermittent and irregular clapping of hands, like the report of distant fire-crackers, and frequent and urgent calls from impatient members for the pages, who are constantly running about, lending life and adding confusion to the scene. In the background, behind the tall screens, we catch glimpses of lobbies, coat-rooms, and barber shops, where members are smoking, laughing, reading, telling stories, and lounging about. High up behind the white marble desk quietly sits the Speaker of the House, the most powerful man in the

government next to the President. He appears to be the only serene and undisturbed person in the room. Just below him one of the clerks is droning in a sing-song manner something which nobody seems to hear or cares to hear. At a still lower desk are more clerks and stenographers. Far up one of the aisles a man suddenly jumps to his feet and makes a violent but only half-audible speech, to which

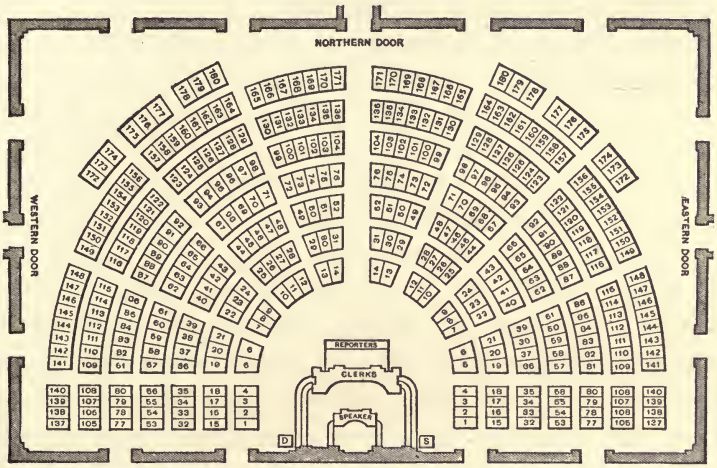


DIAGRAM OF THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

D. Doorkeepers. S. Sergeant at-Arms.

no one listens except a stenographer who swiftly runs up the aisle with note book and pencil in hand, sits at a near-by desk and takes down every word as if too precious to be lost. Having made his speech, he strolls back to the cloak-room and lights a cigar; the stenographer returns to his chair and the clerk above him continues his monotonous drone. The confusion increases and the Speaker strikes the top of his desk with a heavy mallet, the report ringing out like the crack of a rifle. Comparative silence reigns for a moment, and he follows up the temporary advantage thus secured by remarking:—"The House will be in order." He lapses back into his unruffled state and the House lapses

back into its hubbub. After a time there is a slightly perceptible unanimity in the getting up and sitting down and walking about of the uneasy crowd, which indicates that a vote is being taken. Amid the confusion, the Speaker again brings his mallet down on the top of his desk and says: — "The ayes seem to have it, the ayes have it;" and the clerks appear to be attending to the further details.

"What did they do?" you ask.

Well, just then the House voted to spend $224,000,000 in round numbers. If you had a copy of the bill you would see that it contained about 150 pages of closely-printed matter reading something like this: — "For prevention of deposits New York Harbor, 13 cents; for maintenance of Bureau of Yards and Docks, 43 cents; for building a bridge across the Potomac, $2.03," and so on, the whole amounting to $224,000,000. This particular vote happened to be on the General Deficiency Bill, and these little items are to make up deficiencies in the expenditures which the government is constantly making everywhere in our broad land. It is to balance accounts for the fiscal year, and it shows that where a few cents is required for this purpose, thousands and often tens of thousands of dollars are being spent. The Appropriations Committee is presumed to have examined this bill; it has been read and printed, and read again and printed, and read again, and now it is passed. We chanced to see the last process of the operation.

Making our way to a seat in the Senate gallery we find ourselves in an entirely different atmosphere. It is not because the men are so very different, for they are not. Most of them have been members of the House earlier in their careers. The difference lies altogether in the way of doing business and in the traditions which have come down from the First Congress. When Congress was sitting in Philadelphia previous to 1800, a writer in one of the newspapers of the day said: — "Among the senators is observed

constantly during the debates the most delightful silence, the most beautiful order, gravity and personal dignity of manner. They all appear every morning full-powdered and dressed in the richest material. The very atmosphere of the chamber seems to inspire wisdom, mildness, condescension. Should any of the senators so far forget for a moment as to be the cause of a protracted whisper, while another was addressing the Vice-President, three gentle raps with his silver pencil case by Mr. Adams immediately restored everything to repose and the most respectful attention."

The dignified pace set by the first senators has changed but little. Then there were but twenty-six senators, and now there are ninety, or more than there were in the original House of Representatives. Time has modified somewhat the early dignity of the body, but it is hardly perceptible. The bitterness of partisan feeling seldom shows itself in the calm and dignified serenity which is the traditional senatorial demeanor. There is a slight moving about; senators come in and are called out, but so quietly do they move on the soft carpets that no one is disturbed. Occasionally there is a sharp hand-clap, and one of the pages, all bright-looking, smartly-dressed youngsters, trips lightly up to some senator to do his bidding—to get a book or paper from his committee room, or to take a telegram to the operator in the corridor. These page-boys, when disengaged, are seated on the carpeted steps to the Vice-President's platform, and, when there has been nothing to distract them, they have been known to have a quiet little game of marbles behind the Vice-President's chair, but in such a silent and decorous manner that the dignity of the Vice-President was not ruffled by a knowledge of it. Congressmen who always have the privilege of coming on the floor during open sessions of the Senate, drop in often, especially if some great debate is on, but they leave their house manners outside the door. The people in the galleries adapt themselves unconsciously

to the calmer and higher atmosphere. If they should be so rash as to applaud anything a senator said, the gallery would be cleared. While the Republicans are seated on one side and the Democrats on the other, it is a common thing to see a senator of one political persuasion walk over to the seat of one of the opposite faith and talk with him with every evidence of sincere good nature, and as if there was no such thing as differences in political belief. Even in the

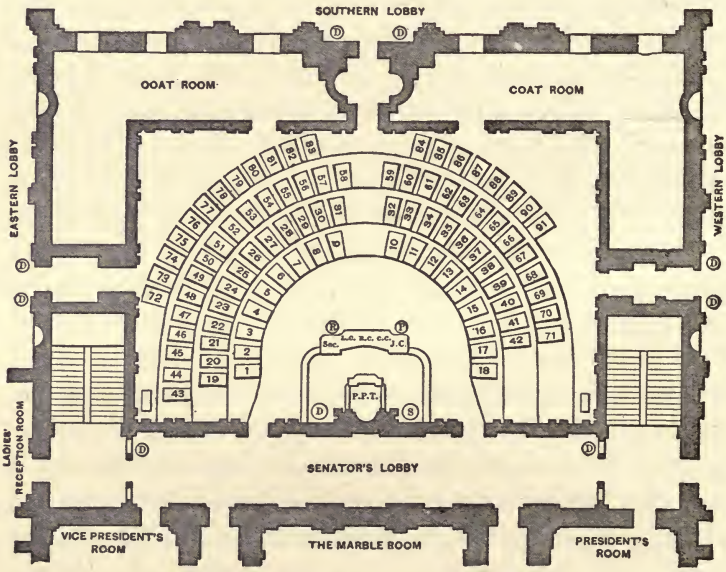


DIAGRAM OF THE FLOOR OF THE SENATE.

V. P.	President *pro tempore.*	D.	Doorkeeper and Assistants.
Sec.	Secretary.	J. C.	Journal Clerk.
C. C.	Chief Clerk.	R.	Official Reporters.
L. C.	Legislative Clerk.	P.	Press Reporters.
R. C.	Reading Clerk.	S.	Sergeant-at-Arms.

stormy days when Calhoun was the lightning, Webster the thunder, and Clay the rainbow of the Senate, and in those still more tempestuous days just preceding the Civil War, there were few occasions when senatorial courtesy was damaged by passionate outbursts of feeling.

The greatest change that has been brought about is in

the apparent lack of attention given to speakers. It often happens in the long discussion of some important matter on which many senators make lengthy speeches that the audience is small and the attention limited, but this is due to the fact that the "Congressional Record" brings out in cold type the next morning all that is said, so that a senator can lose little at such times if he withdraws to his committee room to take up the multifarious matters always demanding his attention. As one-third of the body is elected every two years, the larger part is always experienced, the more so as most elections are re-elections, and the absolutely new members are readily assimilated. They quickly find that nothing offends so much as violations of Senate traditions of dignity and respect and courtesy. The one unpardonable sin in the Senate is to be unsenatorial.

How effective are these traditions is shown by the fact that there is not, as in the House, any means for limiting debate. There is no time this side of eternity when a senator *must* stop talking. No matter what business interests may hang upon the issue, the Senate can not even act till it has unanimous consent.

Another evidence of the rigidity of tradition is given in the executive session. The Senate sat with closed doors for two sessions, or until 1794, when it was resolved that the legislative sittings should be opened unless otherwise ordered. The secret sessions are now confined to executive nominations or treaties, and though so mysterious are generally very tame affairs. One senator relates that when he first came to Washington, it was as a Representative, and when upon the floor of the Senate one day, an executive session was ordered. The galleries were cleared and the Representative was courteously asked to retire with the rest. As he went out he drew mental pictures of what sacred and highly important affairs these secret sessions must be. A few years later he appeared as a Senator and he anxiously

awaited the moment when an executive session should be held. Finally one of the venerable Senators solemnly moved that the Senate go into executive session. The new member assumed his gravest dignity. The moment he had so long awaited had come. People filed out of the galleries; the doors were closed and at last the Senate was alone. It was then moved that Mr. Somebody be confirmed in his appointment to a post-office somewhere. The Vice-President of the United States remarked: "Without objection it is so ordered." Then there was a motion to adjourn and another mysterious executive session was over.

The Senate would not abandon this curious privilege, however, not because it cares so much about keeping the proceedings of an executive session secret, but simply because it is the traditional custom of the Senate. The secrets of these sessions as a matter of fact are seldom kept, even when important. One of the rules is that "any senator or officer of the Senate who shall disclose the secret or confidential business of the proceedings of the Senate, shall be liable, if a Senator, to expulsion from the body, and if an officer, to dismissal from the service of the Senate and to punishment for contempt." But the secrets always leak out and no punishment is ever inflicted.

The Senate begins its legislative work at noon, and when that hour is reached the gallery is generally filled, for on days when a debate or discussion of some subject of great public interest is promised, people throng into the galleries early in the morning, often bringing luncheon with them. If they should once surrender their seat, they might not be able to gain an entrance again that day. The Vice-President enters with the Chaplain, who makes a short, impressive prayer, after which comes much routine business, communications, petitions, memorials, bills, and resolutions. These over, the Senate usually proceeds to its calendar, which consists of measures reported from committees.

Sometimes this is taken in order, but oftener measures are taken from it during the morning hour "by general consent," something which could never be had in the House. The morning hour ends at two o'clock, when the calendar is laid aside and the Senate proceeds to the consideration of what is known as unfinished business. What this shall be is also a matter of general consent — that is, a unanimous agreement has been secured to consider a certain measure unfinished business. It must come up every day at two o'clock until it is finally disposed of.

Usually when the President desires to communicate with the Senate, one of his private secretaries presents himself in the main aisle of the Senate chamber in the afternoon. The presiding officer, availing himself of the first pause in the remarks of the Senator having the floor, interrupts him by saying: "The Senate will receive a message from the President of the United States." The assistant door-keeper, making a profound obeisance, announces "A message from the President of the United States," and the secretary then says: "Mr. President, I am instructed by the President of the United States to present a message in writing." He then bows and his package of manuscript is carried to the presiding officer, after which the Senator whose remarks were interrupted resumes them. Messages brought from the House of Representatives by its clerk are received with similar formalities. Later in the afternoon, a motion is generally made that the Senate proceed to the consideration of executive business.

Such is the general routine of each day's work in the Senate, but the days vary greatly in interest to the visitor. He may chance upon some long, dry speech, which as it is read empties the galleries, or he may listen to a speech which will pass into history. He may be still more fortunate, and listen to a sharp debate when speeches are made

by leaders on both sides, and the finest abilities of able men are brought into play.

There have been less than a thousand senators in our history, and of these seventeen have afterwards become Presidents, though curiously enough no Senator when in actual service has ever been called to the Presidency. Most of the Senators have their private secretaries who attend to their enormous mails, for there are plenty of people in every state who consider it their blessed privilege to write to them upon every conceivable subject and to ask them for anything they happen to wish. And the Senators are very particular about replies to their constituents. Almost every day a senator will find in his mail requests of which the following, as exhibited by one member, may be taken as samples:

"SENATOR — Will carp eat gold fish? If so, send me some carp."

This was referred to the Fish Commission, which doubtless attended to it, for the Fish Commission must needs please the Senator; so that when the time comes he may favor a good appropriation for its work, besides, the Senator assumes that the writer has a vote which may come in handy when his term expires.

Here is another:

"DEAR SENATOR — We want a baby. We want you to pick us out a baby, my wife wants a girl but I want a boy but never mind. I don't care witch. Tell me what it cost. Respectfully,"

The writer had probably heard about the Foundling's Institute of the District of Columbia, over which the Secretary of the Interior has supervision.

The Senators have their lobbies and lounging rooms where many a choice cigar is smoked and many a story told. But this is beyond the rude gaze of the world. If you wish to see a Senator you are supposed to go to the large waiting-room at one side of the Senate chamber, where decorum reigns. At the passage-way sits an elderly

man with several youths in waiting. You hand your card to this man, who scribbles the Senator's name on it, and away goes a messenger. Soon he will return and make to those in waiting a series of perfunctory announcements like these:

"Senator So-and-So is not here at present."

"Senator Blank will see you, sir. Step right into the reception-room."

"Senator X is very sorry, but the Senator makes it a rule not to see ladies at the Capitol."

There are a plenty who do, however, for it is a noticeable fact that the waiting-room is frequently thronged with women. A number of them are conversing with Senators; others are gazing towards the doors which lead into the Senate. Some seem to be waiting with eager eyes and anxious faces; others are leaning back upon the sofas in attitudes of luxurious listlessness. Do you ask why they are here? Are they studying the stately proportions and exquisite *finesse* of the ante-room? Not at all. It is not devotion to the æsthetic arts nor the inspiration of patriotism which brings these women here, but necessity, either real or imaginary. Sometimes it is their only way to success in securing employment or a hearing of their grievances and claims. They are a few, only a very few, of the women with "claims," who through the sessions of Congress haunt the departments, the White House, and the Capitol.

The dejected-looking persons on the sofa opposite are petitioners for relief by an act of Congress authorizing the payment of some claim. You may be certain by the unhopeful expression of their faces that it is their own claims which, almost unaided and alone, they are trying to "work through" Congress. Their homes are far distant. They borrowed money to come here and to support their families meanwhile; borrowed money to pay their own

board, and the exorbitant fees of the claim agents, who, constantly fanning the flame of "great expectations," assure them every day that Congress will pay them the thousands which they demand. Meantime the session is almost ended, and these claims, on which hang such heavy loads of debt and fear, lie hidden and forgotten in the pigeon-hole of the Committee which must consider and report upon each before it will be heard in the Senate or House.

Members of Committees are beset by such claimants, but are always kind and considerate. Few have the courage to add to the misery of these unfortunates by frankly telling them the truth. They find it out at last, and then, remembering all the evasions, in their disappointment and hopeless poverty, they denounce senators and members as "deceitful and heartless," whereas these honorable gentlemen were only trying to be kind and encouraging. Besides, members of both houses are too much interested in immense claims involving millions to be paid out of the National Treasury, and too much absorbed in the discussion of the general welfare of the Republic, to be able to come down to the small particulars of individual claims and grievances. In time — whose cycles may be as long as those of the Circumlocution Office and the Court of Chancery — *some* time, when the claimants have borrowed and spent more money than the whole claim is worth, it may be investigated, and full or partial justice done. In either case, it will often take more than they receive to pay the many expenses which they have incurred during their long years of waiting. Do you wonder that their faces look doleful while they wait for Senator So-and-so to come to answer their cards and their queries? Here he is, and we can hear what he says, "I am very sorry, but it is too late. I fear that your case cannot be reached this session." Poor creatures! It would have been far better for them to have stayed at home, kept out

of debt, and worked at anything to have supported their dependent families. This might have been a hard life, but not so hard as the mortification, suspense, defeat of cherished plans, and the long years of worry and labor devoted to hopeless expectations.

Unfortunately, the professional lobby has developed into a necessary evil. Congress is annually so swamped with appeals for legislation, much of it of a private character and much of it of questionable merit, that the policy of delay becomes easy and natural. Even such legislation as does pass absorbs all of the current resources of the government that can be spared, and to clean up all the claims at once might bankrupt it. As all work is done in committee, and as no bill has a fair chance of passage unless favorably reported by the committee to which it was referred, the stress of the lobby comes almost entirely upon the committeeman, and he is haunted quite as much when away from the Capitol as in it. The deplorable thing about this situation is that many of the most meritorious claims are neglected simply because there is no professional lobbyist to bother Congressmen about them. Some of these claims date back for many years.

When General George R. Clark, the young Virginian scout of the Revolution, with the approval of Washington, set out for an operation against the British forts of the Northwest, and arrived at Kaskaskia, in the winter of 1778, out of means to prosecute his march to Vincennes, a patriotic French priest generously offered him the means, if Clark would guarantee that he be reimbursed after the war. Clark accepted the offer, and the consequent capture of Vincennes was the sole ground for the surrender after Yorktown of all that great territory now comprising the states of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Yet Congress did nothing to keep Clark's word with the loyal priest, who died a poor man, and the claim fell from heir to

heir, till finally, after a hundred years, and solely because a smart lobbyist was employed, the claim was pushed through. Only a short time ago occurred the last vote on a claim for nearly $100,000 for the destruction of a private vessel during the Revolutionary war by federal authorities. When at last the great-grandchildren employed a lobbyist who took a generous share for his services, the claim was reached.

It by no means follows that the lobbyist uses money to effect such legislation. His strength lies in persistence and in "knowing the ropes." He is often an ex-Congressman, and Washington is full of them — pension lobbyists, patent lobbyists, river and harbor lobbyists, war-damage lobbyists, back-pay and bounty lobbyists, and office-seeking lobbyists. These people burrow in the records of the government for possible claimants who might not otherwise give their claims a thought. As claims are taken on a contingent fee, there is everything to gain and nothing to lose for the claimant. With such a wholesale stress always brought upon Congress, it has fallen into the habit of waiting to be pushed.

The House as a working establishment is almost everything which the Senate is not. In the Senate the majority sits *with* the minority; in the House the majority sits *on* the minority. In the Senate, the Vice-President, as the presiding officer, recognizes any member addressing him; in the House, the Speaker does or does not, just as he pleases. He often pays no heed to members in the front seats who are endeavoring to attract his attention by cries of "Mister Speaker!" in every note in the gamut, accompanied by frantic gesticulations, and "recognizes" some quiet person beyond them. "I have been a member of this House three successive sessions," said an indignant Tennesseean who had vainly tried to obtain the floor, "and during that time I have caught the measles, the whooping-cough, and the influ-

enza, but I have never been able to catch the Speaker's eye."

In the Senate, a man can talk forever, if he wishes to be so unsenatorial; in the House he can have only the time allowed him. In the Senate the Vice-President has no influence whatever; in the House the Speaker has all the influence. So we might continue the contrast.

The autocratic powers of the Speaker do not arise from any usurpation, but because in such a body it became absolutely essential for an autocrat to exist. The Speaker is barely mentioned in the Constitution, but, to manage an ever-growing House, he has developed into the second man in the government. In many respects he is even more powerful than the President, for while the latter can only approve or disapprove of measures, the Speaker can largely determine their nature and decide their fate. He appoints all the committees and their chairmen, and the committees practically do everything. He has sole power of recognition, from which there is no appeal, and as chairman of the Committee on Rules he can dictate the action of the House. He can make and unmake men merely by committee assignments or by refusing recognition for the consideration of local bills which may have passed the Senate and have been favorably reported in the House. If he decides that it is inexpedient for a bill to pass, that is the end of the matter. There is no way a member can reach it, even though he knows that his fate in the next election at home depends upon it. The Speaker is not bound by the rulings of any previous speaker; there are no precedents for him. Such is the man who presides over the "popular" branch of the Congress. Of course he is generally wise enough to use his power wisely, but his own party will uphold him in the most drastic treatment of the minority.

There are about fifty standing committees, each of them averaging a dozen members, and every member of the

House is placed on some one committee. Then there are always a few select committees for subjects of current interest. When a bill is introduced — they come in by hundreds, especially in the opening days of Congress — the clerk reads the titles and the Speaker assigns them to a committee without consulting any one, though if there is a dispute it is assigned by vote of the House. That is the last heard of a majority of them. The committees take up each bill and hear whatever evidence they think necessary upon it. About nineteen-twentieths of the bills never come back to the House for a vote. It is therefore almost wholly as a committeeman that a Congressman does his work. As a rule, only large questions lead to extensive debates in the House and these are generally made up of short speeches. A large proportion of the speeches printed in the "Congressional Record" are not delivered orally at all, but are inserted through a privilege generously allowed. Speeches that are actually delivered are taken down in shorthand by official reporters. If the orator so desires he can have the opportunity of revising the manuscript, and he may also have proof sheets submitted when asked for. Some speakers change, correct, and polish their sentences with infinite pains, or have others do it for them, until but little of what they originally said remains. In this way the Congressman can distribute, at the expense of the government, speeches which surprise his constituents who never believed him capable of such exhaustive and eloquent efforts.

As evidence of what a single Congress encounters, it may be stated that in one of the late ones about 5,000 bills were introduced in the Senate and 11,000 in the House. Of this total of 16,000 bills, only 460 passed, two-thirds of them being private bills. About four-fifths of the bills introduced were not reported on at all.

The great days in the House are exceptional, but when they do come they exceed in spectacular interest anything in

the Senate. At noon the Speaker walks out of his room and ascends the steps leading up to his high marble desk. The Sergeant-at-Arms enters and places his mace in the socket at the right of the Speaker, where it remains unless he is called upon to bear it up one of the aisles to overawe unruly members. The chaplain comes forward, and all rise while he offers an invocation. The House then proceeds to business, but in an entirely different way from the Senate. The House has three calendars, and in theory it ought to take them up each day and dispose of each article in its order, but in practice they are never taken up at all. Everything is done by special rules made by the Committee on Rules, of which the Speaker is chairman. This committee brings in a rule that such and such a measure shall be taken up on a certain day, and up it comes, the Speaker recognizing no one except the member privileged to bring it up and those who have secured permission to speak upon it. Appropriation bills, however, are privileged because they provide the money necessary for running the government. These are the only exceptions.

While business seems to be proceeding always in great confusion, it is clear enough to those who are familiar with the process. The visitor who has patience will some day happen upon an exciting debate upon some subject of great popular interest. Then he will see the apparently disorderly members clustering round the man who is speaking and those who are debating with him. Nothing can exceed in interest a debate of this kind when keen men are fencing or sparring with their wits. There are some men always who will command attention and silence whenever they rise for a set speech. It is a great privilege to happen into the gallery when some great debate is closing, and the last speeches are made by the leaders on both sides, short and to the point. Then the leader of the minority delivers his last assault upon the bill; the leader of the majority replies to him, and then

the Speaker says: "The hour having arrived at which the House has ordered that the debate be closed, the vote will now be taken upon the bill and amendments." Then follows a dreary process which may last hours; for each roll-call for a yea and nay vote requires a full half hour, and often such a roll-call is taken on every little amendment. Sometimes whole days are consumed in these roll-calls, the motion for a yea and nay vote being purposely made by obstructionists desirous of consuming time and preventing action.

In winding up the debate on a bill each side is allowed a certain time, which is credited to certain leaders, who are, in turn, at liberty to give a portion of it to other members. The member speaking will say: "I yield the floor to the gentleman from Ohio for ten minutes." But in Committee of the Whole, speeches are limited to five minutes, and he who gets a chance seldom gives any of it away.

For expediting the great mass of business in which Congress is involved no expense is spared to provide the necessary machinery. There are about 175 telephones in the Capitol, of which number 100 are on the House side with their own "central." Another "central" on the Senate side governs about sixty-five telephones, and there are a dozen other instruments in other parts of the building providing connection with the departments and the outside world. Thus a veritable maze of wires pervades the building, each committee room having its own telephone, while special lines connect with the White House and each of the depart ments. The folding rooms of the Senate and House are always busy places. From them the books and documents, fresh from the Government Printing Office, are sent in a never-ending stream, each member being credited with a certain number, and he draws upon them as he wishes. The Senate and the House each has its own post-office in the Capital, and each does a business equal to that transacted by the post-office of a good-sized city; both are kept open the

year round, a great deal of mail being forwarded to Senators and Representatives when Congress is not in session.

In theory the franking privilege extends only to the Congressional documents, books, papers, and letters relating to official business, but in practice it covers almost everything that members of the Senate or House have in their possession.

Toward the end of the session each Congressman receives three chests. Two of them are of pine, but strongly built and braced. They are about three feet long, two in width and a foot and a half deep. The third is of cedar, slightly larger than the others, handsome and well-made. They come from the House carpenter shop and are built by the House carpenter and paid for out of the contingent fund of the Senate and House. When the Congressman receives his quota of boxes he has nothing to pay.

Into these boxes the member or his clerk dumps all his letter files, papers, documents, books, maps and other publications that he has in stock. Typewriters, letter presses, inkstands, and other office paraphernalia are stowed away in their recesses. Frequently clothing, bedding, and other personal household effects are packed in these boxes. When filled to the brim they are locked and the tops screwed down, and then they are carted off to the Post-office, where they are franked through the mails to all points within the borders of the United States. Having been utilized for shipping purposes, the fine cedar box is stored away in some family closet, there to become the receptacle for the family furs, fine dresses, and other materials. Sometimes it is used as a chest for the family silver. As the boxes become the private property of the members and Senators, they are privileged, of course, to make such use of them as they desire.

It is no longer considered proper for Congressmen to ship anything under a frank that cannot be packed in these

special boxes or in the mail sacks which are provided for documents.

Over 1000 boxes, together with more than that number of bags of public documents, were shipped by members at the close of the Fifty-sixth Congress to different parts of the country in the spring of 1901. Their total weight approximated 400,000 pounds, and for a number of days these shipments averaged ten tons a day.

The small salaries of hard-working statesmen entitle them to all possible provision for their personal comfort. Members of the House pay for their shaves and haircuts in the barber shops on their side at the regular rates, but such luxuries are free to the Senators, the barbers being employed by the government as "skilled laborers" at $900 a year each. The bay rum and cosmetics are drawn from the general supply room, being paid for out of the contingent fund. In the Senate barber shop are four bath rooms, in one of which is a box just big enough for the fattest possible senator to get into. It is closed upon him so that only his head appears through a hole in the top. Then the vapor is turned on, while, if he chooses, he can take a current of electricity at the same time. The House of Representatives has superb baths in the basement, with massage experts in attendance.

A strange life is that of this great edifice of the nation. All day long, men, women, and children come and go, their footsteps echoing through the stone passage-ways in the basement, up and down the marble stairways and through the long corridors running all the way from the Senate to the House. Here are all sorts of figures — lean and fat, long and short, handsome, homely, and ugly, crooked and straight. The elegant woman of fashion is elbow to elbow with the visitor from the rural districts, whose manners plainly show that she is not familiar with the courtesies and conventionalities of city life. Here we see the disconsolate face of the unkempt, out-at-elbow office seeker; the ener-

getic, well-dressed man whose business is "working a committee"; the alert young fellow who seems and is perfectly at home, for he is the correspondent of a great newspaper and knows every in and out of this great hive of activity; the old soldier who has secured a good berth in the building; and so wherever we stand, we behold people from every walk in life passing before us, as motley a crowd as can be seen anywhere in the civilized world.

One might suppose that when Congress is not in session the vast Capitol would be silent and deserted. But though the bustle and activity of Congressional life depart, the Capitol is always a busy hive of industry. No less than four hundred people are always at work there, to say nothing of those who are constantly employed to renovate the building, prepare it for the next session, and keep it always in order. The restaurants run the year round, the Sergeant-at-Arms continues his banking business, which mainly consists of mailing to each member the third day of each month a check for $416.66. The folding and document rooms are always filling orders from absent Congressmen, and every day brings its throng of visitors.

CHAPTER VII.

A TOUR THROUGH THE WHITE HOUSE FROM ATTIC TO CELLAR — SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS OF THE PAST — WHITE HOUSE WEDDINGS AND TRAGEDIES.

Inside the White House — An Historic Mansion — Reminiscences of the Past — "What Tales the Room Could Tell If It But Had a Tongue" — Why It Is Called the White House — Its Cost — How To Gain Admission — Its Famous Rooms and Their Furnishings — Invited To "Assist" — The Great East Room — Chandeliers That Cost $5,000 Each — Where Mrs. Adams "Dried the Family Wash" — Shaking Hands with Sixty Thousand Persons — A Swollen Hand and a Lame Arm — How an Old Lady Greeted the President — Trying To See the President — Indignant Visitors — Feminine Curiosity — Weddings in the White House — The Shadow of Death — Tragedies of the White House.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

"There are more guests at table, than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall."

THESE lines were never truer of any human habitation than of the White House at Washington. The Nation's House! The procession of families which the people have sent to inhabit it, in moving on to make place for others, have left memories behind which haunt these great rooms and fill staircase, alcove, and pictorial space with historic recollections. Here human life has been lived, enjoyed, suffered, and resigned, just as it is lived every day in any house wherein human beings are born, wherein they live

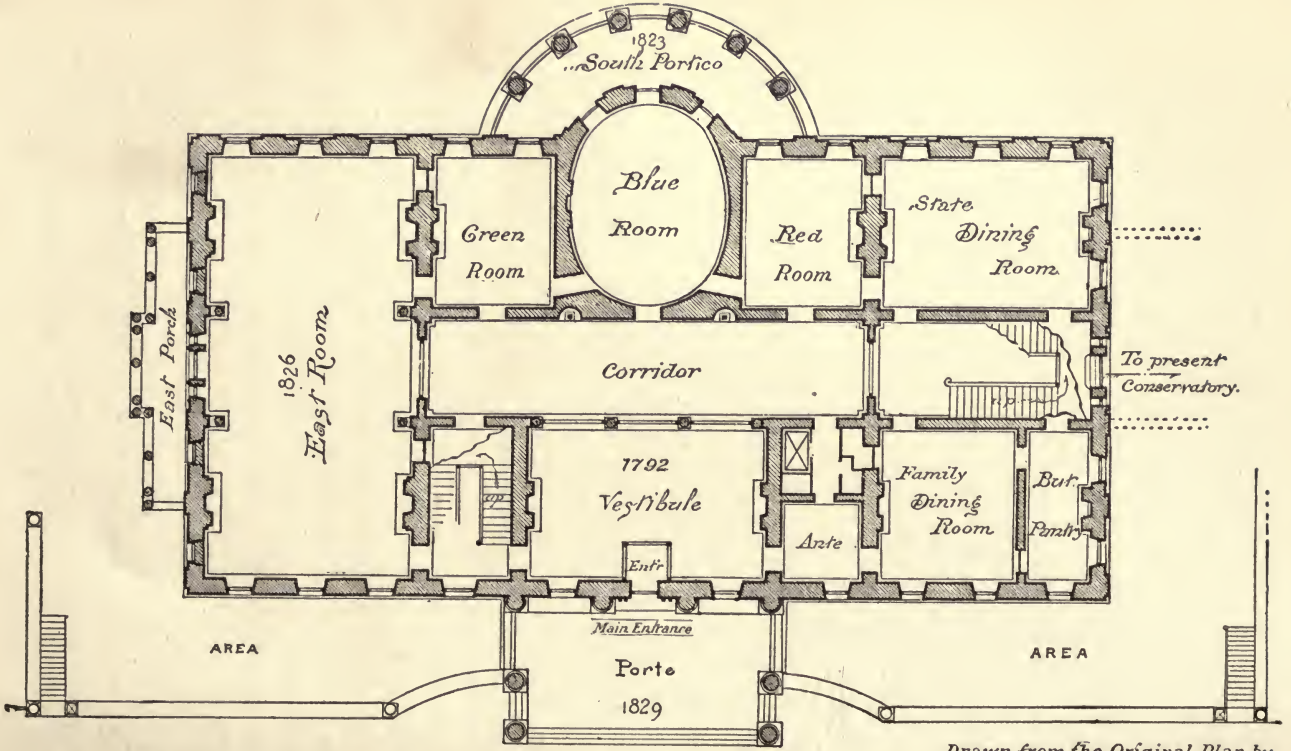
THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, POPULARLY KNOWN AS THE WHITE HOUSE.

The official residence of the President and his family. The view is of the north or main entrance front, as seen from Pennsylvania Avenue. It was begun in 1792, and cost, to the present time, over $1,700,000. Some of the rooms on the first floor are open to visitors from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. daily, except Sunday. The number of visitors has been known to exceed over 3,000 in a single dav.

and die. Marriages, merry-makings, jovial feasts, and ceremonial banquets; grave councils of state that shaped the destiny of the nation; secret intrigues and midnight conclaves that made or unmade political parties; war-councils that flashed forth telegraphic orders which moved great armies and set lines of battle in deadly front, have taken place in this historic house. Within its walls many children have first opened their eyes upon this tantalizing life; here children have died, leaving father and mother desolate amid all the pomp of place and state, and here presidents and their wives have laid their earthly burdens and honors down. Think what tales the White House could tell if it but had a tongue!

The popular name of the President's home is the "White House," but its official designation is the "Executive Mansion." Its corner-stone was laid October 13, 1792. We have seen how anxious Jefferson was that it should be modeled after some famous modern palace of Europe. The one at last selected was the country house of the Irish Duke of Leinster, in Dublin, who had himself copied the Italian style. It was open, though not ready for occupancy, in the summer of 1800. It is always pleasant and restful to the sight when the eyes fall upon its freestone walls, peering pure and softened through the sea of greenery which surrounds it. Its cost to the present time exceeds $1,700,000.

In 1814 the British set fire to the building, but heavy rains extinguished the conflagration before it had irretrievably injured the walls. Three years later the house had been restored, and it was then painted white to cover the unsightly ravages of fire on its walls, a color which has ever since been retained. The building is 170 feet in length and eighty-six feet in depth, and consists of two high stories, with a basement. It contains thirty-one rooms. Excepting the family dining-room every one of the first floor is devoted to state purposes. The basement contains



- MAIN · FLOOR · PLAN -

PRESENT

Drawn from the Original Plan by

Fred D. Owen. Archt.
Washington, D.C.

eleven rooms, used as kitchens, pantries, and butler's rooms. These are open, spacious, comfortable, and cheerful. On the second floor, five rooms are used as chambers by the Presidential family, and other rooms are the President's Office, the Cabinet room, private telegraph office, waiting-room, and Library of the President. Its north front faces Pennsylvania Avenue, and has a lofty portico with four Ionic columns and a projecting screen of three columns. Between these columns pass the carriages which in the gay season form a continuous moving line.

The grounds consist of about eighty acres sloping gently down to the great circular White Lot, beyond which are the grounds of Washington Monument, while farther to the south lies the broad Potomac. These grounds are practically a public park, for they are at times used freely by the public. The several gates through the high iron fence that surrounds the northern grounds stand open always, but those at the south entrance are closed and locked, except on certain occasions like the Saturday evening concerts of the Marine Band, and the Easter egg-rolling, when the grounds are given up to the children for the whole day.

The White House is usually open to visitors from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M., and any person may enter the great East Room without introduction or formality; but a card from a Senator or Member, or introduction in some form, is necessary to gain admittance to other rooms, excepting to the private dining-room on the first floor, which is the only room of which the President's family has exclusive use. The ease of access to, and the freedom of, the White House, are the marvel of foreigners familiar with the difficulty of gaining entrance to the homes of rulers in other lands. Charles Dickens, in his "American Notes," gives the following description of his visit to the White House in 1842:

"We entered a large hall, and having twice or thrice rung a bell which nobody answered, walked without further ceremony through the

rooms on the ground floor, as divers other gentlemen (mostly with their hats on and their hands in their pockets) were doing very leisurely. Some of these had ladies with them, to whom they were showing the premises, others were lounging on the chairs and sofas; others, in a perfect state of exhaustion from listlessness, were yawning drearily. The greater portion of this assemblage were rather asserting their supremacy than doing anything else, as they had no particular business there, that anybody knew of. A few were closely eyeing the movables, as if to make quite sure that the President (who was far from popular) had not made away with any of the furniture, or sold the fixtures for his private benefit."

We approach the White House from Pennsylvania Avenue, passing through a fine Colonial gateway, and leisurely wend our way along the sidewalk that skirts the semi-circular driveway leading up to the main entrance. As we enter, we see that the vestibule is separated from the central corridor by a handsome screen of wrinkled stained-glass mosaic, studded with cut crystal, which at night shines like the walls of an enchanted palace. The ordinary visitor sees this vestibule but does not see the grand corridor beyond. This belongs to the more private part of the house, but is open to the public when there is a reception. There are in the glass screen, however, doors which can hardly be detected, and through one of these the privileged visitor may enter at once to the corridor.

We enter the Red Room first — the family reception-room. Its prevailing color — Pompeiian red — sheds a light soft and rosy, and its piano, mantel ornaments, mahogany furniture, and pictures give it a cosy and home-like look. It is used as a reception-room and private parlor by the ladies of the mansion. Many portraits of former Presidents look down from its walls.

We pass through the Red Room into the Blue Room. The chairs, the sofas, the carpet, the walls, all are tinged with the celestial hue, flushed here and there with a tint of rose. The mantel clock was presented by Napoleon I. to Lafayette and by him to the United States. The form of

the room is elliptical, and its bay windows look out on the beautiful grounds stretching away to the Potomac. Here, with the daylight excluded, soft rays falling from the chandelier above, flowers everywhere pouring out fragrance, surrounded by a group of ladies decked in jewels and costly gowns invited to "assist," the wives of the Presidents have for many years held their receptions.

The Blue Room opens into the Green Room. It is unpretentious, with delicate green upholstered walls and furnishings of the same tint; furniture, mirror-frames, and window cornices gleam with gold. Above the marble mantel-piece is a large mirror which reflects the costly clock of ebony and malachite and the rare vases that stand on each side. Beautiful, tall vases, constantly replenished with fresh flowers from the White House conservatories, ornament the room. Notable portraits adorn the walls, among them a full length of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, presented by the Daughters of the American Revolution, of whose society she was president; also one, corresponding in size, of Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, presented by the Women's Christian Temperance Union as a token of their appreciation of her courage in maintaining the cold water *régime* at the White House in spite of the opposition and harsh criticism of a certain class.

From the Green Room we enter the famous East Room, extending across the entire eastern side of the house, which is the only reception-room usually open to the public. It is eighty-two feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty-two feet high. Three immense crystal chandeliers, each costing $5,000, hang from the ceiling. Originally intended for a banquet hall, and so used until 1827, it is now the state reception-room. It has already taken on the mellowness, not of age, but of use, and in aspect bears no kin to the unfinished "Banqueting Hall" in which Mrs. Adams dried the family wash, and Mrs. Monroe's little daughters played. Its

decorations are frequently renewed, to conform to ever-changing fashion. The introduction of electric lighting in the squares of the magnificent ceiling has greatly enhanced the beauty of the room.

Public receptions are held in the East Room, and hundreds of thousands have passed through it to pay their respects to the President. The late ex-President Benjamin Harrison says: "The President's popular receptions begin the next day after his inauguration, and are continued for a good many days without much regard to hours. When the great East Room fills up he goes down and takes his station near the door of exit. The head usher introduces some who are known or who make their names known to him, but generally the visitors make known their own names to the President, or pass with a hand-shake without any introduction — often at the rate of forty or fifty to the minute. In the first three weeks of an administration he shakes hands with from 40,000 to 60,000 persons. The physical drain of this is very great, and if the President is not an instructed hand-shaker a lame arm and a swollen hand soon result. This may be largely, or entirely, avoided by using President Hayes's method — take the hand extended to you and grip it before your hand is gripped. It is the passive hand that gets hurt. The interest which multitudes attach to a hand-shake with the President is so great that people will endure the greatest discomfort and not a little peril to life or limb to attain it. These are not the office seekers, but the unselfish, honest-hearted, patriotic people, whose 'God bless you' is a prayer and a benediction. They come out to meet the President when he takes a journey, and his contact with them, and their affectionate interest in him, revive his courage and elevate his purposes. Mr. Lincoln is said to have called these popular receptions his 'public opinion baths.'" The arrangement of the line is usually such that one comes squarely in front of the President be-

THE FAMOUS EAST ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Showing its daily throng of tourists and visitors. It is open to the public every day from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. except Sunday, and is annually visited by tens of thousands of people. Anyone may enter this room without introduction or formality. Its three immense crystal chandeliers cost $15,000. Public receptions are here held by the President, and millions of people have passed through this historic room.

fore he is aware of it, or has had time to collect his thoughts and recall the nice things he was to say; like the old lady who was so surprised as to be speechless till she had passed some distance along, when she turned and screamed out to President McKinley, "How's Cubey?"

During inauguration week the rush of visitors to the White House averages over 1,000 a day, and on the day preceding inauguration the number frequently swells to over 3,000. It is often difficult to keep them out of the executive offices and the President's private apartments. Attendants are stationed at the doors of forbidden rooms, and it requires all their persuasive skill to convince people that they are not permitted to cross the threshold. The White House attendants are Chesterfields of politeness, and the visitor must be aggressive and persistent indeed who is not kept within proper limits without having his sensibilities wounded.

The great desire of a majority of visitors to the White House is to see the President, and many are the excuses made and the subterfuges resorted to to accomplish this object. Scores of visitors claim to have been boyhood friends of the President, and are very sure he will be sorely disappointed should they leave the city without calling on him. They assure the officials that they want only a moment of the President's time, merely desire to shake his hand and offer congratulations. Some of them have been known to become very indignant because an usher dared to presume to stand between them and their friend of former days, and threats have often been made that their rash impertinence would be called to the President's attention *forthwith.*

Women visitors are the most persistent and give the most trouble. Some of them plead for just a glimpse of Mrs. President, but being assured that this is impossible they sometimes seek to compromise by asking permission to peep at the White House kitchen.

On a reception night, the East Room presents a sight never to be forgotten. The enormous chandeliers seem to pour the splendor of noonday light upon the glittering assemblage below. Foreign ministers and their attachés in all the gorgeousness of their court dress; officers of the Army and Navy in full uniform; and the rich costumes and dazzling jewels of the ladies, make these receptions scarcely less brilliant than society functions at the richest courts of Europe.

There have been many weddings in the White House. The first was during President Madison's administration, when Miss Todd, a relative of Mrs. Madison, was the bride and John G. Jackson of Virginia, who was then a member of Congress, was the groom. The first wedding that took place in the East Room was that of Elizabeth Tyler, whose father was then President, and William Waller of Williamsburg, Va. Miss Tyler was just nineteen, as was also Nellie Grant when married. President Adams' son, John Quincy, Jr., married his cousin, Miss Johnson, in the White House in President Adams' administration. During General Jackson's administration there were two weddings in the White House — Miss Easten, his niece, and Mr. Polk of Tennessee, and Miss Lewis of Nashville and Mr. Paqueol, who was afterward French minister to this country. The wedding of Martha Monroe and Samuel Gouverneur, who was for a while President Monroe's private secretary, took place in the East Room, and the bride was only seventeen. The wedding of Nellie Grant and Algernon Sarforis was the most brilliant one that has ever taken place in the White House. The ceremony was performed in the East Room, under an immense floral bell. There were six bridesmaids and a distinguished company. It was a morning wedding, and General Grant gave away his daughter with tearful eyes and ill-concealed emotion. During President Hayes' term, his niece, Miss Emily Platt, and Gen. Russell Hastings were

married in the Blue Room, which was beautifully decorated with flowers, and here also the bride stood under a large floral bell. Though the wedding of Grover Cleveland and Miss Frances Folsom was the ninth that occurred in the White House, it was the first wedding of a President that took place there. President Tyler, who was married during his term of office, went to the home of his bride, Miss Gardner, in New York, for the ceremony, and the marriage of Ex-President Benjamin Harrison to his second wife, who was his first wife's niece, was performed in New York.

But other scenes than those of happiness and mirth have taken place in the White House. The black pall of mourning has cast its somber shadow here, and the stillness of death has often pervaded every room and corridor. Here the venerable President William Henry Harrison died suddenly, soon after his inauguration, the victim of a bitter campaign and a horde of office seekers. Here Mrs. John Tyler passed through death unto life, and here President Zachary Taylor died. Few persons remember that the body of the gallant Col. Ellsworth, one of the early victims of the Civil War, who was killed in Alexandria while tearing down a Confederate flag which floated above a hotel in that city, was taken to the White House and laid in state in the Blue Room. In the White House, Willie, the little son of Abraham Lincoln, died, and the grief-stricken mother never again entered either the Guests' Room, where her boy breathed his last, nor the Green Room, where lay his mortal remains, covered with flowers, awaiting their journey to the grave. Later, in the center of the great East Room, upon a white catafalque, lay, still and cold in death, the body of Abraham Lincoln, the supreme martyr of freedom. The crowd pressing in then, with almost silent tread and bowed heads, how different from the gay throng that gathers here on state occasions! Black and white, old and young, rich and poor, alike bereft, laid their tributes on his bier and

wept for him — one, only one, if the most august, of the martyrs of liberty. Father, mother and son now sleep side by side in the cemetery at Springfield, Illinois. The funeral of Mrs. Grant's father, Col. F. F. Dent, was held in the White House.

Even in the midst of mirthful scenes in this historic house death has stalked in, an unwelcome and unbidden guest. In 1883, the dean of the diplomatic corps, Mr. Allen, minister from Hawaii, had but just extended his congratulations and shaken hands with President Arthur, when he sank to the floor and expired. The presence of death in the midst of such a gay scene startled every one. In an instant the music of the Marine Band was stopped, the receiving party, led by the President, withdrew, the guests vanished, the White House was closed, and the silence of death succeeded the merriment of holiday greetings. In 1890 the Washington home of Benjamin F. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy, was destroyed by fire, and his wife and daughter perished in the flames. President Harrison directed that the remains of mother and daughter be brought to the White House. Their caskets were placed side by side in the center of the East Room, from whence, after the funeral, they were carried through the long corridor out under the front portico, where both ladies had so often entered the White House to participate in brilliant social functions. Little did President Harrison then dream that the next funeral in the East Room would be that of his wife. She died in 1892 after months of patient suffering, in the same chamber where President Garfield had so long battled for life, and in the following month her father, Rev. Dr. Scott, died, and was buried from the White House.

THE FAMOUS EAST ROOM IN THE REMODELED WHITE HOUSE AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

CHAPTER VIII.

DAILY LIFE AND SCENES AT THE WHITE HOUSE — SOCIAL CUSTOMS AND ETIQUETTE — THE PRESIDENT'S DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.

Official Entertainment at the White House — Social Customs — Daily Life and Scenes — "His High Mightiness" — Only Plain "Mr. President" — The President's Turnout — Why His Horses' Tails Are Not Docked — Public Receptions — Five Thousand Decorative Plants — State Dinners — Who Are Invited — Their Cost — The Table and its Costly Furnishings — Decorating the Table — A Mile of Smilax — Rare China and Exquisite Cut Glass — Who Pays for the Dinners — How the Guests Are Seated — Guests Who Are Not Well-bred — In the Attic of the White House — What May Be Seen There — "Home Comforts" — Selecting a New Outfit of Linen — A Requisition for "Soap for the Bath Room" — Paying the Bills — Who Furnishes the Kettles and Saucepans? — How the White House Is Guarded — Automatic Alarm Signals — A New Executive Mansion.

OFFICIAL entertainment at the White House remains much the same from one administration to another. Like everything else in official life, it falls naturally into a system, and those who are invested with the responsibility of managing the system are not easily persuaded that changes are either possible or desirable. Certain things are done in a certain way because they always have been done in that manner. The President has troubles enough without embarking upon any crusade against long-established precedents of White House social customs, and he knows he can at least escape criticism in this one thing if he lets it alone.

Still, each Presidential household has modified in some degree the customs of the White House to suit its own tastes and habits. General Grant broke through the traditional etiquette which forbade a President to make visits. Formerly a President saw the inside of no house but his own, and was in a way a prisoner during his term of office. He could drive out or go to a theater, but he could not make a social call, or attend a reception at a friend's house. Now he is free to go to weddings and parties, make calls, and dine out. The tendency of White House customs is toward less formality, and more ease and freedom of social intercourse, rather than in the other direction; and this is remarkable at a time when our new moneyed aristocracy is aping the manners of courts and surrounding itself with liveried flunkies.

Much of the best of White House sociability is found at informal dinners and lunches, at which only a few guests are present with the President's family, and at evenings "at home," for which no cards are sent out. Then there is conversation and music, and one may meet many famous men with their wives and daughters.

Daily life and social customs at the White House lie between two dangerous extremes. The entertaining must, so far as it can, impress the representatives of foreign countries and certain of his own people with the President's dignity and hospitality without shocking the democratic ideas of a large class of American citizens. While many will criticise the apparent lack of exclusiveness, a much larger number would be ready to cry out against any too exclusive tendency, and demagogues would at once stand ready to warn the country of the dangerous approach of imperialism, even if the whole executive branch of the government, the President's salary included, costs but $150,000 a year. These considerations were gravely discussed at the very beginning of the government, and the

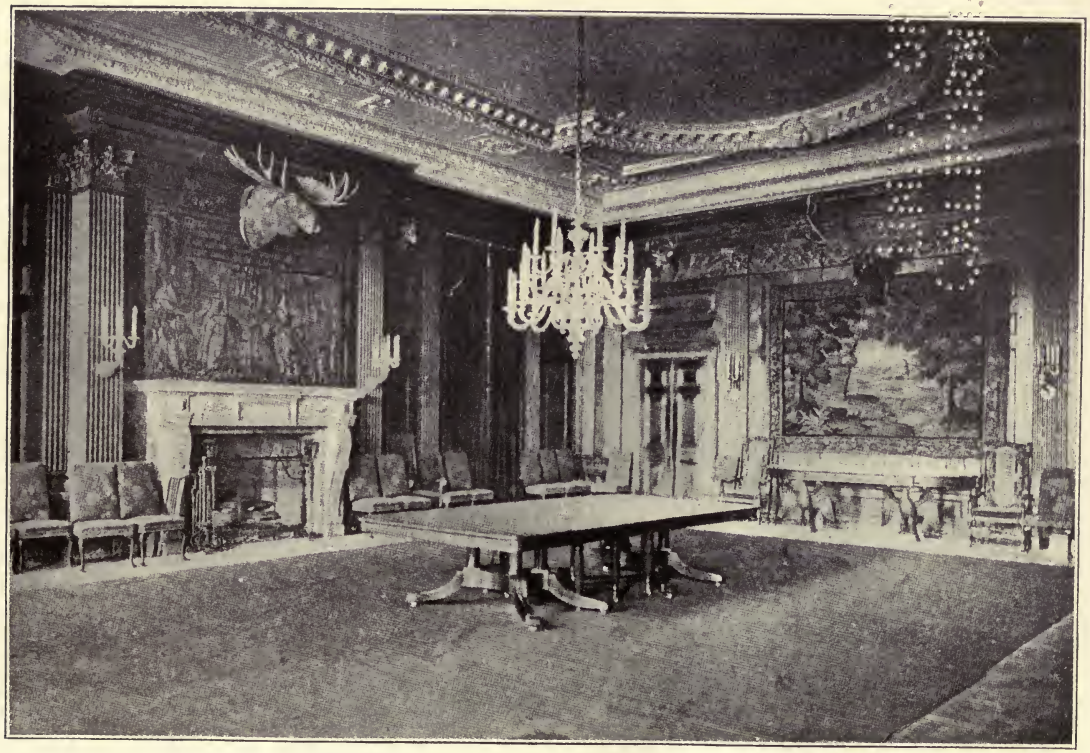
THE FAMILY DINING ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.
For the private use of the President, his family, and their guests. It is on the main floor, but is never shown to visitors

Father of his Country was compelled to give earnest consideration to them. McMaster says: "While the House was busy debating by what name the President should be called, Washington was troubled to know in what manner he should behave." To solve his difficulties he framed a set of questions and submitted them to Jay, Hamilton, and Adams. "Should he keep open house after the manner of the Presidents of Congress; or would it be enough to give a feast on such great days as the Fourth of July, the thirtieth of November, and the fourth of March? Would one day in the week be sufficient to receive visits of compliment? What would be said if he were sometimes to be seen at quiet tea-parties? When Congress adjourned, should he make a tour?" The difficulty then was the novelty of republicanism. There were no precedents in all the governments of the world. It was Washington's idea that an excess of familiarity should be avoided for the sake of his official dignity, but he warned against using any exalted titles. Some wished the title of the President to be "His High Mightiness," but the plain title of "Mr. President" prevailed. The system of entertainment at the White House was the result of a compromise between the two extremes, and being once established it maintains its hold. The President is a potentate who can not with safety make the rules of his own household — not even of the stable which he pays for. He must drive behind horses whose tails are not docked, and his coachman must not be put in livery. When you see a stylish liveried turnout on the streets of Washington some day, therefore, you may know it is not the President's.

In all his entertainments the President and the mistress of the White House are in the hands of attachés — the cog wheels of the system. They know how to make matters jog along in the same old way while Presidents come and go. The rigidity of the system is well illustrated

by the decorations, which must not simply be just as elaborate but just the same for a public reception as they are for a reception to the heir apparent of a foreign throne, or the President of France, or for a marriage in the President's family. If you have seen the great East Room decorated once, you have seen it as it is decorated always. It is a rare sight, too, consisting of 5,000 decorative plants varying from giant palms twenty-five feet high to ferns in three-inch pots; and they always appear just the same, so that one might easily imagine that, having reached this particular growth, these accommodating plants just stopped growing in order to be always in readiness for decorating the East Room. On one occasion these 5,000 decorative plants were made up of 200 palms, 500 brilliant crotons, 200 pandanus, 400 marantas, 200 dracænas, 1,000 miscellaneous plants, and 1,000 flowering plants and ferns. About a mile of smilax is used. For the mantels, window seats, etc., are used about 2,000 azalea blossoms, 800 carnations, 300 roses, 300 tulips, 900 hyacinths, 400 lilies of the valley, 200 bouvardias, 100 sprays of asparagus fern, forty heads of poinsettia, and 200 small ferns. Only a portion of these decorations come from the White House conservatory. In winter most of them are brought in heated vans from the propagating gardens, which are in the charge of the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, and who by law must be an Engineer Officer of the United States Army detailed for that duty.

It is estimated that the cost of an elaborate state dinner, were the decorations furnished by an outside florist, would be about $2,500; for, besides the usual decorations of the rooms, are the costly decorations of the table. In front of the President is sometimes a plat sixteen feet long, made up of orchids and ferns, and at intervals nine other plats similarly decorated, and sixteen vases filled with roses, one in every four feet. About twenty dozen orchids, as many



THE STATE DINING ROOM IN THE REMODELED WHITE HOUSE.

Sometimes used by President Roosevelt as a guest dining room. From a photograph taken for this book with the President's approval.

roses, and five hundred pots of ferns are generally used to decorate the table.

The President puts a sum into the hands of the steward, and his expenditure is supposed to be in proportion to the official rank and grandeur of the invited guests. The government pays an experienced and capable steward for his services, but the President pays for the dinners, which are generally prepared by the White House *chef* and his assistants. Sometimes, however, an experienced caterer is called in on special occasions, and sometimes he is engaged by the season. During the years immediately after the Civil War it was fashionable to have many courses, frequently numbering twenty or thirty. But now they rarely exceed twelve, and more often do not exceed eight. The laying of the table, and its decorations, is simply a matter of taste displayed by those in charge, who make such things a study and who are always ambitious that every decoration shall be considered more beautiful, every dinner more delicious, than its predecessors. To Mr. Van Buren belongs the credit of greatly improving the appointments of the President's table, and for so doing he paid the penalty of being criticised by the demagogues for his extravagance. The famous mirror which is laid through the center of the table, with its gilt filagree around the edge, and upon which the flowers and other decorations are set, doubling their effectiveness by reflection,—this and the gold spoons, raised a great cry against what was denounced as royal extravagance. As a matter of fact, the mirror is a simple affair and the spoons are nothing more than silver with gold plate. Nothing belonging to the Executive Mansion can be called magnificent or in any way comparable to that of many private homes.

The table, laden with a rare display of plate, porcelain, and cut-glass, presents a beautiful appearance. The set of cut-glass is regarded as the finest ever made in this country.

It consists of 520 separate pieces, and was especially ordered for the White House. On each piece, from the large centerpiece and punch-bowl to the tiny saltcellars, is engraved the coat of arms of the United States. Several months were occupied in making this set, which cost $6,000. The china, numbering 1,500 pieces, was selected by Mrs. Hayes from special designs. Each piece is exquisitely decorated with paintings of American flowers, fruits, game, birds, and fish. The table can be made to accommodate as many as fifty-four persons, but the usual number of guests is from thirty to forty.

The seating of guests at a state dinner is one of the complicated tasks in the hands of the attachés. One of the Executive secretaries, who has for a long time attended to such matters, has a cardboard plan of the table with little slits for each seat. Certain inexorable rules of precedence and pairing off have to be followed, and one of the permanent officials of the State Department makes it a business to be expert in these. Seating always begins with the President, who sits at the middle of the north side of the table with the wife of the dean of the diplomatic corps at his right. The lady of the White House sits opposite the President. The others are placed according to precedence, and alternating with reference to the President and his wife. When the seating is definitely arranged, table cards for the gentlemen are prepared by writing in the corner the name of the lady to be escorted in, and checking off with a pencil the chair numbers printed on the edges of the small diagram of the table which is given to each guest. The name of each guest is also written on plate cards having a gilt crest of the United States, which is also used on the stationery for state occasions. There are often curious arrangements at such dinners, as for example when the Chinese minister and his wife are out of supporting distance of each other, and can convey only by smiles and signs the

THE STATE DINING ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Used only for formal state dinners given by the President to high officials. The President sits at the middle of the farther side of the table. In front of his seat is a plat sixteen feet long, made up of orchids and ferns, and at intervals nine other plats similarly decorated, and sixteen vases filled with roses. About twenty dozen orchids, as many roses, and 500 pots of ferns are used to decorate the table. The set of cut glass consists of 520 pieces, and cost $6,000. The set of china consists of 1,500 pieces, each piece exquisitely decorated.

enjoyment they feel, unless, forsooth, they both speak English, as often happens.

After receiving their guests in the Blue or East Room, the number of guests governing as to which is used, the leader of the Marine Band is given the signal, and instantly the band begins to play a selected march. The President now offers his arm to the ranking lady and they proceed through the East Room and the corridor to the state dining-room, followed according to precedence, the lady of the White House with her escort bringing up the rear. Exquisite *finesse* is needed to fitly pair these mentally incongruous diners. Many men officially entitled to White House dinner invitations are either not accomplished or are ill adapted to the usages of good society. Naturally the wives of such men are equally unsuited to their positions, consequently between timidity and ignorance they make very uninteresting table companions. I have known persons famous for their conversational powers to be unable through a two hours state dinner to elicit more than monosyllables from their partners, who were ill at ease, and no doubt heartily glad when the dinner was over.

On the contrary, nothing could be more enjoyable than a state dinner, provided one has an agreeable associate, the beauty of the accessories awakening and maintaining the vivacity and high spirits of the dullest, if they are not hopelessly dead to pleasant surroundings. A state dinner is a function of a social character, and an invitation to it should be deemed the highest compliment that the President can pay to any one. Full evening dress is required, and guests who do not realize that they owe it to the President and to themselves to make their best appearance on such an occasion may write themselves down as bores. Few ladies would have the moral courage to appear in anything but their best gowns and rarest jewels; hence it follows that state dinners at the White House are very brilliant affairs.

Formerly the President was expected to invite each Senator and Member of Congress to dinner at least once a year; but as the two Houses increased in numbers this custom gradually fell into disuse. He is supposed to have discharged his social duties if, in a single season, his dinner invitations include the Vice-President, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the members of the Cabinet, the foreign ministers, the more influential Senators and Members of Congress, and distinguished officers of the army and navy.

The New Year's entertainment is the most characteristically American of the season. Every grade of society is represented, and the same hand stretched out to welcome the courtly low-bowing Ambassador shakes the hands of the humble, sometimes uncouth, laboring man. The long line begins to form by the western entrance early in the morning and by 11 o'clock generally reaches several blocks away. Meanwhile the Cabinet officers and the members of the diplomatic corps are admitted to the house by the south entrance and assemble in the Red Room and the corridor. At 11 o'clock, as the bugle from the Marine Band stationed in the conservatory sounds the President's call, the receiving party makes its appearance at the head of the great stairway headed by the military officers detailed to make the introductions. The President and his wife follow, and then the Vice-President and his wife and the Cabinet and ladies. Passing into the Blue Room the receiving party takes its place and the long line begins to file past.

The diplomatic corps is the brilliant feature of the reception. There are ambassadors in uniforms heavy with gold trimming and blazing with orders and decorations; attachés, some in white and gold-laced uniforms and high boots; the Oriental legations in characteristic costumes. After them pass the Supreme Court justices, senators, representatives, and officers of the army and navy in full dress,

then veterans of the Civil War, followed by the general public. The music is continuous.

The attic of the White House is stored full of old furniture, for each new occupant is apt to have ideas of his own about the furnishing. Even if the President does not care, his wife generally wants a few changes made, and she has only to express her desire. The attic also holds a motley collection of articles which are sent as presents, and which neither the President nor his wife know what to do with. Now and then a President's wife buys a new outfit of linen, and of course she selects the finest for the Executive Mansion, and very properly it is charged to the appropriation made for such purposes. Under the law the building and its contents are in charge of an officer selected from the Engineer Corps of the Army. Under him is the steward of the White House, who personally inspects much of the supplies, etc. If the President wishes a dictionary, or his wife soap for the bath-room, the steward makes a formal requisition. When the goods arrive, he inspects them and receipts for them. The engineer officer in charge also gives his personal attention and certifies that the purchases are "proper and necessary," are "received in good order" and that the prices are "just and reasonable," and pays the bill.

The steward has charge of the kitchen and pantry and takes his orders from the mistress of the house. The government pays him $1,800 a year. While all the supplies like kettles and saucepans are paid for by the government, the President must pay for all the food and also for the cook, the chambermaid, and the butler. The government provides a stable, but leaves the President to furnish his own horses and pay for taking care of them. There seems to be no reason why he should do all these things except that it always has been so.

The White House is guarded only by a force of watchmen. Special police officers are always on duty outside the

house at all hours, and a continuous patrol is maintained by the local police of the grounds immediately surrounding the mansion. Automatic alarm signals are fixed in different parts of the House, and telephones and telegraphs are connected with police stations, so that a strong force of police could be obtained almost at a moment's notice.

From the great portico of this famous house we look across Pennsylvania Avenue to an equestrian statue of Jackson, his horse rearing frantically in the center of Lafayette Square. Beyond its trees we catch a glimpse of the brown ivy-hung walls of St. John's venerable church, its slender, old-time tower showing so picturesquely against the sky.

The avenue of lofty trees on the west side of the White House — beneath whose shade, in the dimness of the night, Lincoln used to take his solitary walk, and carry his heavy heart to the War Department — were planted by John Quincy Adams. No swelling tree-crowned knolls, no grassy glades could be more restful to the sight than the southern grounds of the White House. Its windows look down upon this rolling park, reaching to the Potomac, bounded by its placid waters, on which many boats lazily drift, their white sails idly flapping in the languid summer air.

The inadequateness of the White House as a residence for the President of the United States has long been recognized. It is inconvenient and ill-adapted to such dignity and occasions of public ceremony as the nation demands of its Chief. There is no adequate accommodation for visitors, so that guests of the nation must be sent to a hotel. Many suggestions, and more or less elaborate plans have been made for a new and proper President's residence which should be entirely separate from the Executive offices.

The late Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, during the incumbency of her husband as President of the United States, carefully studied this subject, and plans were drawn under

THE FAMILY KITCHEN IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

The family kitchen is for the exclusive use of the presidential family, and is never shown to visitors. There is another kitchen in the White House where state dinners are prepared, and which is used only on such occasions.

her direction for the enlargement of the present Executive Mansion. This was in 1892. Nothing has, however, yet been done. In 1900 Congress made an appropriation for developing plans for the extension of the present Executive Mansion by the Officer then in charge of Public Buildings and Grounds, Colonel Theo. A. Bingham, Engineer Corps, United States Army. This Officer called in the assistance of Mr. F. D. Owen, the architect who had drawn Mrs. Harrison's plans. The Harrison plan was restudied and developed and all the necessary drawings made, together with specifications and a large model.

At the Centennial Celebration of the establishment of the permanent seat of Government in Washington, December 12, 1900, the opening exercise was an exhibition of this model and drawings in the East Room of the Executive Mansion in the presence of the President of the United States, Senators, Governors and other prominent and distinguished officials. An address in explanation was made by Colonel Bingham. The plans excited great interest, and although criticised by some, the general verdict was in favor of the appropriateness in all respects of the plans shown. Congress has taken no immediate further steps in the matter, but the necessity for enlargement of the President's home and office is becoming more evident and more pressing day by day, and it is to be hoped that the beautiful plans above mentioned may soon have realization, as it would be impossible to excel them in the reverence shown to the historical old House, which is to remain absolutely unchanged and untouched.

CHAPTER IX.

OFFICIAL LIFE AND WORK AT THE WHITE HOUSE — A DAY IN THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

Inauguration Ceremonies — Old Time Scenes — A Disorderly Mob in the White House — Muddy Boots on Brocaded Chairs — Overturning the Punch on the Carpets — Disgraceful Scenes — The President-Elect — Taking the Oath — Kissing the Bible — The Inaugural Ball — How the Retiring President and His Wife Depart From the White House — A Sad Spectacle — Scenes in the New President's Office — A Crowd of Office Seekers — "Swamped" with Applications — The Cabinet Room and Its Historic Table — The Library — Privileged Callers — "Just To Pay My Respects" — The President's Mail — Requests for Autographs — Begging Letters — Granting Reprieves and Pardons — An Interesting Incident — A Door That Is Never Closed — How the President Draws His Pay — A Deficit of One Cent — A Government Check for That Amount — Presidential Cares and Honors.

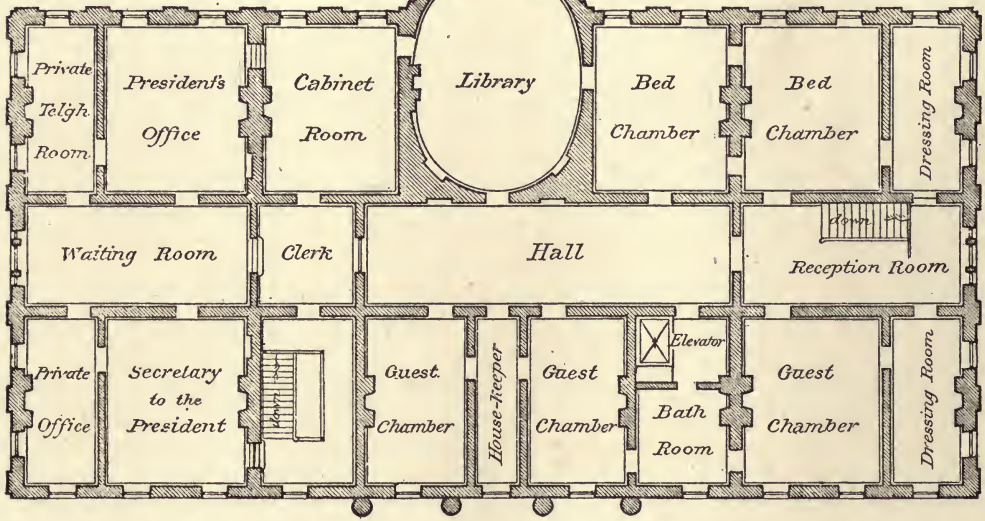
SOME of the makers of the Constitution apparently had a wholesome dread that the President of the United States might become a dictator or a George III; yet there seemed to be no way to make a government without an Executive, and so he was carefully hedged about with restrictions. He was made the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, but could not declare war; that was for Congress. He could make treaties, but must have the consent of two-thirds of the Senate present; he was given power to appoint ambassadors and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court and all high federal officers, but he must have the consent of the Senate; he was made responsible for the execution of the laws of Congress, and was given

THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM IN THE PRESIDENT'S NEW OFFICE BUILDING.

fence was invented by a romance-loving Englishman, and was long ago exploded, though it clings tenaciously to life. The out-door ceremonies were established with Jackson, whose enthusiastic followers expressed their disapproval of anything even verging upon ceremonious pomp by going to the other extreme. The uproar was unprecedented. It was a whirlwind of democracy. The Inauguration ceremonies over, Jackson mounted his horse and rode to the White House followed by a shouting and cheering mob of admirers. It had been announced that refreshments would be served at the White House. But the people crowded into the house, overran every part of it, stood in the brocaded chairs with their muddy boots, and cheered, overturning the punch on the carpets; and they became so boisterous that Jackson ordered the waiters to take the punch out on the lawn in tubs, to entice the crowd out of the house. But, as the waiters appeared, their tubs were upset by the outside mob and the glasses broken. There was a similar, though not as disorderly time, when William Henry Harrison was inaugurated, as a result of the exciting log-cabin campaign of 1840:

The Inauguration day of the present is a gala-day for Washington. The city is filled with people. Every hotel overflows with guests, and thrifty householders get almost any price they choose to ask for renting their rooms. There is something inspiring and uplifting in the sight of massed humanity, in throbbing drums and martial music, in waving pennons and flashing lances; but, unfortunately, at the Inauguration season of the year, enthusiasm and patriotism demand a fearful price in nerve, muscle, and human endurance.

Pennsylvania avenue opens before us — a broad, straight vista, with garlands of flags, of every nation and hue, flung across from roof to roof. Frequently the weather is mercilessly cold and raw, seriously interfering with carrying



SECOND-STORY PLAN

SHOWING

EXECUTIVE-OFFICES AND PRESIDENT'S-FAMILY APARTMENTS

PRESENT

EXECUTIVE MANSION

Drawn from the Original Plan by
F. D. Owen
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out a brilliant program. Your imagination need not be Dantean to make you feel that there is a dreadful battle going on in the air, above you and around you. The windy imps may come down and seize an old man's hat, and fly off with a woman's veil or blow a little boy into a cellar. The stronger air-warriors, intent on bigger spoil, may sweep down banners, swoop off with awnings, concentrate their forces into swirling cyclones in the middle of the streets, and bang away at plate-glass windows till they rattle in their settings. The sufferings endured by parading organizations, and spectators exposed for hours to the pitiless beating of a cold March storm on Inauguration day, have carried many an imprudent onlooker to a premature grave.

The President does not receive official notice of his election. Usually, he goes to Washington a few days before Inauguration day, ready to present himself on the 4th of March to take the oath of office. Immediately upon his arrival he calls upon the President, and the latter is expected to return the call within an hour. On the morning of Inauguration day, the President-elect goes to the White House, accompanied by the committee in charge, where he joins the President, and both are driven to the Capitol. At noon, the President appears in the Senate Chamber and takes the seat assigned him. A deep hush falls on the throng, there is a sort of Judgment-Day atmosphere, yet nothing more terrific follows than the voice of the Vice-President, beginning the words of his valedictory. Now comes the new Vice-President's little speech, then the oaths of office, the swearing in of new senators, and the proclamation of the President convening an extra and immediate session of the Senate. This over, all start for the Rotunda portico on the east side of the Capitol, where a grand stand has been erected for the ceremony of taking the oath of office and delivering the Inaugural

THE CABINET ROOM IN THE PRESIDENT'S NEW OFFICE BUILDING.

address. From this platform we see a vast mass of human beings below, line on line of soldiers — a glittering sea of helmets; bayonets flash, plumes wave; all tell one story — the love of military pomp and parade, the pride and patriotism which brings these soldiers here to celebrate the inauguration of their Chief.

On the platform are assembled the Chief Justice of the United States and the Associate Justices, in their robes of office, and usually members of the Diplomatic Corps in resplendent uniforms, the members of the Senate and House, officers of the Army and Navy, and other dignitaries of the land; while on the esplanade in front are gathered tens of thousands of spectators. We can catch no word through the strong March wind, yet know that the Chief Justice has administered this oath which the Constitution requires the President-elect to take before assuming the duties of his high office:

"I do solemly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

The new President has sworn to the oath of office, according to the Constitution, making him President of the United States for the ensuing four years. The Chief Justice holds forth with solemnity a large Bible, and the new President kisses its open page. Then he rises, and with manuscript in his hands, begins to read his Inaugural address. This address, beginning always with "My Fellow Citizens," is of a popular character, and is not usually considered a very important state paper. That of Abraham Lincoln was perhaps the most eagerly awaited and the most important ever delivered.

At the conclusion of the Inaugural ceremonies in front of the Capitol, the newly-made President and usually the ex-President are driven to the White House, where the Presi-

dent is joined by his wife, and both are usually welcomed by the wife of the retiring President, who should have a luncheon spread in the family dining-room, but should withdraw before it is served. March 4th, 1901, the Committee arranged a new and wise departure by having a lunch served in the President's room at the Capitol. After lunching he is escorted to the reviewing stand, erected for the purpose in front of the White House, from which he patiently reviews the vast Inaugural procession which is frequently several hours in passing. The vast procession of military and civic organizations marches past the reviewing stand, till as far as the eyes can reach one sees only shining helmets, the flash of bayonets, glancing sabers, well-mounted officers in resplendent uniforms, and imposing drum-majors tossing their batons in mid-air. All this is to the accompaniment of the thunder of cannon, the deep roll of the drums, inspiring strains of martial music, and enthusiastic cheers from tens of thousands of eager lookers-on.

The ceremonies end with a grand ball. Those of recent years given in the Pension Office have been resplendent in decoration and appointment, and from fifty to sixty thousand dollars have been expended on them. This custom was also set by Washington, who at the first Inauguration ball danced the minuet with Miss Van Zandt, and cotillions with Mrs. Livingston and others.

One of the saddest spectacles connected with official life in Washington is the hasty removal of the effects of an outgoing President, just before the fateful fourth of March which ends his power. After noon of that day the family has no more right there than the passing stranger on the street; and while the cannon are firing salvos of welcome to the new President, and the long procession is moving up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol front, where he is to be inaugurated, the family of the outgoing President may be gathering their personal effects together and taking last

UPPER CORRIDOR IN THE WHITE HOUSE, SHOWING ENTRANCE TO THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

The arch is at the top of a flight of stairs that ascend from the main entrance. An official messenger with important papers is about to enter the President's office. The doorkeeper, always on duty, is at the left. Bronze busts of

looks at the rooms where they have been honored and courted and flattered for years, and where they have enjoyed the delightful sense of greatness and power.

When the new President returns from the Inauguration ball he is alone with his duties and his responsibilities. He finds the records of the White House filed away by fiscal years, with the exception of those of the administration of Johnson, who considered that these papers were his and took them away. But the new President has little time to look at the records of predecessors. What impresses him most are the stacks of boxes which begin to arrive, all filled with applications for office. He is hardly seated in his office before he is "swamped" with them. Fortunately there is a considerable force of permanent clerks and secretaries who hold their positions from one administration to another, or during good behavior, and thus become accustomed to the work and its requirements, so that the formidable and constantly-increasing number of applications are carefully systematized for reference; but for a long time after an inauguration the President and his whole force work in to the small hours of the morning to keep ahead of the inundation.

From the hall-way between the vestibule and the East Room there rises a stairway which leads to an ante-room above, which opens into a corridor so wide and spacious that it is really a large room. The large windows at the end look out upon the Treasury building to the east. On the south side of this corridor, which is provided with many chairs and sofas, generally filled with people who are waiting to see the President or his Secretary, are the President's Room, the Cabinet-room, and the office of the Secretary; while on the other side are the offices of other secretaries, clerks, and stenographers.

The President's business office is a large, plain, comfortably-furnished apartment next east of the Cabinet-room. There is a door-keeper for the President and one for the Pri-

vate Secretary, the latter having been appointed to his place by Lincoln. The President's office is lined with cases of books of law and reference. A large black walnut table, surrounded with chairs, stands in the center of the room. On the mantel stands a clock which tells the time of day and the day of the month, and which is a thermometer and barometer besides. Tapestry and lace curtains are looped back from the windows, which look down upon the lovely southern grounds, and to the river, gleaming at intervals through the foliage beyond. The President's desk is at the southern end of the room. In the center of the room is a massive oak table made from timbers of H. M. S. *Resolute*, a British vessel abandoned in the Arctic ice while searching for Sir John Franklin, in 1854, but recovered by American whalers. It is a gift from Queen Victoria and bears the following inscription:

"Her Majesty's ship *Resolute*, forming part of the expedition sent in search of Sir John Franklin in 1852, was abandoned in latitude 74° 41′ north, longitude 101° 22′ west, on 15th May, 1854. She was discovered and extricated in September, 1855, in latitude 67° north, by Captain Buddington, of the United States whaler *George Henry*. The ship was purchased, fitted out, and sent to England as a gift to her Majesty, Queen Victoria, by the President and people of the United States, as a token of good will and friendship. This table was made from her timbers when she was broken up, and is presented by the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland to the President of the United States as a memorial of the courtesy and loving-kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the *Resolute*."

The Cabinet-room is just beyond. It is a plain, handsome apartment with a long table in the center of the room surrounded by arm-chairs. It is used often as a waiting-room. On the walls are portraits of several past Presidents. Presidents Grant, Hayes, and Garfield used the Cabinet-room as an office.

The stateliest room on this floor is the library, used in Mrs. John Adams' time as a reception-room, furnished then in crimson. It was almost bookless till Mr. Filmore's adminis-

THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE OFFICE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

The beautiful and massive oak table used by the President was made from timbers of the British vessel *Resolute*, which was abandoned in the Arctic Sea while searching for Sir John Franklin in 1854, but recovered by American whalers. It is a gift from Queen Victoria, and has a suitable inscription on a silver plate which can be seen facing the President's chair.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tration, when it was fitted up as a library, and many books were added during the administration of President Buchanan. It is now lined with heavy black walnut bookcases. It is sometimes used by the President as an official reception-room, and sometimes as an evening sitting-room for the Presidential family and their guests.

The President's office is ever the busiest place in Washington. When no one else works, the President must. He must lay out a system to meet the most exacting requirements, knowing full well that though a thousand and one details may be arranged by his subordinates, as many more must pass under his own eye. He must have his regular Cabinet meetings twice a week, and any member of his Cabinet must be free to call and consult with him at any time. Senators are also privileged by custom to see him whenever they call. If he sets aside a certain day for the uninterrupted transaction of business, many callers will come to whom he cannot refuse audience. It is one of the duties of the Private Secretary to learn if the caller really has business, and he must do this very diplomatically or get the President into trouble. Rural visitors in the city innocently call "just to pay their respects." Many come loaded with good advice, and not reaching the President they give it to the Secretary. About one thousand letters arrive every day, there being a special carrier who does nothing but run back and forth between the White House and the Post-Office. A great many of these letters are for charity, such requests sometimes aggregating $20,000 in a single day. All such letters, as well as those from fond parents who have named their last boy baby after the President, are turned over to a certain clerk who sends a stereotyped reply. Of course the President sees only a very small part of the numerous letters addressed to him, but any letter of special interest or importance reaches him through the secretary.

Never a day passes without numerous requests for autographs. A card with an engraving of the White House is provided for the purpose, and on these the President writes his name whenever he has the opportunity. Autograph requests take up their quota of the Executive's time, though he may sometimes think out a problem in diplomacy or decide about a post-office appointment while he mechanically writes his name on the cards. Sometimes he is requested to write his autograph on patches for bedquilts and lunch cloths, and then the problem becomes more complicated.

Many letters arrive for the lady of the White House whose correspondence is attended to by one of the secretaries. Both the President and his wife are always besieged by a class of newspaper space-writers who wish to get from them some expressions of opinion about general matters, and especially about themselves and their experiences. Many people appear to suppose that the President has such an abundance of time at his disposal that he can be the "Great Father" to everyone in the country as well as to the Indians upon their reservations. A North Carolina woman wrote to President Benjamin Harrison: "I have six little children and they want to throw me out of my house. I have nowhere to go. I want protection." Another begged him to pass a law "prohibiting anybody from hiring a prodigal boy."

Complete record books have to be kept, one a register of appointments, another of bills approved or vetoed, another of resolutions of inquiry, another of pardon cases, and so on. Press correspondents pay their regular visits, and the secretary gives them whatever information the President considers it wise to give out.

Senators and Congressmen are calling constantly in reference to appointments, for although under the Constitution appointments are made by the President, it has become the custom for Senators and Representatives to consider that

their suggestions should be followed. Of course the President has some friends who have worked for his election, and he naturally feels under obligations to do something for them if they desire office; but Senators and Members of Congress are constantly absorbing more and more of the Presidential patronage. The President, however, feels it his duty to personally examine into the qualifications of important candidates, as the responsibility for such appointments nominally rests with him. But he can not attend to all at once, and many a weary hour passes in telling one applicant after another that the matter will be taken up as soon as possible. Thus for a year after his inauguration the President's time is taken up with cares which, in the very nature of things, cannot reach action for months. In the nature of things, also, he begins to make enemies from the start, and if he is a sensitive man he has many a distressing moment. One day during the Civil War a friend meeting Lincoln observed:

"You look anxious, Mr. President; is there bad news from the front?"

"No," replied the President; "it isn't the war. It's that postmastership at Mudtown, Ohio."

In his long days are dreary hours devoted to signing commissions, the dullest kind of routine work. The messenger takes the sheets as they are signed and spreads them about to dry, the furniture and even the floor being often covered by them. Next will arrive a pile of bills from Congress, which have to be examined more closely. Then come a lot of applications for pardon and for the remission of forfeited recognizances, which involve the conscientious examination of hundreds of pages of evidence.

The President has the power to grant reprieves and pardons for all offenses against the United States, "except in cases of impeachment." The late ex-President Harrison, in speaking of the pardoning power, said:

"A reprieve is a temporary suspension of the execution of a sentence. This power is often used for the purpose of giving the President time to examine an application for a pardon, or to enable the condemned to furnish further evidence in support of such an application. One of our Presidents relates this incident:

"'An application for a pardon in behalf of a man condemned to death for murder was presented to me, and after a careful examination the application was denied. On the day before the day fixed for the execution I arrived at the house of a friend on a visit, and found that just before my arrival a telegram had come asking for a reprieve for the condemned man. The message had been telephoned to the house of my host and received by his wife. Her sympathies, and those of the whole household, were at once enlisted for the poor fellow, and though the gibbet was over twelve hundred miles away the shadow of it was over the house, and I was the hangman. A telegram to the United States Marshal, granting a short reprieve, was sent, and the day of the execution was again my uncomfortable secret.' It is not a pleasant thing to have the power of life and death. No graver or more oppressive responsibility can be laid upon a public officer. The power to pardon includes the power to commute a sentence, that is, to reduce it. When the sentence is death the President may commute it to imprisonment for life, or for any fixed term; and when the sentence is for imprisonment for life, or for a fixed term of years, he may reduce the term, and if a fine is imposed he may reduce the amount, or remit it altogether."

Then follows a batch of claims of United States marshals for allowance of expenses in pursuing mail robbers and other criminals, and these must be examined before approval. From the Interior Department come certain curious papers relating to the Indians; one chief may want permission to have his children travel with a show and the

INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE. OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT.
Showing assistant secretaries and clerks at their daily work. This room is on the second floor of the White House and near the President's private office.

President's permission must be had. The War Department sends in masses of court-martial records which he is supposed to examine to see if there are circumstances which will permit of executive clemency. These are but samples. It is all a dull, monotonous routine.

Even if disposed to take the time to "break away" for a few hours from his multitudinous duties and cares, he has no other place to go to. The door between his home and his office is never closed night or day. His family are continually near him, but he misses that delightful and necessary change which the busy man finds in "going home."

Usually the President and his wife drive in the afternoon, or it may be that he takes a prominent visitor or Senator into his carriage, in order to secure a few moments' recreation while conferring upon a matter of state. In the summer he may go for a brief rest to some quiet mountain or shore resort, but his secretaries and his duties go along with him, and, in these days of the telegraph and the long-distance telephone, a day seldom passes when the President is away that he is not in personal communication with the White House or one of the Departments.

It may be wondered how amid all his distractions the President secures the opportunity to write his long messages. The answer is that he does not write them all. After consulting with his secretaries, every department prepares what it regards as a proper statement of its condition and needs. These are all handed to the President, who runs them over, adding what matter he desires. A message is usually one of the easiest of his tasks.

The President is the only man in the pay of the United States who is not required to sign a pay-roll. The cabinet officers sign the pay-roll of their respective branches each month, their names appearing at the head of the long lists. Since the establishment of the Sub-Treasury system in 1846,

the President has been paid by check on the Treasury each month.

In order to make up exactly the $50,000, or the yearly salary of the President, he is paid $4,166.67 per month for eight months and $4,166.66 per month for four months. At the close of his term there is besides the monthly warrant, a settlement warrant to be held by the Treasury in proof of the President having received his full $200,000 for his term. During President Cleveland's administration a mistake was made in the monthly warrants, the amount $4,166.66 having been paid one too many months, so that when the account of the term was balanced it showed that Mr. Cleveland was entitled to one cent more than he had received. It made great commotion in the book-keeping department and there was some uncertainty as to how to fix it. It was finally done by regular "red-tape" processes: another special requisition was made out and a check on the treasury for one cent was drawn, signed and countersigned and taken over to the surprised President, who had not discovered the shortage and probably never would have. President Cleveland never deposited the check but kept it as a curious memento of his office.

If the office of the President has its cares, its drudgery and its perplexities, it has also its compensations. There is among his people a great respect for the office and a corresponding respect for the man holding it, if he has done nothing to degrade it. The people in the main show a simple and hearty deference to one who represents the majesty of the nation. The President cannot forget that the people made him President, and the people do not forget it. If they expect too much of him, they are at least ready to richly honor him. If he is perplexed by the troubles of his country, he feels that the hearts of the people are with him.

departments, though it was only by a convenient custom that these eight high officials developed into a well-defined body called the Cabinet, after the English ministry which it in no other way resembles. It is not "the government" as in England; it is only "the administration." Without the sanction of either the Constitution or the law, therefore, the Cabinet has become a permanent, prominent, and honored feature of our executive affairs. Under Washington, before the custom had developed, the secretaries of the department were regarded not as his advisers but simply as secretaries; indeed, they were called "the President's clerks," though they were leading men. He began with only four: — a Secretary of Foreign Affairs, a Secretary of the Treasury, a Secretary of War, and an Attorney-General; but, while supposed to be appointed to arrange the details of the President's commands, such men as Jefferson and Hamilton could not fail to give their offices dignity and importance as advisory officials. In 1798 a Department of the Navy was organized and its Secretary was invited into the President's council. In 1829 the Postmaster-General became a Cabinet officer; in 1849 the Department of the Interior was established, followed in 1889 by the Department of Agriculture.

As a matter of fact it rests with the President whether he shall make any of these officials a member of his Cabinet or whether he has a Cabinet at all. No law declares that he must, but custom is stronger than the law at times, and in such matters it is seldom departed from. When the office of the Commissioner of Agriculture was raised to one of the great departments, President Benjamin Harrison at once made room at the Cabinet table for the new member, the late Jeremiah Rusk of Wisconsin, who when twitted with the fact that he was "the tail of the Cabinet," retorted that it would need a good tail "to keep the flies off the administration."

THE CABINET ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

In this room Cabinet meetings are held and important national questions are discussed by the President and his Cabinet. Around this historic table many of the greatest men in our history have been seated in council. Here the policy of the administration and the destiny of the nation is shaped. The walls are adorned with many portraits of ex-Presidents. The President's flag may be seen in the glass case behind the table.

The first task of a newly-elected President is the selection of these important heads of his administration, and their names are announced at once after the inauguration, though his choice is generally known some days before. He usually draws them from his list of close political friends, and always from his own party. Lincoln, facing a peculiar emergency, selected for some of the important posts men who were his political rivals; but this custom does not usually prevail, for the relations between the President and his secretaries must be of the most confidential nature. Of late the administration of affairs has become so extended in scope, and requires such devotion to duty and familiarity with a variety of affairs, that it is of great importance to select men who are not simply good advisers but hard workers.

As the President is himself responsible for his administration of executive affairs it might be supposed that he could select his secretaries without asking questions of anybody; but the Senate, in special session, always goes through the formality of confirming his nominations. Each Secretary is subject to the President's will in all matters relating to his department. If there is a difference of opinion, the President has his way, and if the Secretary is not disposed to acquiesce, his only recourse is to resign. In practice, however, the President is largely guided by the information and advice of his secretaries in their respective departments. Those questions which concern only a single department are settled between the President and the secretary in charge of that department; they are seldom made the subjects of a discussion by the whole Cabinet, at whose meetings only matters affecting general policy are discussed. The advice of his secretaries is sought less because of their official position than for their qualifications as practical men of affairs. If two heads are better than one, then nine must be much better still.

In the famous Cabinet Room, around the table at which so many of the greatest men in our history have sat, the policy of the administration and the destiny of the nation is shaped. No records are kept; the discussion is always informal, and a vote is seldom taken, for there is nothing to vote on. Whatever question is discussed, members of the Cabinet present express their opinions, to which the President listens, and then he decides. The President sits at one end of the table, the Secretary of State at his right, the Secretary of the Treasury at his left, the others in the order of the creation of their departments, the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture being crowded together at the end opposite the President. If other departments are added, the historic Cabinet table will have to be lengthened or give way to a longer one.

The position of members of the Cabinet is now one of such social eminence in the Capital that only men of means can afford to accept it. The salary is $8,000 a year; but society does not regard him as a success, no matter how great a statesman he may be, unless he spends considerably more than his salary in living and entertaining. When Secretary Tracy of President Benjamin Harrison's administration was seeking a house, he found one to his liking and was informed that the rent was $7,500 a year.

"What shall I do with the remaining $500 of my salary?" he asked the astonished agent.

Many a Cabinet officer, worried by the importunities of office-seekers, or by the cares and exacting duties of his department, and conscious that he is spending more than his salary, while at the same time he is temporarily deprived of his regular professional income, has asked himself if the life of a Cabinet member is really worth living. But it is a position of great honor, and his family have a social eminence which is fascinating; he consoles himself, therefore, with the thought that owing to his prominence in official

circles greater rewards will come to him when he has returned to private life. Thus the position is seldom declined, even by men who can hardly afford the experience.

The dignity of the position was considerably increased by the passage of the act of 1886 fixing in the Cabinet the succession to the Presidency in case of death. Previous to that, in the event of the death of both the President and Vice-President, the office fell to the President-pro-tem of the Senate, and at his death to the Speaker of the House. But in the first administration of President Cleveland a curious situation was brought about by the death of Vice-President Hendricks when Congress was not organized. If the President should die in that period there would be no one to succeed him; whereas, if he should die after Congress organized, the Senate being of a different political persuasion, the office would go to one of the other party than that popularly chosen, and the men who had thought themselves to be comfortably settled in their administrative places for four years would be compelled to step aside for their political enemies. By the law passed to provide against such possibilities the President's office falls to the Secretary of State, rather than to the presiding officer of the Senate, and after him to the Secretary of the Treasury and so on. This order of precedence holds rigidly in all social matters. After "Mr. Vice-President" comes "Mr. Secretary." Formerly after the Vice-President came "Mr. Speaker," but now the ruling of society is that he take a lower place.

Just west of the White House and separated from its grounds by a narrow, smoothly-paved street which in the olden days used to be known as "Lover's Lane," stands now the largest and most magnificent office building in the world, popularly known as the "State, War, and Navy Department." This majestic pile of granite was begun in 1871 and completed in 1893. Its 500 rooms open from two miles of marble halls. The stairways are of granite and the entire

construction is fireproof, for within the massive walls are many priceless records and archives. The fires which had several times destroyed the most valuable records in the Patent Office and Treasury, taught the government that parsimony in its departmental buildings did not pay. This great $11,000,000 building covers four and one-half acres. It is a grand, substantial, indestructible edifice for the three great departments of the State, of War, and of the Navy.

The office of the Secretary of State is on the second floor, and adjoining it are the offices of the assistant secretaries and the long and stately diplomatic room in which the American premier receives the representatives of foreign governments. There is an atmosphere of dignified formality, of studious quiet, almost of elegant leisure in these rooms which is found nowhere else in the busy government buildings. Greatness looks down upon us from the walls; here are portraits of Clay, Webster, Jefferson, Seward, Washburne, Everett, Fish, Evarts, and Blaine. Smaller, but hardly less elegant in appearance, is the diplomatic anteroom where foreign dignitaries await an audience with the Secretary.

In a large department on the third floor is the "Library of the Department of State," consisting of many rare and valuable volumes upon international and foreign subjects. Here, carefully preserved, in the iron hall of the library, are valuable heirlooms of the nation. The most precious of the archives — the two great charters — the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States — are preserved in a steel case. It is not commonly known that the Secretary of State forbade their transmission to Chicago for exhibition at the World's Fair at the risk of a railway accident in transit and fire after their arrival — hazards sufficiently apparent and by no means trivial.

The Declaration had come to the Department of State from the Continental Congress. It was subjected to a pro-

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THE LIBRARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

Showing the steel safe in which are deposited the originals of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, now no longer exhibited to the public Many rare and valuable volumes are deposited here.

cess early in the century in securing a facsimile for a copperplate, that caused the ink to fade and the parchment to deteriorate. On the 11th of June, 1841, it was deposited in the Patent Office, and afterwards placed on exhibition in the Interior Department, in a brilliant light, causing further dimness and decay. It was returned to the Department of State in March, 1877, upon the completion of fireproof quarters, and placed in the library of the Department. In February of 1894 it was put away out of the light and air, and this notice was posted on the exhibition case:

"The rapid fading of the text of the original Declaration of Independence and the deterioration of the parchment upon which it is engrossed from exposure to the light and from lapse of time render it impracticable for the Department longer to exhibit or to handle it.

"For the secure preservation of its present condition, so far as may be possible, it has been carefully wrapped and placed flat in a steel case, and the rule that it shall not be disturbed for exhibition purposes must be impartially and rigidly observed.

"In lieu of the original document a facsimile is placed here.

"By order of the Secretary of State."

While the full text of the original Declaration is still legible, the signatures have, with but few exceptions, utterly vanished. Thus the value of the copperplate is inestimably enhanced, and this also is now kept in a fireproof safe. The facsimile shown in this volume was photographed from a perfect impression from this plate loaned to the publishers by the Department of State.

On the wall of the library hangs the original of Jefferson's first draft of the Declaration with interlineations by Franklin and John Adams. Jefferson will be remembered in history as the author of the Declaration of Independence, when his Presidency has been forgotten. He was much

prouder of having written that immortal document than of having held any office, and he desired that the fact should be inscribed on his tomb.

Here may be seen the war sword of Washington — the very weapon he wore in his campaigns and camps; the sword of Jackson worn at New Orleans; Jefferson's writing desk at which, tradition says, the Declaration of Independence was penned; Franklin's staff, and buttons from his court dress, calling up the picture of the philosopher at the gay court of Versailles; the relics of Capt. Hull of the frigate Constitution, and many other curiosities which have been presented to the government in connection with some of its diplomatic incidents. Here also are the papers of many of the great public men of the past, of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Hamilton, and Franklin. The papers of Washington show his precision in every-day matters at Mt. Vernon; directions in his own handwriting to his farmer or steward, "how to plough, buy nails, grains, scissors, shingles, soap, rakes, dishes, etc." These 117 folio volumes, with the Jefferson manuscripts and papers of Franklin, Madison, Monroe, and Hamilton, are appraised at $150,000. The papers of Washington alone cost the government $45,000; for the thirty-two volumes of Franklin's papers, $35,000 was paid.

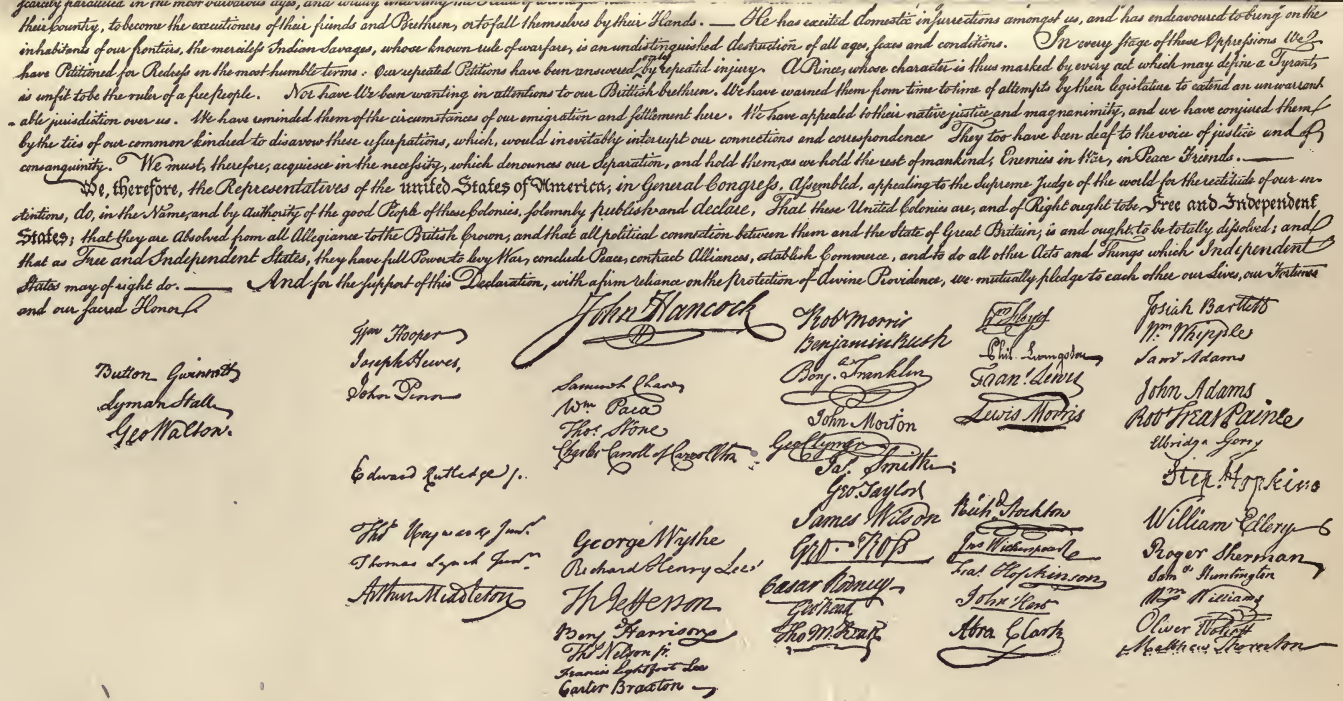
The Secretary of State is also the custodian of the Great Seal of the United States, adopted by Congress in 1782. The familiar design consists of an American eagle supporting an escutcheon on his breast, holding in his talons an olive branch and a bundle of thirteen arrows, and in his beak a scroll inscribed with the motto: "E Pluribus Unum." There was a design for the reverse side of the seal, but it has never been cut.

In the archives of the office also are the originals of all the laws of the United States; on these engrossed parchments the fabric of the government rests. The parchments

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America,

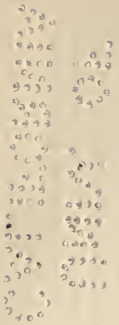
When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. — We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. — That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, — That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. — Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world. — He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good. — He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. — He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only. — He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures. — He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people. — He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within. — He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands. — He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary powers. — He has made Judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries. — He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance. — He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our Legislatures. — He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil power. — He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation: — For Quartering large bodies of armed troops among us: — For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States: — For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world: — For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent: — For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury: — For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences: — For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies: — For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments: — For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever. —



FACSIMILE OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The original Declaration was almost ruined early in the nineteenth century in securing a facsimile for a copper plate. The process caused the ink to fade and the parchment to deteriorate. The original document and the copper plate are now deposited for safe keeping in a steel safe in the Library of the Department of State, and are inaccessible to the public. The full text of the original document is still legible, but the signatures have, with but few exceptions, utterly vanished. The facsimile shown above was photographed from a perfect copy loaned by the Department of State for use in this volume.

"The old Declaration has a pulse in it and a ring to it that does the soul good. Has your boy ever read it? Have you all of it?"—*Ex-President Benjamin Harrison.*



are fourteen by nineteen inches in size and bound in book form no matter how brief the law. The penmanship is coarse but very regular, and the signatures are the originals. In all cases the bills are signed in the lower right hand corner by the speaker and the presiding officer of the Senate, and in the lower left hand corner by the President. Here also are all the proclamations of the Presidents. The Emancipation Proclamation, for instance, is written upon very heavy white paper that is folded once, and each page is ten by fourteen inches in size. It begins as do all proclamations — "By the President of the United States of America — A Proclamation." It nowhere calls itself an emancipation proclamation; that is the name which the people have given it. As our eyes pass over these originals of famous documents in our history, we seem to get closer to the great men who framed them, to enter into their spirit, to read more closely their thoughts and to catch a patriotic inspiration which printed copies cannot give.

The Secretary of State very largely holds in his hands the national honor. Questions of the gravest difficulty with foreign powers may arise at any time and must be handled with the utmost tact and diplomacy. We should never suppose that under the suave and polite conversation between the Secretary and the minister from Spain, lay the issues of peace or war; that in a few days the minister would be given his passports and the guns of our navy would be sinking Spanish ships. The bland smile upon the features of the Chinese minister as he enters the anteroom in his rich oriental costume does not indicate the seriousness of his thoughts or the importance of the interview which takes place when he meets the Secretary,— a conversation upon which may depend to a large extent the future of an ancient oriental empire.

The Secretary is in constant communication with the diplomatic agents of the United States throughout the

world, largely through a cipher code, a very intricate affair, the key to which is only given to ministers under their oath to regard its secrecy as one of their first duties. Nevertheless the foreign office of every government has its code experts who make it a business to endeavor to master the codes of other nations, so the key word is changed frequently or the code varied in other ways. When code despatches are made public they are paraphrased to lessen the opportunity abroad to compare with the original cipher, in case it should have been surreptitiously taken from the telegraph wire while in transit.

While the Secretary, knowing the established policy of the government in relation to certain general matters or the policy of the President in relation to current affairs, may settle some questions upon his own responsibility, he usually has his daily conference with the President, who is kept posted on the course of diplomatic events. The diplomatic representatives of foreign powers at Washington deal directly with the Secretary, through whom their business is made known to the President. When a new foreign minister is received, the State Department prepares a suitable reply to be made by the President, and this the latter delivers with such modifications as he may consider advisable. All congratulatory letters in response to official announcements of the birth of a prince or princess are likewise written in the State Department in diplomatic formula, and given to the President for his signature. It may seem a little strained for a democracy to pay any attention to royal babies, but in diplomacy we must do as diplomats do.

The office of the Secretary, being from the first the most dignified in the Cabinet, was formerly regarded as a stepping-stone to the Presidency,— Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams, having all served as secretaries to preceding presidents. But it has become more important to fill the office with men of special experience in foreign

affairs, even though they do not possess the essentials considered of paramount importance in a presidential candidate. A hard-working man of experience in diplomacy is of more value to a President than one who has a commanding place in the Senate or House. In the working force of the department are men who have long held important positions, who have made a special study of diplomatic matters, and their training is of especial service to both the Secretary and the President. It is no small accomplishment to be posted in all the intricate details of diplomatic precedence, violations of which have often raised a tempest.

Uncle Sam's representatives are now stationed either as diplomats or consuls at all the great political and commercial centers of the world. The first essential of a successful diplomatic representative must be that he is "persona grata" to the power to which he is accredited, and the more so the better; for it is a part of his duty to make himself agreeable and his country respected and liked. It is his duty not only to transmit to the government to which he is accredited, the views of his own government, as occasion may require, but to keep the latter informed of all that occurs in the foreign country in which he is stationed, that might in any way affect the present or future policy of this government. He must transmit information to the Department of State as to the general trend of political sentiment in the foreign country and especially among the governing classes, and report from time to time upon the progress being made in the arts and in civilization, the financial strength, tariff regulations, and so on. Each of our legations abroad has a permanent secretary having care of the voluminous archives of the office, keeping thoroughly posted upon the diplomatic etiquette of the country and acting as chargé d'affaires in the absence of the minister.

Whether in official life or in society, our representatives at foreign courts have precedence according to rank, and

the same is true of foreign representatives in Washington. If an ambassador calls at the Department of State and finds a number of ministers waiting in the anteroom to see the Secretary, the ambassador first passes in. Until 1893 the highest rank given by our laws to our foreign representatives was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, and, as a result, our envoys were frequently placed in the embarrassing position of seeing ambassadors from small, and perhaps half-civilized, powers taking precedence in all matters. We now have ambassadors in all the important European courts, their salaries being commensurate with their higher dignity, though frequently by no means equal to the salary of ambassadors from very much smaller powers.

The Consular Bureau is called the "business end" of the State Department. Our consuls are really magistrates for our government, assisting American citizens in getting their rights in foreign countries, and noting and reporting to our government all matters of commercial interest. Every day brings to the department a batch of reports upon the state of the markets and the possibilities of the exportation of American products to foreign countries, and abstracts of these are published in a daily bulletin which is freely distributed all over the country to export and commercial houses and newspapers, and they are published entire in monthly pamphlets. In the store-room of the Consular Bureau, in the basement of the building, can be had in a moment's time and without expense the fullest intelligence regarding any subject of foreign commerce. If you wish to know about automobiles in Australia, or sugar beets in Germany, or brewing in Bavaria, or rug making in Persia, or rubber trees in South America, you have but to ask and you will receive.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STORY OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY — HOW ITS SECRETS AND WORK ARE GUARDED — A THOUSAND BUSY MAIDS AND MATRONS — WOMEN WHO HAVE SEEN "BETTER DAYS" — THE GREAT STEEL CAGE.

In the Office of the Secretary of the Treasury — The Treasury Vaults and Dungeons — "Put the Building Right Here!" — An Army of Clerks — Where They Come From and Who They Are — Women Who Have Known "Better Days" — The Struggle for "Office" — How Appointments Are Made — The Story of Sophia Holmes — Finding $200,000 in a Waste Paper Box — $800,000,000 in Gold and Silver — Inside the Great Steel Cage — The Mysteries of the Treasury — Precautions Against Burglary and Theft — Alarm Bells and Signals — Guarding Millions of Treasure — How a Package Containing $20,000 Was Stolen — The Man with a Panama Hat — A Package Containing $47,000 Missing — Capture of the Thief — The Travels and Adventures of a Dollar — When a Dollar Ceases To Be a Dollar.

AT a massive, cloth-covered desk, in a large room of sumptuous furnishings, whose windows look out across the White Lot and the winding walks and stately trees of the grounds of the White House, sits the Secretary of the Treasury, the man who is at the head of an establishment doing a business of two or three millions of dollars a day. From the walls of this room look down many famous men who have held this important office, silent reminders to the present incumbent that some day his picture will probably find a place here or in the adjoining anterooms and offices of his busy assistants and secretaries. This man is temporarily at the head of that department of the government which not only

handles all the money but makes it. By virtue of his office he directs the employment of many thousands of people. In the vaults under his care are millions and millions of money and bonds. From this vast establishment the money flows out in a never-ending stream, and back to it returns, never perhaps to reappear.

Here are millions of bright coins that have never once moved out of their dark dungeons in the underground vaults since they came fresh from the mints. Here also are millions of dollars worth of bonds — Uncle Sam's own promises to pay years hence — held for security, on which he is regularly paying interest to those who own them. Into this great office flows all the money collected from customs and internal revenue taxes; here are settled the money claims which Uncle Sam's people have against him; here are supervised the operations of the national banks all over the country; here is regulated the operation of the mints that are ever pouring a gold and silver tide into the circulating medium, thus keeping alive the industries of the nation. Every day a million dollars in worn-out, mutilated paper money comes in for redemption, and a million dollars in new, crisp bills go out to battle with the world, unmindful of the fate of their predecessors.

Great as it is to-day, how small was its beginning! After the Declaration of Independence, one of the first things that the Continental Congress did was to appoint two Joint-Treasurers of the United Colonies, who were to reside in Philadelphia, and to receive each a salary of $500 the first year, and to give bonds in the sum of $100,000. The second year their salary was to be raised to $800 each. In a short time one resigned, but the other remained Treasurer for the Colonies to the close of the Revolution, a committee of five persons having been appointed meanwhile to assist him.

Soon after this, an office was created in which to keep

the Treasury accounts. That office was an itinerant, like Congress, following it to whatever place it assembled. Acts were passed for the establishment of a National Mint. Alas! the poor continentals had no precious ore to coin, and never struck off a dollar or cent. Money was painfully scarce. As one writer has said: "Nobody owed the Treasury anything the collection of which could be enforced, and the Treasury owed nearly everybody something that could not be paid." The army was half clothed and half fed, and wholly unpaid. The government had no money of its own and nothing to make it out of; not even credit. That made it the more imperative that this poor little empty Treasury should have some responsible head who, by the adroit magic of financial genius, should create a way to fill it, and in some way provide cash for the emergencies which were perpetually imminent. Thus in September, 1781, Congress appointed a single supreme "Superintendent of Finance."

The first high functionary of the Treasury was Robert Morris, of Philadelphia. He had already distinguished himself by his remarkable financial talents as a merchant, and his devoted patriotism. Besides, he was the intimate friend and confidential adviser of Washington. He was the man for the place and the hour. He kept the credit of the struggling Colonies afloat in the moment of their direst need. He gave from his private fortune without stint, and added thereto the contributions of the infant nation. He became a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and concluded his public services to his country as United States Senator.

Two subjects that at the same time moved the first Congress to its depths were the impending bankruptcy of the country and the location of the National Capital. Sept. 2, 1789, the fundamental act establishing the Treasury Department was passed. Meanwhile Washington was anxious to find out how he was to get money to pay the public debt,

and he invited Morris to give him the benefit of his advice. In one of their interviews, the great Chief groaned out: "What is to be done with this heavy national debt?" "There is but one man," said the astute financier, "who can help you, and that man is Alexander Hamilton."

In ten days after the establishment of the Treasury Department, Alexander Hamilton was appointed its chief. He was still in the flower of his youth, but had already proved himself, not only in practical action, but in the rarest gifts of pure intellect, to be the most versatile and remarkable man of his time. He seemed endowed with the quality of intellect which amounts to inspiration — unerring in perception, sure of success. At the beginning of the Revolution, he raised and took command of a company of artillery. The same transcendent intuition which made him supreme as a financier, made him remarkable as a soldier. In Washington's first interview with him, he made him his aid-de-camp, and through the entire Revolutionary war he was called "the right arm" of the Commander-in-Chief.

A more remarkable and interesting group of men probably never discussed and decided the fate of a nation than Washington, Morris, and Hamilton. Washington, grave, thoughtful, far-seeing, slow to invent, but ready to comprehend, and quick to follow the counsel which his judgment approved; Morris, wise, experienced, analytic; Hamilton, young, impetuous, impassioned, prophetic, yet practical; in comprehension and gifts of creation the supreme of the three.

The first official act of Hamilton, as Secretary of the Treasury, was to recommend that the domestic and foreign war debt be paid, dollar for dollar. When the paper containing this recommendation was read before Congress, it thought that the new Secretary of the Treasury had gone mad. How was a nation of less than 4,000,000 of people to voluntarily assume a debt of $75,000,000! It was left to

the untried Minister of Finance of thirty-three years to save the national credit against mighty odds, and to foresee and to foretell the future resources of a vast, consolidated people.

Then followed those great state-papers on finance from Hamilton, whose embodiment into laws fixed the duties on all foreign productions, and taxed with just distinction the home luxuries and necessities of life. By hard work and the magical touch of his genius, he evolved order out of chaos and established the treasury system of the United States upon a foundation from which it has never been shaken, either by political or civil conflict. If Washington was the father of his Country, Hamilton was the Father of the Treasury.

While consuming himself for the nation, Hamilton was harassed by the abuse of personal and political enemies, and suffering for the adequate means to support his family. While building up the financial system which was to redeem his country, the state of his own finances may be judged by the following letter from him to a personal friend, dated September 30, 1791:

"DEAR SIR — If you can conveniently let me have twenty dollars for a few days, send it by bearer. A. H."

The amount of personal toil he performed for the government was enormous. Talleyrand, the French statesman, was at this time a refugee in Philadelphia. Upon his return to France he spoke with admiring enthusiasm of the young American patriot. Narrating his experience in America, he once said:

"I have seen in that country one of the wonders of the world — a man, who has made the future of the nation, laboring all night to support his family."

The growth of the Treasury department was slow and discouraging. When the government was brought to Washington, the Treasury was housed in a small building

near the unfinished White House with barely enough room for its few clerks, and the records were packed away in a near-by store which was soon afterwards consumed by fire. When the British entered Washington in 1814 the Treasury itself was burned. Then the business was for some time carried on in the "Six Buildings" west of the White House. The credit of the country was again at its lowest ebb, and an effort to negotiate a loan of $25,000,000 ignominiously failed. In 1833 the Treasury and its contents was again consumed by fire, and the construction of the present Treasury building, second in architectural importance only to the Capitol, was begun.

A bitter controversy arose as to where the new building should be located; there were plenty of available sites about the city and each faction had its favorite location. Finally, so the story goes, President Jackson, whose patience had been sorely tried and was now exhausted, stalked out of the White House to the corner of Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, thrust his cane into the ground and thundered: "Put the building right here!" There it was erected, where it not only cut off forever a view of the White House from the Capitol, but where the great and beautiful proportions of the building itself could never be seen to advantage.

The building was completed in 1867 at a cost of nearly $7,000,000. It is 450 feet long and 250 feet wide, built around two interior courts so that every one of the 200 rooms on each floor is well lighted. The south front is really the most imposing, and the view from it is superb. To the left runs Pennsylvania avenue in its undeviating course for over a mile, till lost in the foliage above which rises the majestic dome of the Capitol. On the south, like a lance of light, towers the great Monument, and to the west lie the grounds of the White House. The western portico faces the President's house, but the commonly-used

entrance is on the north, facing Pennsylvania avenue. The building is of granite, three stories high, with a double basement — the richest basement in the world — and an attic. It was supposed that the structure would for a long time, if not always, answer the requirements of the department, but long since many of its offices have been forced into other quarters; indeed, another building of similar proportions would not now provide sufficient room for the present Treasury and its manifold operations.

The interior of the building resembles a little city in itself. The long marble corridors are like streets, into which swing doors from innumerable offices on each side. As we pass along we catch glimpses of these busy rooms, some with rich furnishings, and everywhere are desks and clerks. Over the doors are signs indicating the particular duties being performed or supervised within: "Office of the Secretary of the Treasury"; "Office of the First Comptroller"; "Office of the Register," etc.

While so many things indicate the making and handling of money and of accounts, there are not wanting other indications that reveal the wide range of the activities of the establishment; for under the Secretary of the Treasury are such officers as the Superintendent of the Life Saving Service, a Supervising Architect, a Supervising Inspector — General of Steam Vessels, a Light House Board, a Supervising Surgeon of Marine Hospitals, Commissioners of Internal Revenue, of Navigation, of Immigration, of Chiefs of the Secret Service, and of the Bureau of Statistics.

The employees, men and women, can be numbered by regiments. They are of all ages and of every grade. Their labor ranges from the lowliest manual toil of the charwomen in its basement, to the highest intellectual employment. There is not another company of women-workers in the land which numbers so many ladies of high character, intelligence, culture, and social position. Some

of them are remarkable for their literary and scientific attainments. Many of them are of that large class who have "known better days"; for the Treasury, like all other departments of the government, is a vast refuge for the unfortunate and the unsuccessful. The only exceptions are found in two classes, viz.: those who use departmental life as the ladder by which to climb to a higher round of life and service, and those who seek it without half fulfilling its duties, because too inefficient to fill any other place in the world well.

Luckless authors, sore-throated, pulpitless clergymen, briefless lawyers, broken-down merchants, poor widows, orphaned daughters, and occasionally an adventurer, masculine or feminine, of doubtful or bad degree, and representatives from nearly every walk in life are found within the Treasury — "in office." Here are men who have grown gray, weak-limbed, and wizened at their desks, as automatic in their movements as machines, and as narrow in their views as the straight path of their endless routine.

But there are plenty of young men, and young women, too, and many a little romance of life has centered here. Here are the daughters or widows of famous legislators or soldiers, who in serving their country were too busy or too honest or too indifferent to serve their families also. Some of these women were reared in luxury without a thought that necessity would ever compel them to work for their daily bread.

The daughters of Chief Justice Taney were for some years employed in the Treasury Department; the widow of Governor Ford of Ohio was also clerk there. Mrs. McCain and Mrs. Crawford, of the McElwee family, were among the first in this service. All the male members of the family, nineteen in number, were in the Union army, and Mr. McCain was lying mortally wounded. It was a time of great distress, and Mrs. McCain applied in person to

President Lincoln for a position. Tearing a strip from a paper in his hand the great-hearted Lincoln wrote:

"*Give* this lady employment.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

She took this at once to the Secretary of the Treasury — received an appointment immediately, and held it for many years. The widow of General Kimball, who fell at Chantilly, was for years a most valued employee of the Treasury Department. Governor Fairchild, of Wisconsin, found his beautiful wife, the daughter of a distinguished man, occupying a desk in the Treasury. The wife of Attorney-General Brewster, a daughter of Robert J. Walker, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, was also a clerk in that Department, and met General Brewster while at her desk preparing some document for which he had applied to the Secretary of the Treasury.

The army of charwomen who take possession of the Treasury after business for the day has closed, is composed of women struggling to live by honest, albeit the lowliest toil. If we could know the history of each one, what revelations of heroism and devotion to duty would be disclosed. Among these humble women one became famous, and the story of her rich find in a Treasury waste paper box has often, though not always truthfully, been told.

Sophia Holmes, a native of Washington, was the widow of a colored soldier killed at the battle of Bull Run in the Civil War. Her husband was a slave whom Col. Seaton, the noted Abolitionist, had bought to save him from being sold out of the District. He was valued at $1,000. Sophia was a free woman who labored many years to save the money with which she helped to purchase her husband's freedom, and at the time of his death the pair had paid $600 towards the purchase price. The death of her husband left her with two small children to support. Senator Wilson, James G.

Blaine, and others became interested in her story, and being the widow of a Union soldier she managed to obtain work in the Division of Issue, in the Treasury Department, as a charwoman, at fifteen dollars a month, her duties consisting of sweeping, scrubbing, dusting, emptying baskets and boxes of waste papers, etc., after the close of business hours.

Late one afternoon, when the army of Treasury officials and clerks had departed, while engaged in cleaning the offices, she seized a box of waste paper to empty it, but the first handful she removed disclosed to her astonished eyes a lot of bank bills, genuine greenbacks, of all denominations, some of them as large as $1,000. For a moment she was transfixed with amazement. The box was packed full of them. Recovering her composure she hastily replaced the top layer of paper, pushed the box out of sight, and resolved to keep her discovery secret until she could communicate with some of the higher officials. She would not even trust the watchman whom she momentarily expected on his rounds. "I was going to call him," she said afterwards, "but something kept saying like, 'Sophia, don't you do it! Don't you do it! You's a poor black woman! He may take the bank notes and say you stole 'em.'" So she went on with her sweeping and dusting and kept on thinking.

The hour for leaving arrived and yet she was not through. The tramp of the watchman announced his approach, but she continued her sweeping with unabated and unusual energy. Seeing her still at work, he stopped and said, "What, aren't you through yet?" "Not quite," she said. "I'se through d'reckly," and kept right on digging into the floor with her broom. Again the watchman returned and said "You take a powerful time a-cleaning up to-night, Mrs. Holmes, what's the matter with you?" "I'se through pretty soon, pretty soon," said Sophia, raising a cloud of dust with broom and brush. Darkness filled the

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A MYSTERY OF THE TREASURY. SOPHIA HOLMES, A COLORED JANITRESS, DISCOVERING $200,000 IN BANK BILLS IN A WASTE PAPER BOX IN THE TREASURY.

Upon the arrival of General Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, at midnight, accompanied by the night watchman, Sophia removed the top layer of waste paper from the box, pointed to the huge pile of bills beneath, and told her story to the astonished Treasurer. She was retained in office by the Government until her death, in 1900, a period of thirty-eight years. The mystery of how this large sum of money found its way into the box has never been explained to the public.

Treasury. She thought of her two children waiting for their supper at home. Mechanically she kept at work until, tired out, she sat on the box of money and dropped into semi-sleep.

At that time (1862) General Spinner was Treasurer, an official whose great fidelity to his trust had earned for him the title of "The watch dog of the Treasury." He was universally known as "the General"; crooked, crotchety, great-hearted, every afflicted woman in the large army of workers under his care was sure of a hearing, and of redress, if possible, from him. From his small room in the Treasury a door opened into a still smaller one. In this little room the keeper of the nation's millions often slept all night, in order that he might be within call in case of accident or wrong doing. So great was his personal anxiety and the consciousness of his vast responsibility that it was his custom every night to go to the great money vaults and, with his own hand upon the handles, assure himself beyond doubt that the nation's money safes were securely locked.

About two o'clock that morning, being restless and unable to sleep he arose, and, shod as was his wont in carpet slippers, started on his customary rounds through the long and dimly-lighted offices and corridors. Sophia heard his shuffling steps long before he reached her, and standing by the box she waited tremblingly for his approach. "General, general, come here, come here!" she shouted to the startled treasurer who, stopping in his tracks, gazed intently at her and then cautiously approached. Sophia removed the top layer of waste paper from the box, pointed to the pile of greenbacks beneath and told her story.

The astonished treasurer speedily summoned the officers of the Division. Upon their arrival the money was removed from the box, closely examined, and found to be perfectly completed bills ready for circulation. Sophia was kept prisoner until the money was counted, when she was sent home

in a carriage to her children, who had been cared for by the neighbors. How the bills got into the box is a mystery known only to Treasury officials, and they have never taken the public sufficiently into their confidence to make an explanation; nor did they reveal the exact amount found, though it has been stated by others in position to know that it was over $200,000.

A few days afterward General Spinner sent for Sophia, and handed her an appointment to a position as janitress, her duties being chiefly to run errands and make herself generally useful, at a salary of $660 a year. She was the first colored woman ever officially appointed to the service of the United States Government. For thirty-eight years she retained this position. During her life she probably saw more money than any woman that ever lived. She used her savings to bring up her children, as well as a family of relatives whom she educated and started in life as useful citizens. Her hair whitened with the frosts of time, but her honest face was always wreathed in smiles of recognition to the high and low, to all of whom she was familiarly known as "Aunt Sophie," and all invariably greeted her cordially when they met in the halls of the Treasury.

Sophia Holmes died October 10th, 1900, aged about seventy-nine years. At her funeral, which was largely attended by whites as well as blacks, the colored minister who officiated said: "It was recently stated that all colored persons will steal if they have a chance. My friends, we have in this church the body of a colored woman the record of whose private and official life proves that statement to be a lie."

Many women find a refuge here through the influence of friends who take pity on them. Congressmen and Senators are importuned, the Secretary is "visited," and at last the appointment is made. Their duties begin at nine in the morning and are over at four in the afternoon, with a brief

intermission at noon. In the evening some of them may be found in attendance at social functions, or in society, which they grace with becoming dignity and ease; but the greater number of them go to humble homes, where await them those who rely upon them for support. Most of them are absolutely dependent upon the government, which stands to them for the very breath of life. Requiring as it does so many employees, the government can, if it chooses, benefit the unfortunate and deserving, though sometimes, as in private business, the undeserving secure places to which they are not entitled, through favoritism of men in power.

We descend to the basement of the great money-making establishment and are shown something over $150,000,000 in gold and silver. Such a sight is too rare to be missed, though, after all, it is little more than a peep at a great many boxes and packages piled within steel cages within steel doors within stone walls. We first pause before the great silver storage vault extending under the terrace at the south end of the building. Entering through a series of massive doors we behold a mighty box of steel lattice-work eighty-nine feet long and fifty-one feet wide and twelve feet high, full of silver dollars, a little more than 100,000,000 of them. Although each silver dollar weighs less than an ounce, those stored here would weigh about 3,000 tons.

The silver is tied up in bags of $1,000 each and packed in wooden boxes, two bags in a box. Formerly the coin was simply stacked up in bags, but notwithstanding the walls of steel, dampness rotted the bags and the money was continually running out on the floor. This made extra trouble, required fresh counts,—and it is no light undertaking to count such a gigantic sum in coin. Hence it was decided to pack the bags in boxes, and, so long as the seal of the Treasurer on each bag is intact, it is not necessary to count the contents every time a recount is made, which is as often as a new administration comes in. The boxes are built in tiers

with passage-ways between, and usually on a table in one of these passage-ways may be seen a thousand silver dollars exposed to view as the contents of one bag. One of the sliding doors of the vault weighs six tons; the other, a combination door, is provided with a time lock which is wound up every afternoon at 2 o'clock and does not run down until 9 o'clock A. M. the next day. Immediately adjacent to this great vault is another nearly as large containing about $60,000,000 in gold and silver — both guarded nightly by watchmen especially detailed for that purpose.

The bond vault contains all the bonds deposited by National banks as security for the circulation of their bank notes. The amount of bonds so held is steadily increasing and now amounts to about $300,000,000. A dollar here occupies very little space compared with that sum in gold or silver. The bond clerk can pick up a small package containing $4,000,000 worth and shake it temptingly before your incredulous eyes. In another vault is stored a lot of fractional silver and gold coin, mainly for local uses. Much of the gold of the reserve is kept at the different sub-treasuries, but the entire contents of the Treasury vaults in gold, silver, currency, and bonds aggregates always over $800,000,000, and is constantly increasing.

Although it would be a difficult matter for a thief to make way with a single dollar of all this money, the government takes ample precautions against thieves and burglars. A force of sixty-eight watchmen — all of them honorably discharged from the army or navy — is divided into three reliefs. They patrol the building night and day, and during the day a special force is always on hand in case of an emergency.

From various parts of the building electric bells ring in signals every half hour, day and night, to the office of the Captain of the Watch, who is in electric connection with the Chief of Police, and with Fort Meyer and the Arsenal, so

that police, cavalry, and artillery can be instantly summoned. Arms are stored away in many of the rooms where the money is handled. When the clerical force of the Treasury is on duty during the day, the Captain of the Watch could instantly arm a thousand men. The offices of the Treasurer, assistant Treasurer, and Cashier are each connected with that of the Captain of the Watch, and in case of an alarm the Captain can respond in thirty seconds with an armed force to any of the three offices. Outside watchmen are stationed at the watchhouses and are so disposed as to command the entire building. And yet in walking about the great building, even through the vaults, there is absolutely no sign of the careful preparations made by Uncle Sam to guard his millions of treasure.

The best safeguard for coin is its weight. A million dollars in gold coin weighs nearly two tons, and it would take a very strong man to carry off $50,000 worth of the yellow metal. Though a gold brick the shape and size of an ordinary building brick represents $8,000, its "heft" is something astonishing.

But while the danger from burglars and from armed attempts to secure even a part of these $800,000,000 is very small, the Treasury does not claim to be theft proof. One unlucky day in 1870 a visitor came into the room of the chief of the Division of Issue holding a large Panama hat in his hand. The chief's attention was distracted by other people who were trying to talk to him, and the man carelessly dropped his hat over a package that contained 2,000 ten-dollar bills lying on the desk. It was one of several packages, and the loss was not noticed till some hours later. The thief, however, was caught when he tried to deposit some of the bills. In 1875 a clerk passed a package of bills of the denomination of $500 each, amounting to $47,000, out of one of the cash room windows to a saloon keeper with whom he was in collusion, and for some time the rob-

bery was a mystery. Later, Secret Service detectives caught a man betting bills of $500 each at the Saratoga races, and when arrested he implicated the guilty parties, and a large part of the money was recovered. There have been no other notable thefts from the Treasury, and under the improved system the chances of successful thieving are greatly diminished.

But even if anyone should steal one of these packages, the notes are so carefully recorded and could be so easily identified that a description of them would be immediately advertised, and any one who tried to pass one would be arrested. While the government has been robbed in many ways by its agents and by others who have escaped detection, no one ever took money from the Treasury without being caught; nor can it be taken without being missed.

A few years ago the vault in the cash room where the ready money is kept, refused to open at the appointed time. The time lock is always set to open at 8:30 A. M., but on this occasion something was the matter with the mechanism and the great steel doors remained obstinately closed. Not only gold and silver but many millions of dollars in paper money are always kept in this vault, and, if thieves could obtain access to it, they might easily walk away with an enormous sum, the notes and certificates being done up in packages and neatly labeled with the sum each contains. Each parcel contains 4,000 notes, and if the denomination is $500 a single package represents $2,000,000. Nine o'clock arrived, and still the doors would not open. For once Uncle Sam was obliged to suspend payments; the whole office was in suspense. Experts were sent for, but before they arrived the big safe opened of its own accord, and then it was discovered that accidentally the time lock had been set at 9:30 instead of 8:30.

One of the famous rooms of the Treasury is the great Cash Room, one of the finest and costliest rooms in the

world. Seventy-two feet long, thirty-two feet wide, and twenty-two and a half feet high, the walls, with the exception of the upper cornice, are built entirely of rare and beautiful marbles. It has upper and lower windows, between which a narrow bronze gallery runs around the entire room. The room can be seen to the best advantage from this gallery, from which we look down upon a busy scene of people cashing drafts and checks and changing money at the costly marble counter extending the entire length of the room. The daily transactions run far up into the millions. Here are cashed the various warrants drawn upon the Treasury, and anyone can participate in the operations by presenting at one of the windows a legal tender note — which is really a warrant upon the Treasury — and asking for gold or silver in exchange. Or if you have a lot of dirty, torn or worn-out U. S. notes, you may here exchange them for clean, crisp notes, fresh from the reserve vault.

Look at this old dollar bill, soiled and crumpled, which not long ago went out from the Treasury, bright, fresh, and clean. Since then it has nestled in the dainty purses of fair women, been folded in the plethoric pocket books of millionaires, and crushed in the grimy hands of many sons of toil. "The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker" have each had possession of it. It has passed from workman to grocer, to jeweler, to fishmonger, to milliner, and to blacksmith; it has slipped into contribution plates, bought theater tickets, and passed over the counters of saloons; it has ridden on trolley cars, railroads, and steamboats; it has been in and out of banks and in and out of pockets times innumerable; it is defaced with ink from some printer's hands, soot from some blacksmith's shop, and grease from some butcher's market; it has lain on gamblers' tables, and been bestowed in worthy charity; it has eased the burden of the poor, been hoarded by the miser, clutched by the burglar, and slipped through the hands of the dissipated spend-

thrift; human life may have been sacrificed to gain possession of it, and who knows but that the blood-stained hand of the murderer has grasped it?

Yet in its long journey among all sorts of people, this piece of printed paper bearing Uncle Sam's promise to pay has been always a dollar and as good as gold. It could have been brought to this great Cash Room at any time and a new dollar would have been given in exchange for it. Even now we might send it out again, smutty, ragged, and worn as it is, for another zigzag journey in a busy world. But why not take pity on it, and let it rest after its strange vicissitudes, especially when by just passing it over this marble counter we can get for it a bright new bill with a future before it? We pass it in and take the crisp new dollar. But alas! by that very operation our old dollar ceases to be a dollar. It cannot retire on its record and quietly maintain a comfortable existence like a retired army officer. In passing it in we have sealed its fate, for after receiving ceremonious attention in the Redemption Division it will be ruthlessly cut to pieces and soaked into unrecognizable pulp, as if it were guilty of some terrible crime and no penalty was too severe for it.

The complete history of a dollar, its travels and all that it does, good and bad, can never be written, for no one follows it or can follow it. We can only follow its history as it is transformed from a piece of worthless white paper into a dollar "as good as gold," and again when it returns to its home to pass, a ragged, dirty thing, to its final doom.

BUSY WORKERS IN THE TREASURY. THE ROOM WHERE PRINTED SHEETS OF UNCLE SAM'S PAPER DOLLARS ARE SEPARATED.

Bank notes are printed four on a sheet, and are separated into single bills by machines run by women. The bills are then counted and sealed in packages. Over 100 pounds of wax a month is used in sealing the packages. Formerly the bills were cut apart by women armed with long shears. Hundreds of millions of dollars have passed through this room.

CHAPTER XII.

MYSTERIES OF THE TREASURY — HOW UNCLE SAM'S MONEY IS MADE — WOMAN'S WORK IN THE TREASURY — WHAT THEY DO AND HOW THEY DO IT.

The Story of a Greenback — The Bureau of Engraving and Printing — The Great Black Wagon of the Treasury — Guarded by Armed Men — Extraordinary Safeguards and Precautions — $4,000,000 in Twelve Pounds of Paper — 200 Tons of Silver — Some Awe-Struck People — Placing Obstacles in the Way of Counterfeiters — How the Original Plates Are Guarded — Where and How the Plates Are Destroyed — Secret Inks — Grimy Printers and Busy Women — Who Pays for the Losses — Why Every Bank Bill Must Differ in One Respect from Every Other — Marvelous Rapidity and Accuracy of the Counters — The Last Count of All — Wonderful Dexterity of Trained Eyes and Hands — Counting $25,000,000 a Week.

A PAPER dollar, you must remember, is not really a dollar but simply a representative for a dollar. No paper dollar is now issued by Uncle Sam that does not have its real self packed away in one of those bags in the silver vault, or in one of the boxes of bullion, or in one of the glittering heaps of the gold reserve of the Treasury. Gold and silver, either in coin or bullion, are too heavy to be good travelers, and however much people long to own them, they do not fancy carrying them about. So for convenience paper bills are issued to represent them, and they pass current easily and lightly so long as they last, but their life is a short one. And thus it happens that while Uncle Sam is continually pouring out paper money at the rate of over $1,000,000 a day, he is adding nothing in this way to the money in

the hands of the people. The number of government notes for which the gold reserve is held is limited by law to $346,000,000; the amount of silver certificates is limited to the number of actual silver dollars in the vaults; and the amount of Treasury notes, which came into existence by virtue of the Sherman Silver Purchase Act of 1890 and repealed in 1893, is limited to the amount of bullion so purchased and now held. As over $1,000,000 of this worn-out paper money is received at the Treasury from banks and other sources every day, the great paper-money factory of the government is kept busy manufacturing new bills to take the place of old ones.

The history of a paper dollar, therefore, begins at a paper mill, and at the very inception of its manufacture Uncle Sam institutes a severe scrutiny and maintains extraordinary safeguards against counterfeiting; precautions which are never neglected throughout the whole operation. The paper must be made at one mill, and no other firm is allowed to make paper like it; indeed, the method is a trade secret, and the law provides not only against its imitation but against the possession of any of it by unauthorized persons. It is now made at the Crane Mills at Dalton, Mass., and the machines are provided with automatic registers by which the mill owners have to account to the government for every square inch of paper turned out, the key of the register being in the hands of a government inspector who receives the paper, counts it, and holds it carefully guarded until shipped.

The paper stock is made of duck cloth and canvas clippings, and in it are interwoven fine silk fibrous threads, red and blue, made in a factory near the paper mill. These threads are serious obstacles in the way of counterfeiters, and being distributed differently on each of the various issues of notes they may become important helps in their identification later on. The paper is cut into sheets eight

and a quarter inches wide and thirteen and a half inches long, or just the size of four bank bills. It takes just 1,000 sheets to weigh twelve pounds, and as these sheets will make 4,000 one-dollar bills, they take the place of over 200 pounds of silver dollars in the vaults; if two-dollar bills, twice as much, and so on. A thousand sheets will make $4,000,000 of 1,000 dollar certificates, in which case twelve pounds of paper is made to do the work of over 200 tons of silver.

When the paper reaches Washington, it is placed under lock and key in the basement of the Treasury, ready to be sent to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in quantities as desired. For many years after the government began to issue paper money, the plates were engraved and printed by private corporations; but partly as a greater safeguard against the possibilities of counterfeiting, the government decided to do a portion of the engraving and printing itself. So, notwithstanding the strenuous objection of the bank note companies, Uncle Sam for a time printed the face of the notes and allowed the companies to print the backs. This was not always satisfactory, and little by little as the government became more proficient in the work, it took more and more of it upon itself and now does it all, and under such conditions that counterfeiting has become an extremely difficult and dangerous enterprise.

At first the Engraving and Printing was carried on in the basement of the Treasury building, but the light was poor, and as the space became insufficient, owing to the constantly-increasing demands made upon it, the plant was transferred to the attic. This, too, finally became inadequate, and Congress appropriated $330,000 for a site and a building to be used exclusively for the engraving and printing of notes, as well as postage and revenue stamps, commissions, bonds, and passports. The building, which was completed in 1880, stands not far from the Washington

Monument, overlooking the Mall on one side and the Potomac flats on the other. It is the most complete engraving plant in the world, and the specimens of its work have in recent years taken the highest awards at the great fairs of Europe and America.

To this building, therefore, we must go to follow the process of the evolution of our dollar. If we start at the right time in the morning we may overtake a great black wagon, closely covered on all sides, two stalwart men with revolvers in their pockets keeping the driver company, while three others, similarly armed, ride on the broad step at the rear. This wagon conveys the packages of paper to the printing plant, and returns with printed notes every day. No one has ever attempted a highway robbery of this wagon, but its armed escort is never absent.

So very careful is the government not to take any chances at any stage of the process, that the average visitor to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing sees but a part, and then only by looking through wire screens, behind which he beholds men and women busily at work amid stacks of this precious paper. Nor is one allowed to wander where he likes, but when a little group of visitors has gathered in the reception-room — as they are sure to do every few minutes every day — a young woman with a marvelously glib tongue requests the group to follow her, and she leads the way through those rooms open to visitors. Again and again during the day she — as well as others, for another party collects generally long before one has had time to go the rounds — repeats the same story to a group of interested and astonished people who come from all over the world. Her sympathizing sisters will ask her if she does not find it very tiresome saying the same thing over and over again, every day in the week, year in and year out, and she will smile sweetly and say that sometimes she does; and they will ask her how much she gets for it, and

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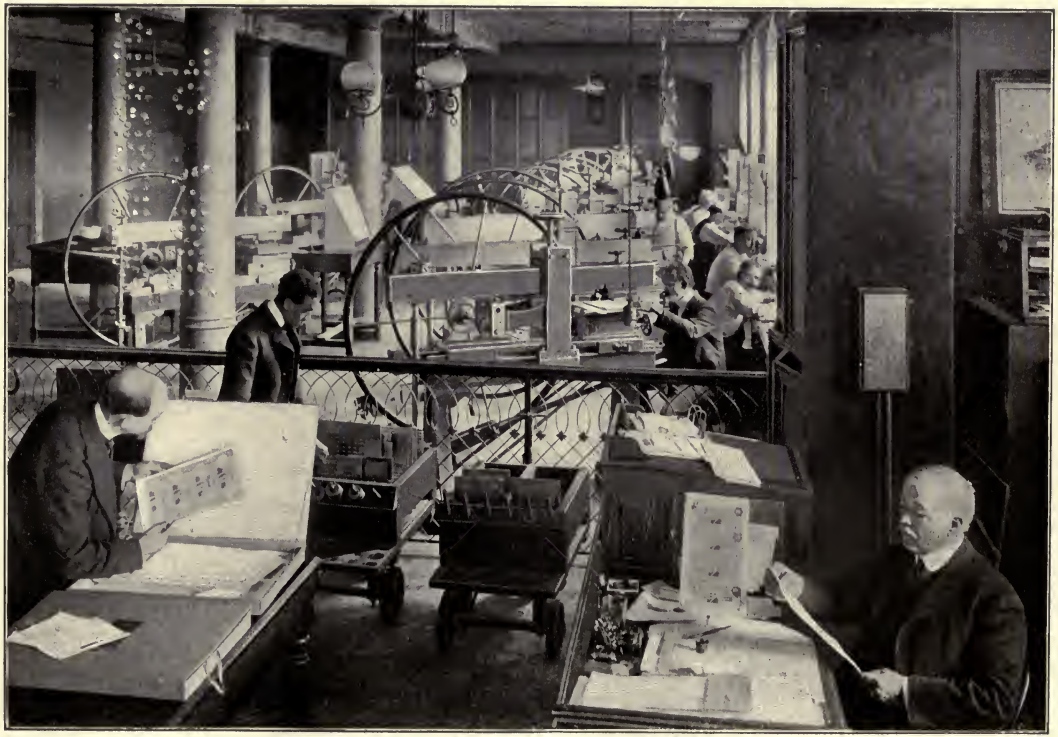


HOW UNCLE SAM MAKES HIS MONEY. THE ENGRAVING ROOM WHERE UNITED STATES NOTES, BONDS, STAMPS, ETC., ARE ENGRAVED.

All the beautiful designs embodied in Uncle Sam's bills, notes, stamps, and checks are engraved in this room. The most expert engravers in the world are here employed by the Government, some of them receiving a salary of $6,000 a year. The Government owns 65,000 dies, rolls, plates, etc., used in printing its securities. They are guarded with the greatest care.

she will tell them $1.50 a day, just as if everybody had a perfect right to know. Others will try to encourage her by saying that it must be agreeable to meet so many people and tell them so many things they never knew before; and she will smile again, just a little incredulously, and beckon another party to follow her around; and when after her weary day's work she goes to her boarding-house, she very likely thinks, just as do many of the women employees, that her position is by no means a sinecure.

But to follow the making of a dollar in all its details, we must obtain a special permit, and this will take us into rooms not usually shown to visitors. We will enter the engraving-room first. The first step in making a bank note is to draw the design. The government changes the designs of its notes and stamps frequently, and those of the various denominations always differ. A corps of expert designers are employed for this purpose, and when their work is finished and approved it is turned over to the engravers. Of these none but the most skillful are employed, some of them receiving salaries as high as $6,000 a year. The fine head of an American Indian on the five-dollar certificates is the work of one of these high-priced men, whose skill is not surpassed by anyone in the world, and this in itself is a good insurance against successful counterfeiting. Sitting in a long row before the windows on the north of the first floor of the building, with shades so arranged as to furnish the best possible light, and separated by screens so that each enjoys the privacy of a compartment of his own, these men, each an artist in his line, laboriously engrave upon steel the designs for notes, bonds, stamps, etc.

So many phases of consummate skill are necessary to the completion of a single dollar note, that "many men of many minds" are required to perfect a single plate. No one of these experts engraves a whole plate. If a dozen

men were to engrave the same design on as many steel plates, no matter how careful or expert they might be, there would inevitably exist in the finished plates slight differences which would make the work of counterfeiters comparatively easy; for if variations in genuine notes existed, the variations in counterfeited notes might pass undetected. Besides, the government does not consider it a good plan for any one engraver to be proficient in engraving every part of a note; such an engraver, if dishonest, might make considerable trouble. A single engraver, therefore, does only a portion of a design — one the portrait, another the eagle, another the goddess of liberty, another the scroll, and so on. Each man becomes proficient in his own line, and too expert to be imitated successfully by a man in another line.

But this is only one of the many safeguards. Look closely at a bank note and you will see many lines, involved and intricate, running to and fro in the most marvelous manner. They defy imitation, and are the best tantalizer and detective of the most accurate counterfeiter. This maze of curving lines is the work of the geometric lathe, a remarkable machine which mechanically engraves some portions of the notes, such as the borders, and the background of the figures in the corners. This machine consists of a complication of wheels of all sizes, eccentrics, and rods, all of which is incomprehensible except to an expert machinist, and no one can operate it at all who does not thoroughly understand it. Indeed, it is said that the man who has charge of it is the only man in the country who is a perfect master of such machines. Moreover the course the mechanical lines will take depends upon the manner in which the combinations are set, and, so long as this combination is a secret, it is practically as secure as a combination lock to a safe. As the delicate diamond point moves about with an accuracy and rapidity impossible to hand work, it

cannot be imitated successfully by hand; and as few counterfeiters are rich, and these machines cost a large amount of money, a serious obstacle to counterfeiting is thus introduced. Even if a counterfeiter secured one of these lathes and a capable man to run it, he would still lack the precise combination used on particular portions of the note.

It requires from six weeks to two months for each engraver to finish his part of a plate, and when all the parts are completed they are transferred to soft steel rollers; for it would not do to print from the original dies, for several reasons. It would be mechanically impossible to print from any one original the vast amount of money Uncle Sam issues every day, and in the nature of the case there can be but one original. Besides, every one of the notes of any issue must be exactly alike. It is essential therefore to transfer the engraving from the original dies to plates, in such a manner that there shall be four engravings exactly alike on each plate and that there shall be several plates of the same for use on as many presses. A soft steel roller is run over the original dies under great pressure, so that the original design is well impressed upon it. Then the roller is hardened and run over softened steel plates, four times to a plate. These plates are then hardened, and when touched up by the engravers are ready for printing, while the original dies are deposited in the vaults. If these replicas are injured or wear out, it is a simple matter to produce new ones from the original.

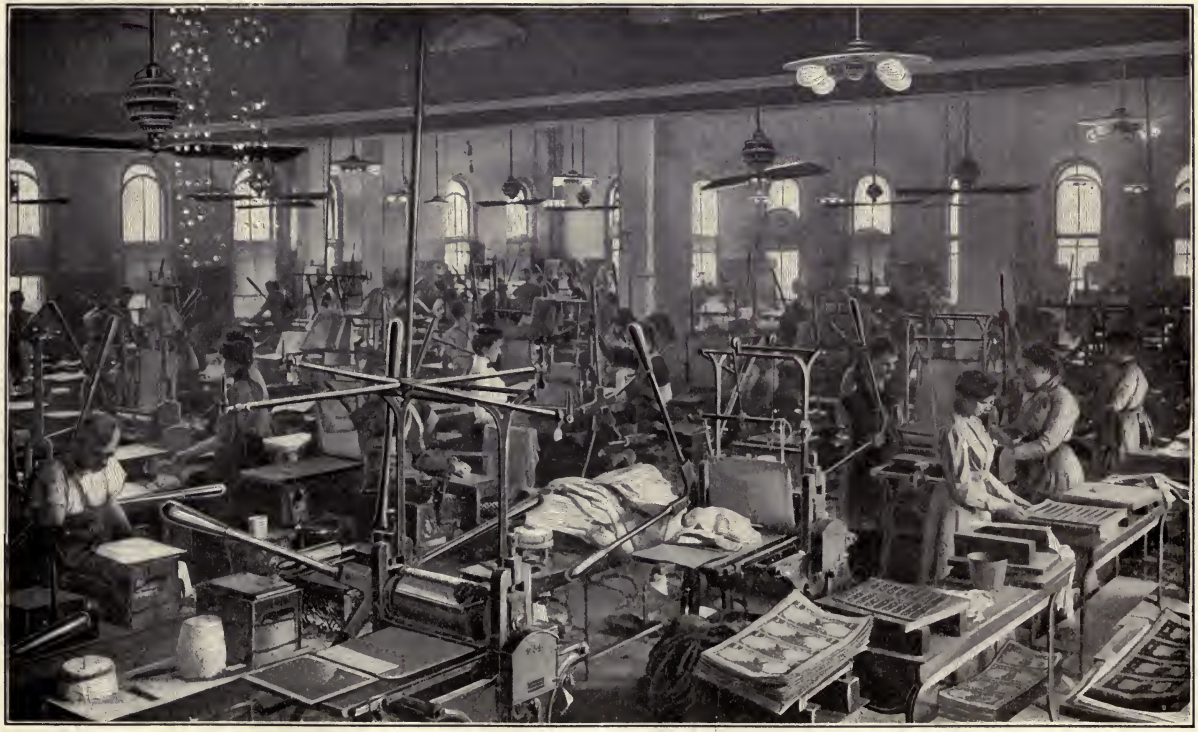
But while all notes made are exact copies of the original, they vary in one little detail not generally noticed but which makes the greatest difference in identifying notes. Each one of the replicas of four notes is numbered, and marked by one of the first four letters of the alphabet. Looking closely at a dollar bill, you will observe a small A, B, C, or D, which means that the note was first, second, third, or fourth on the plate, and by looking a little closer

with a glass, the number of the plate will be discovered hiding just below or alongside the letter. Its precise position in reference to the letter also tells its story to the expert.

As may be supposed, the original dies and the rollers and replicas are guarded with the greatest care. Every evening each plate or piece that has been out during the day must be returned to the grim warding of the large vaults with double steel doors and time locks. Nothing can be taken out in the morning without a process of orders, checks, and receipts, by which someone becomes responsible for every plate and piece, and he cannot leave the building until this responsibility has ceased. At stated intervals a committee of officials from the Treasury visit the bureau to see that everything is right, and to pick out such pieces as are deemed to be no longer fit for use. These are packed in strong boxes, bound with iron bands, and under an armed escort are conveyed to the Navy Yard, where they are destroyed in a fiery furnace.

We have now reached the point at which our dollar takes more definite shape in the hands of the printer. The specially-prepared paper which is brought over from the Treasury is in packages of 1,000 sheets, and this count of a thousand is kept up all the way through. When the Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing is ordered to print a certain number of notes of a certain denomination, he makes a requisition for just enough paper to print them, and he is charged with the amount of money the notes will represent when completed. Thus this official frequently owes the Treasury many millions of dollars, but the obligation is discharged when the printed notes are sent in, the imperfect notes being designated and likewise returned.

Before going to the printer the paper goes through the wetting process in a long room filled with tubs of water presided over by women who are known as "wetters." Each



MAKING MONEY. ONE OF THE ROOMS WHERE UNCLE SAM'S PAPER DOLLARS ARE PRINTED.

All Government notes, bills, bonds, stamps, etc., are printed by hand. No method for printing successfully from steel plates by machinery has ever been devised. Each press is run by an experienced printer, assisted by a woman.

package of 1,000 sheets is given to a counter, who, as she counts, hands over every twenty sheets to a wetter, who carefully places the sheets between cloths and immerses them in the tub. These cloths must be scrupulously clean, and to keep them so a large laundry is connected with the establishment. When the whole package is thus treated it is placed under pressure and allowed to remain for about four hours. The sheets are then taken out, counted again, and the top sheets placed in the middle to render the dampness uniform. The package is thereupon placed under still greater pressure where it remains till morning, awaiting the call of the printer. Each printer is given one of these packages and charged with the same on the books, the amount always being the face value of the proposed notes. At the close of the day his printed sheets go to the superintendent, who credits him with them, and any unprinted ones are returned to the wetting division, where he also receives credit.

Extensive experiments have been made with inks, in attempts to secure a chemical mixture which will afford safeguard against counterfeiters, but little can be done beyond using the best and most expensive quality. The black ink is now furnished by contract, and the mixture is said to be a valuable secret. The government makes its colored inks after the best chemical formula, and we shall see later, when observing the work of the Secret Service, that at least on one occasion, the quality of a carmine ink led to the detection of a counterfeit which, before the ink had faded, had been held by experts to be a genuine note.

Entering the printing-room, which covers the entire floor of the building, we seem at first to have come upon a genuine pandemonium. The air is full of wild and confusing motions as the long hand spokes of the presses are rapidly whirled back and forth, and sheets of greenbacks flutter in the hands of 150 women. As many men are working as if mad. Their bare arms are smeared to the elbow with ink,

and their perspiring faces are begrimed with it. The room is uncomfortably hot, for at each one of these hand presses is a series of gas jets to heat the little table on which the printer rests the plate while he thoroughly rubs in the ink. All is noise and confusion, and yet every one of these hundreds of flying sheets of money is identified. If one were lost not one of these three hundred men and women could leave the building till it was found; but none is ever lost.

As the printer takes the plate he rapidly runs the ink roller back and forth over it, and placing it on the heated table as rapidly wipes the ink off, so that only that portion which fills the engraved lines remains. He then polishes the margin of the plate with whiting applied with the blackened palm of his hand, for nothing has been devised for this purpose that will take the place of the human hand. All this must be done with the utmost nicety to produce a good impression, yet one does not notice any evidence of special care, for each printer appears to be working with all the speed of which he is capable. He is paid by the piece. Like a flash he slides the inked plate upon its bed on the press, and at the same instant the helpmate of his toil, a young woman standing at the other side of the press, places a sheet of the precious paper accurately on the plate; then grasping the long blackened handles of the press the printer pulls them carefully around until the plate and its printed sheet emerge on the other side. The young woman now carefully lifts the sheet from the plate, and lo! at last the beautiful new dollar! She closely examines it to see if it is perfect. If it is, she places it on the table at her side; if she thinks it is imperfect and the printer agrees with her, a rent is torn in the sheet and it is laid aside. If both are undecided it is left to the expert examiners who pass upon it later.

An automatic register is attached to each press so that every impression is recorded and another check is thus made on the counters and printers. The registers are locked and

the keys are always in the hands of the proper officials who, at the end of the day's work, examine the instrument and compare its figures with the number of sheets printed and wasted. Any loss unaccounted for must come out of the salary of the printer and his assistant. Such occurrences are extremely rare, but the rule holds, not only through each of the fourteen divisions of the bureau, but in the various divisions of the Treasury where the money is handled.

The 300 men and women we see working so rapidly in this large room, turning out dollars like corn from a sheller, are but a quarter of those regularly employed here. When revenue stamps were in great demand it required three shifts of 300 persons each to keep up with the demand for money and stamps. As soon as one shift went out, another came in, and the presses were flying all the time, night and day. In the hot summer days and nights the temperature of the room rose to a fearful height, the many gas jets adding their quota to the stifling atmosphere. It was not a pleasant sight to see so many young women standing all day at these presses, even though their work was light compared with that of the agile printers. They received $1.25 a day for their services, which was more than was paid for similar work in private establishments; yet none but the strongest could endure the strain a great while, and there was a constant call for recruits in those busy times.

Although the capacity of the bureau is often put to a test to meet the current demand for money and bonds, it is but a portion of its work, for here also are printed 4,000,000,000 postage stamps a year, to say nothing of revenue stamps. Some of the processes in making stamps are unique and interesting, but we will return later to observe them, and meantime we must follow our dollar.

After the sheets are printed on both sides, and have been passed by the official who keeps a complete record of their

number, they pass into the counting and examining division, where they are counted by women who do nothing but count, count, count, all day long week after week and year after year. Seated at their long tables, with heads decked with curious paper caps worn to protect their eyes from the strong light, their hands fly through the piles of greenbacks and bonds with marvelous rapidity and accuracy. After this count the sheets go to the drying-room in which a temperature of 120 degrees is maintained, and from which the sheets are received in a very wrinkled condition by expert examiners who are supposed to detect the slightest blemish. Every dollar must be absolutely perfect. Imperfect sheets are thrown aside to find their way to destruction, but a complete record is kept of them. The perfect sheets are then placed under the enormous pressure of over 200 tons, and in a few minutes they reappear with that smoothness and crispness characteristic of brand-new bills.

While every bill of each denomination is supposed to be exactly alike, in one respect they are all dissimilar. Each must have an individuality, so that if stolen it can be identified. To secure this the printed sheets are taken to a division where rattling little machines fill the room with noise, but where, unlike the press-room, everything is bright and clean. The numbers in the upper right- and lower left-hand corners of our dollar are here stamped by these noisy little machines run by women. The work requires great skill and experience, and mistakes are frequent, each woman being allowed to spoil ten out of every thousand sheets, though when thoroughly skilled they seldom spoil as many as that. Spoiled sheets are punched full of little holes and laid aside for destruction. There are many fatalities even in the infancy of a dollar.

The sheets are now ready to be returned to the Treasury, but they await the journey behind strong vault doors provided with half a hundred bolts and a time lock, so that no

INSIDE THE TREASURY. THE ROOM IN WHICH UNCLE SAM'S PAPER DOLLARS ARE NUMBERED AND TRIMMED

All bank notes, bills, and securities, excepting pension checks, are numbered in this room by machines run by women. Great skill and experience are required. Mistakes are frequent, but each woman is allowed to spoil ten out of every thousand sheets. The numbering machines are on the left, the trimming machines on the right.

man or set of men can open them till the time for the great black wagon to arrive. Often there are over 200,000,000 dollars worth of bonds and money in this vault.

Arriving there every morning at 9 o'clock, the packages, still uncut, go through another of the counting tests to verify the account between the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and the Division of Issue. This over, the sheets pass to the sealing-room, where large presses stamp upon each note the seal of the Register of the Treasury, in red or blue according to the denomination and character of the note. A group of visitors is nearly always seen standing before the screen which separates the presses from the public halls, fascinated by the sight of so many sheets of money dropping in rapid regularity before their eyes — thousands and thousands of dollars at a time. In more than one spectator there wells up a feeling that where it is so easy to make money, it ought not to be so difficult to get it. He thinks how happy he might be if he could only hold his hand under one of the presses for but five minutes; and it is hard to explain to some visitors that these paper bills are not real money but only its shadow, and that if everyone could have all he wanted of the paper it would not be worth anything to anybody.

The sheets now go to the cutting-room, where another small army of women in clean attire and dainty white aprons are in strong contrast with the women of the wetting-tubs and the hand-presses. It is here that our dollars cease to march in fours and break into single file. The sheets are stacked up in piles with the utmost nicety and passed under the cutters — little guillotines whose shining blades easily slide through the paper, thus separating the four notes at a single stroke, each note passing into its proper place to be tied up in a standard package. How swift the process compared with that of a few years ago. Formerly the cutting was done by a bevy of women armed

with long shears, — the first work ever performed by women in the departments, — and it came about in this way:

In the Civil War days, when tens of thousands of men were withdrawn from civil labor, and when one day's expense to the government equaled a whole year's in the time of George Washington, Treasurer Spinner went to Secretary Chase and said: "A woman can use scissors better than a man, and she will do it cheaper. I want to employ women to cut the Treasury notes." Mr. Chase consented, and soon the great rooms of the Treasury witnessed the unwonted sight of hundreds of women, scissors in hand, cutting and trimming each Treasury-note sheet into four separate notes. Washington was full of needy women; women whom the exigencies of war had suddenly bereft of protection and home. Every poor woman who applied to the good Treasurer was given work if he had it. A pair of scissors were placed in her hands, and she was told to go at it. The shears have long since vanished, but the women have remained, and furthermore have invaded every department of the government and proved their right to hold their positions by their steady application, superior skill, and the wonderful accuracy they have shown.

Another count; the last of the fifty-two which marks the long process, and the most expert and interesting count of all. Here are more than fifty maids and matrons, counting the new notes, our dollar among the rest. Crinkling, fluttering, flying, the dollars! Serene, silent, swift, the women! That anything can be counted so rapidly and yet so accurately, defies belief. It is the marvel of this counting, that it is as infallible as it is speedy. The fingers of the women play the part of perfected machinery, the numbered notes passing through them with the celerity and regularity of automatic action. You could not count the rapid movements of the fingers of any one of these women if you tried, and yet as she unties a package, holds it up in

WOMEN'S WORK IN THE TREASURY. COUNTING UNCLE SAM'S NEWLY PRINTED DOLLARS.

Every dollar and all the bonds issued by the Government have passed through the hands of these expert counters, who count and examine more than a million dollars a day with a celerity that is perfectly astonishing. It is impossible to count the rapid movements of the fingers of any one of these women. Each one will average counting 32,000 notes a day. They do nothing but count all day long, week after week and year after year. No one in the world has handled so many dollars as they.

her left hand with the face of the notes upward and with her right lifts the upper right-hand end of every one of the 4,000 notes, she not only counts but scans each note for imperfections in texture, printing, sealing, or cutting, and sees that the numbering is in due order and that none are missing. It is a revelation of what the trained eye and hand and mind can do.

It is commonly supposed that habitual application to routine work breeds carelessness and a sort of mental blindness, but here more than fifty women count with unwearied vigilance, discernment, and accuracy, at a speed so extraordinary that each one of them passes through her hands an average of 32,000 notes a day, nearly two for every second she works! So trained have their eyes become that the slightest irregularity of form or color is noted. This perfection of mathematical movement is acquired only by long practice and by one order of intellect. There are persons who can never acquire this unerring accuracy of mind and motion combined. The counting is facilitated, indeed made possible, by the fact that the notes as they fall from the cutting machine lie in exact progression of number, so that the counter need only take cognizance of the final unit, sure that so long as these run continuously no mistake has been made; but to guard against any possible error the notes are here counted five times by different counters. Through the swiftly-flying fingers of these deft women has passed every dollar in circulation, and every dollar of the million a day that is constantly going out must pass through their hands, and all the bonds as well. No one in the world has handled so many dollars as they, and yet very few of these dollars go to them. For less than twenty-five dollars a week they count 25,000,000 of dollars.

Having thus received the final count, the money is entrusted to the sealing clerk, whose duty it is to wrap the packages and seal them with the special seal of the Issue

Division of the Treasury of the United States. They then go to the vaults, there to await the call of the Treasurer and the mandate of Uncle Samuel. Thus our dollar is finished. After all these processes and all these counts, which one might think would have worn it to shreds, it is at last ready for its adventurous career in the busy world. Some day, when the doors of the great vault open, our new dollar goes out and into the outstretched hands of some one of the tens of thousands who are clamoring to obtain possession of it. Its unsullied purity will not last long.

If it endures the hardships of its public career, if it is not burned to ashes in some conflagration, chewed up by some animal, or lost in some place never to be found, it will return to its birthplace in about three years, possibly sooner, looking very shabby and very wretched. By that time it will have grown tired of the world and returned home to die.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

WOMEN'S WORK IN THE TREASURY. COUNTING, IDENTIFYING, AND ASSORTING WORN-OUT MONEY.

All worn-out money returned to the Government by National Banks or from other sources to be "redeemed" is first counted and assorted by expert women, who, at the same time, keep a keen eye for counterfeits. More than $160,000 of worn-out money is here daily received for redemption. Each counter sits at a desk by herself, that the money committed to her care may not become mixed with that to be counted by any other person.

CHAPTER XIII.

EXTRAORDINARY PRECAUTIONS AGAINST COUNTERFEITERS, BURGLARS, AND THIEVES — WOMEN AS EXPERT COUNTERFEIT DETECTORS — THE FUNERAL OF A DOLLAR.

Coming Home To Die — Ill-Smelling Companions — A Dirty-Looking Mob of Dollars — The Experts' Secluded Corner — Among Shreds and Patches of Money — Chewed by Pigs and Rescued from a Slaughter House — Taken from the Bodies of the Dead — An Iowa Farmer's Experience — A Michigan Tax Collector and His Goat — Women's Skill in Restoring Worn-out Money — Bills Reeking with Filth — Detecting Counterfeits — A Woman's Instinct — "That's Counterfeit!" — How the Treasury Was Swindled by a Woman — An Ingenious Device — Some Precious Packages — The Return of the Dollar — Nearing Its End — From a Palace to "a Pig's Stomach" — The Macerater — Chewing Up Over $166,000.000 at One Gulp — The Funeral of a Dollar — "Pulp It Was; to Pulp It Has Returned."

OUR dollar is not allowed to die peacefully. Counted at every stage of its growth from a piece of white paper to a full-fledged note; counted by all sorts and conditions of people in its migratory career, it comes back tattered and torn only to be counted and counted again. For it stands for a dollar so long as it is in existence. It cannot enter into its rest until a new dollar goes out to take its place, and a new dollar must not go out until the government is sure that the old one is not a counterfeit. To verify this there is another force of counters in the Redemption Division, women whose deft and delicate fingers are ceaselessly busy detecting counterfeits, or identifying, restoring,

counting, and registering worn-out bills which have come home to be "redeemed." Each counter sits at a table by herself, that the money committed to her care may not become mixed with that to be counted by any other person.

Our dollar bill does not come back alone, like a forlorn prodigal. It is accompanied by a great cloud of ill-smelling witnesses — the dirtiest-looking mob of dollars you ever saw. Thousands are received daily from banks and sub-treasuries, and the receiving-room is always piled high with them. The receiving clerk delivers the packages, still sealed, to the expert counters, each of whom receipts for the packages she receives and becomes responsible for the whole amount till it leaves her hands. Having verified the count in the package, the notes are sorted out into packages of one hundred notes each and bound with a manilla wrapper. Fragments are turned over to special women experts for identification.

These experts work in a secluded corner amid shreds and patches of money, or what was once money, our dollar, perhaps, included. Every piece presents a problem which, though difficult of solution, has its compensations in the special features it may afford for the ingenuity of the patient expert. The women do their work with surprising accuracy and dexterity, though it is far from pleasant, for the money is sometimes frightful stuff, exhaling a shocking odor.

The identification and restoration of defaced and mutilated notes is a very difficult and important operation. From the toes of stockings, in which they have been washed and dissolved; from the stomachs of animals, and even of men; from the bodies of drowned and murdered human beings; from the lurking places of vice and of deadly disease, these fragments of money, whose lines are often utterly obliterated, whose tissues emit the foulest odors, come to the Treasury, and are committed wholly to the supervision and skill of women.

MRS. REV. STEPHEN BROWN.

Over thirty years in service of the United States Treasury. The greatest living expert in identifying burned, mutilated, and unrecognizable money sent for redemption.

MRS. PATTI LYLE COLLINS.

Twenty-five years in the Dead Letter Office. The greatest living expert in deciphering illegible and defective letter addresses.

FOUR HIGH-PLACED WOMEN EXPERTS IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE.

MRS. W. A. LEONARD.

Forty-one years in the United States Treasury and the fastest money counter in the service. The largest amount counted by her in one day was $12,030,000.

MRS. S. F. FITZGERALD.

In service of the United States Treasury for nearly forty years. It is said of her that she knows more about National Bank notes than any other person living.

Here are pulpy bits of bills that have been chewed up by pigs and rescued from a slaughter house; but this expert can prove to you that this pig chewed a ten-dollar bill or a five-dollar bill, and possibly she will be able to tell you the numbers of the notes. Of course there are restrictions upon the redemption of fragments, the amount allowed being proportioned to the pieces identified in such a way as to make overpayment practically impossible. The experts have a copy of every bill which has ever been printed by the government. These are used as models as soon as enough fragments of a mutilated bill have been laid out to establish its issue. No bill has ever been received at the Treasury Department in a condition which has made it impossible for the experts to establish its character beyond doubt.

Bills that have been chewed by mice puzzle the experts more than any other kind of mutilated money. Each of the minute pieces is carefully laid out on a hard, flat surface, and with the assistance of a strong magnifying glass the pieces are assembled together in their proper relation.

The department requires that at least three-fifths of a mutilated bill shall be recovered before the government will redeem it. Usually each mutilated bill is carefully pasted on a backing of paper the size of the complete bill. The expert has a piece of glass the exact size of the bill. This glass is divided into forty squares. When placed over the bill, if the experts can find that the remnants fill twenty-four of the squares, or three-fifths of all of them, the bill will be redeemed.

Goats seem to have a special liking for Uncle Sam's money. An Iowa farmer, while at work in his fields, removed his vest and placed it on a fence, from whence it fell to the ground. An inquisitive goat chanced to pass that way and nosed six five-dollar bills out of the pocket. No one saw him eat the bills, but when the farmer again

put on his vest he found the money had mysteriously disappeared. The goat was suspected and killed, and the bills were found in a lump in his stomach. When received at the Treasury Department the mass had hardened into a little dark brown lump that resembled anything but money. The mass was soaked until the minute particles separated, and skillful fingers accustomed to the work, separated each piece. In two hours the entire six five-dollar bills had been pieced together and were redeemed.

Only recently a Michigan tax collector, who had small faith in banks, stored $800 in a tin can for safe keeping over night and hid it under his house. One portion of the house was elevated so that the family goat was able to walk under it. The next morning, just as the tax collector started to crawl under the house to get his improvised safe, he saw his goat slowly emerging and chewing on the remnants of a twenty-dollar bill. The excited collector caught the goat and forced a portion of the bill from his mouth. The collector was a poor man and was faced with the necessity of making good the amount of funds due to the county. He killed the goat, secured the contents of the stomach, made the necessary affidavits as to the circumstances, sent the mass of chewed bills to Washington, and within ten days bright, new, crisp bills for the entire amount were sent to him.

Frequently large amounts of money are received which keep these experts busy for months. The most noted case was that of a paymaster's trunk that was sunk in the Mississippi, in the *Robert Carter*. After lying three years in the bottom of the river, the steamer was raised, and the money, soaked, rotten, and obliterated, given to a Treasury woman for identification. She saved $185,000, and the Express Company, which was responsible for the original amount, presented her with $500 in grateful recognition of her services. After the great Chicago fire large amounts of

WOMEN EXPERTS IN THE TREASURY IDENTIFYING BURNED MONEY FOR REDEMPTION.

On the expert's desk is a lot of burned bills, and she, with a magnifying glass, is in the act of determining their denomination. In her left hand she holds a new, perfect bill for comparison. On the top of her desk are bundles containing thousands of dollars of mutilated bills awaiting identification. Money has here been received as taken from the stomachs of animals, and from the bodies of drowned human beings; some of it has been chewed up by pigs, goats, and mice, or lain at the bottom of rivers for years.

charred money were received for redemption, and over $1,000,000, or over seventy-five per cent. of all that was sent in, was redeemed after the most careful and painstaking work. There was a similar experience after the Boston fire.

Burned money is very difficult for government experts to work on. Recently an elderly German woman living in Baltimore came in great distress to the department. She had the charred remnants of some money, which was, she claimed, all that remained of the savings of forty years. She thought there was at least $500 in the original roll. On the evening before, as she knelt at her devotions, a lamp in the room toppled over and set fire to a dress skirt in which she kept her savings. She collected as much of the charred money as she could, and sympathetic friends sent her to the Treasury Department. She sat in a room rocking to and fro, crying and sighing while half a dozen experts worked on the money. In three hours she received over $300 of the amount, and the assurance that if she could secure the rest of the debris more money might be refunded to her.

The women who take care of notes that are only soiled and worn are equally expert in detecting counterfeits, which is not so easily done in an old as in a new bill. They scrutinize each note carefully, and can generally tell, so expert and trained are they, whether it is genuine or counterfeit, or whether it has been "raised." Treasurer Spinner, who, as already stated, was the first official to employ women in the department, used to say: "A man will examine a note systematically and deduce logically, from the imperfect engraving, blurred vignette or indistinct signature, that it is counterfeit and be wrong four times out of ten. A woman picks it up, looks at it in a desultory fashion of her own and says:

"'That's a counterfeit!'

"'Why?'

"'Because it is,' she answers promptly, and she is right eleven times out of twelve."

Yet this accuracy is hardly to be credited wholly to woman's instinct. Founded upon a subtle perception and a sensitiveness of touch, it develops from experience. Furthermore all women do not excel as counterfeit detectors; nor can all become experts as restorers and counters of paper money. But wherever a woman possesses native quickness, combined with power of concentration, with training and experience, she in time acquires an absolute skill in her work, which, it has been proved, it is impossible for men to attain. Her very fineness of touch, swiftness of movement, subtle intuition, and keenness of sight give her this advantage.

The temptations to dishonesty are great, and in the history of the office there have been cases of theft and dishonesty. The most famous swindle was that perpetrated by a woman who invented a method of making nine notes out of eight; that is, she would cut a small section from each of eight notes, and when these pieces were joined together nine notes would be redeemed at face value. Nobody ever knew how much she stole before she was caught, but she gave up a large portion of her ill-gotten gains and was never prosecuted. She is the only woman ever employed by the government who ever tried to steal, or in any way proved dishonest. This method has been tried by swindlers less expert, but has never since succeeded. In a frame hanging on the wall of the office of the Treasurer may be seen what purports to be a five-hundred-dollar bill, made up of sixteen pieces cut from various parts of sixteen genuine bills which had been sent in for redemption as "mutilated." The fragments when pieced together made up a seventeenth bill, which might have been accepted had it been less clumsily fabricated.

Each counter enters in a book having a blank duplicate

form for the purpose, a statement of the result of her count, containing the net amount found to be due the owner, the aggregate of "shorts" or "overs" or counterfeits, if any. One of these duplicates is retained in the book as her voucher. Counterfeit bills are returned to the Treasury for reference to the Secret Service. The counter then places her precious packages in boxes which are carried to the canceling-room, and never for a moment do they leave her sight so long as she is responsible for them. The counters now gather round a table in the canceling-room and receive receipts for the amount in their respective packages, which are then placed under the canceling-machine. Two holes are punched in the top of the notes and two in the bottom. The packages then go to the cutting-machine, where a huge blade cuts through the middle of each lengthwise, the labels of each half having the initials of the counter and the amount of money the package contained. The upper half goes to the Register's office and the lower half to the office of the Secretary of the Treasury. In each office every wretched little half of a bill is counted again, and if these final counts agree with that of the count in the Redemption Division, the money is at last ready for destruction.

Alas! for our dollar that went forth from the paternal door — as many another child has done — unsullied, only to return at a later day from its contact with the world, begrimed, demoralized, despoiled. Where is our pretty dollar, fresh and pure? Every delicate line defaced, tattered, filthy, worn out — this wretched little rag, surely, cannot be it! And yet it is. This is what the world's hard hand has made our dollar. It is nearing its end. It has been counted for the last time. The dollar that takes its place has already gone out into the world to go through very much the same experience.

There is not much left of our poor little dollar, and nothing left for us but to go to its funeral. Like most of

us, it has had rather a hard time in this world of ours. Where has it not lived — from a palace to a "a pig's stomach"; and what has it not endured — from the scarlet rash to the small-pox — and to think that nothing remains for it now but to be cut to pieces and macerated!

Formerly old bills were cremated in a furnace located in a small building on what is now the White Lot. The "Burning Committee," bearing the boxes of doomed dollars, used to go to this fiery furnace daily and throw into it their precious cargo where it was supposed to be consumed. But the process was found to have dangerous possibilities. Paper in tightly-wrapped packages does not always burn well, and a portion of a thousand-dollar bill might be left in the ashes or blown out of the smoke stack, and some day turn up for redemption again. Besides, on one occasion several notes were in some way abstracted.

So the macerater was devised, and now the poor worn-out dollar, instead of being burned, is first cut in two and then soaked until it is dissolved to pulp. The macerater is in the basement of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. It is a huge steel receptacle, very much resembling a large boiler to a steam engine, and is made to revolve on its axes. Its interior is partly filled with water, and is fitted with angle irons, which, as the boiler revolves, beat and mash the contents exceedingly fine. On one side of the boiler is a round opening covered by a massive steel lid which is secured by three Yale locks, each with its individual key. One is held by the Treasurer, another by the Secretary of the Treasury, and a third by the Comptroller of the Currency. Nearly every day these three officials or their deputies, with a fourth designated by the Secretary, who are known as the Destruction Committee, assemble at an appointed time in the room directly over the macerater, to deposit in it the money to be destroyed. The money is brought from the Treasury in the Treasury wagon, under

THE FUNERAL OF UNCLE SAM'S PAPER DOLLARS. THE TREASURY DESTRUCTION COMMITTEE DESTROYING $5,000,000 IN PAPER MONEY.

Worn-out paper money is destroyed by being ground to pulp in the "macerater." Treasury officials meet here for this purpose every day. After being weighed, the money is deposited on a table, on one side of which is a large funnel leading through the floor to the macerater, or boiler, beneath. When all is ready, the huge pile of money is pushed into the funnel and a brawny colored man hastens its progress into the macerater with a pole. The largest sum ever destroyed here at one time was $166,095,000.

an armed guard, and after being weighed is deposited on a large table, on one side of which is a huge copper funnel which, when let down, fits into an opening in the floor and connects with the inlet to the macerater beneath. Each key holder unlocks his individual lock, the heavy lid is lifted, the funnel is let down into the hole in the floor, the seals to the packages of bills are broken, and when all is ready the officials, assisted by one or two trusted workmen, push the huge pile of money into the funnel, through which it finds its way into the maw of the insatiate monster beneath. A brawny colored man with a long pole ruthlessly hastens its progress into the open jaws of the macerater, which, in this way, chews up nearly 2,000,000 dollars a day. It has been known to take 166,095,000 dollars at one gulp — the largest amount of paper money ever destroyed by Uncle Sam at one time.

When all the bills have been forced in, the funnel is withdrawn, the lid is shut, the locks are again turned, the machinery is set in motion, the great boiler revolves, grinding and cutting the water-soaked bills into an unrecognizable mass. Alas! it is the funeral of our once clean, crisp dollar. Worn out, used up, gone by — millions of dollars pass into the macerater, our dollar with the rest. At the proper time a valve is unlocked and a mass of liquid pulp flows out of the macerater into a pit below. This is now generally rolled out into boards for bookbinding purposes and sold at forty dollars a ton. Thus the cover of this very book may one day have represented a million dollars or more. Some of the pulp is purchased by souvenir makers who fashion from it models of the Capitol, alleged busts of famous men, queer-looking animals and odd toys, many of them bearing some such legend as this: "Value $3,000,000."

Thus ends the story of our dollar. It has had its day. Pulp it was; to pulp it has returned.

CHAPTER XIV.

OFFICIAL "RED TAPE"—SOME LITTLE-KNOWN ACTIVITIES OF UNCLE SAM'S HOUSEHOLD—WONDERFUL WORK AND ASTONISHING FACTS.

Official "Red Tape"—Fraudulent Claims—Guarding Against Errors in Accounts—An Incident of the Civil War—An Unknown Friend Who Loaned the Government a Million Pounds—Who Was He?—A State Secret—An Important Meeting at the White House—Signing Ten Million Dollars Worth of Bonds Against Time—How It Was Done—600 Bookkeepers at Work—Ignorant Country Postmasters—Money Orders that Are Never Presented for Payment—An Unsolved Mystery—Thousands of Dollars Not Called For—How the Money Rolls into Uncle Sam's Tills—Smugglers and Their Ways—A Dangerous Class of Defrauders—A Wonderful Pair of Scales—Some Astonishing Facts About Weights and Measures.

N following the history of a dollar from its birth to its destruction we have seen but a small part of the numerous activities carried on by the Treasury Department. For every room we have entered there are dozens of others just as interesting to anyone except to the plodding followers of official routine who work within them. Should we undertake to follow a claim against the government in its official journey we should be compelled to pass from one room to another, from one division to another, and from one set of bookkeepers and counters to another. We should then discover that the much-derided "red tape" methods of the government, really provide an elaborate system of safeguards against fraudulent claims and errors in accounts, and that

all through the intricate machinery one set of clerks keeps a check on another, and that in the final test all must fit like the everlasting cogs in two cogwheels.

How many different sets of books are kept no one has ever taken the trouble to learn. How many books have been written full and are packed away in great heaps in basement and attic can only be guessed at. How many files of claims that have been paid and which have each been the various rounds of official signing and countersigning, are stored away in this great clearing house of the government no one can tell. Every year the mass accumulates, and every Secretary of the Treasury in his report to Congress calls attention to the fact that these records are packed away in such a condition that a fire may occur at any time and wipe out millions of vouchers. This might result in numberless claims being brought against the government by those who, though well aware that they had been paid once, would take advantage of the destroyed voucher to press the claim again.

The officer immediately in charge and responsible for all the public moneys is the Treasurer. He pays the interest on public debts, has charge of the issue of notes, and is the custodian of the bonds held to secure the notes of national banks. The Register of the Treasury signs the issues of United States bonds, enters the registered bonds, and signs transfers of money from the Treasury to any depository; in fact one of his chief duties is the signing of his name.

Once in the dark days of the Civil War, when the Confederate government was having fitted out in England two privateers like the *Alabama*, our Minister to England endeavored to prevent their departure, and found that the only way by which this could be done was to put up £1,000,000 sterling — nearly $5,000,000 — as a bond to indemnify England against loss if the ships were detained. This the Minister could not do; but just when he was in despair, an Eng-

lishman who knew of the affair and was a friend of the Union, offered the Minister the million pounds on condition that his name should be kept a secret. The offer was accepted, but the Minister engaged to have $10,000,000 of United States bonds deposited as security for the Englishman and to have them in London by the next steamer. There were no ocean cables in those days, and the letter from the Minister did not reach Washington till one Friday night. The steamer on which the bonds must go was due to sail on the following Monday.

At 11 o'clock that Friday night the Register of the Treasury was called to the White House, where he found Lincoln, Seward, and Chase in consultation. Great danger threatened the Union, they said, if these vessels should leave England, and they wanted to know if $10,000,000 in bonds of $1,000 each could be signed and sent on next Monday's steamer. The Register thought it could not be done unless he should sign as long as he possibly could and then resign so that the President could appoint another Register to continue the task without a break.

But this plan might make the bonds irregular and was considered only as a last resort, so the Register set to work signing the bonds. He signed for seven hours steadily, a messenger taking each bond as quickly as it was signed and leaving a new bond under the Register's pen. Saturday morning his hands began to inflame, acute pains set in, but still the work went on, always the same mechanical repetition of the same movements of hand and arm in writing his own name. A physician was constantly on hand; prepared foods were given and stimulants were administered at intervals; but weakness crept on apace, and the task was proving too much for human endurance.

At four o'clock on Sunday morning the physician informed the Register that if he signed any more bonds it would endanger his life; but he kept on, signing more and

more slowly and laboriously. He could not remain in one position for any length of time, and the bonds were carried from table to table to break up the dreadful monotony. His fingers and hand were drawn and twisted. Finally at noon on Sunday the last bond was signed, the last hundred taking longer than the first thousand. They were hurried to New York and were placed on the steamer, arriving in London in due time. Who that English benefactor of the Union was is a secret to this day. The Register collapsed completely after the task was finished, and it was months before he recovered from the strain. The Register of the Treasury seldom has such a task as that to perform, but he is often obliged to do nothing but sign his name for hours and hours to Uncle Sam's money and papers.

A Comptroller of the Treasury is a superior supervising officer of accounts, settling them when acted upon by auditors. His decision rules in the adjustment of accounts, and is even binding on the Secretary of the Treasury. When a Comptroller once told the President that no one could overrule him, not even the President, the latter admitted it, but calmly suggested that he could appoint a new Comptroller. The incident indicates how complete a master the President is throughout all the departments. He is not compelled to retain troublesome subordinates. When one who, by reason of the importance of his office or the plenitude of his powers, is so rash as to disregard the wishes of the President, off goes his official head, if the President thinks best, and as the subordinates know this and have no great wish to lose their positions, the civil army is generally well disciplined.

The office of the Comptroller of the Currency was not established till 1863 when national banks were created, and his duty is generally to supervise them and their relations to the government; thus he is not concerned with the regular routine of accounts.

There are six auditors in the Treasury who examine and

pass upon all accounts. Each of these officials has a deputy, chiefs of several divisions, and an army of clerks. To describe the various operations in one of these offices is to describe all. The office of the Sixth Auditor is exclusively the Auditor of the Post-office Department, and his office is the largest auditing-office in the world. His duties consist of the examination and settlement of all accounts pertaining to the nearly 80,000 post-offices of the country, as well as of the mail and transportation service. There was a time when the Postmaster-General kept his own books, but now it requires an army of 600 people to keep them.

The account of every post-office, from that of the city of New York, whose postmaster has a salary equal to that of a Cabinet officer, to those of the most insignificant cross-roads post-offices in the country paying a salary of only a few cents a year, must pass through the Auditor's office. Generally the small accounts are far more troublesome than the large ones. Each postmaster must render a statement of his transactions every three months, and where there is a change of postmasters two reports must be sent for that quarter. These accounts come into the Auditor's office by the bushel, and each must be opened, sorted, and delivered to the proper division, examined, verified, corrected if need be, and registered. Every figure must be scrutinized, and sometimes they have to be scrutinized very closely to determine whether they are figures or not. Every account passes through four divisions and must pass at least nine sets of clerks — opening clerks, stamp clerks, examining clerks, balance clerks, file clerks, etc. When the registers are made up, they pass to the bookkeeping division, where the whole is crystallized into something like 100,000 different accounts, kept so systematically that the condition of each post-office and mail contractor in the country may be seen at a glance; and then the original accounts and vouchers are filed away.

The money order department was not established till 1864 and has been increasing by leaps and bounds, year after year, till now the domestic and foreign money orders number over 30,000,000 a year and aggregate in value over $200,000,000. All these vouchers — 100,000 a day — have to be handled in this great auditing-office. If you cashed a money order ten years ago in the remotest post-office in the land, you will find it on file here.

Why is it that so many money orders are never paid, and never appear in this great auditing-office for settlement? No one knows. Among nearly 80,000,000 people there must of course be many cases of suicide, murder, sudden death, and mysterious disappearance, and if these unfortunates held unpaid money orders they must vanish with them. If the story of each unpaid money order could be told, how many tragedies and romances would be revealed. It is not because these orders are carelessly lost, for a duplicate may be had upon application, and thousands of such are issued and paid every year. But for some unknown reason a large number of money orders are never presented for payment, and the government is largely the gainer thereby. How much this sum amounts to every year is not known outside of the government — and the government does not tell. It is supposed to run into the hundreds of thousands. There is always the possibility that some of these orders may ultimately turn up. Possibly some miserly people are keeping them in their old stockings rather than the bills or the coin for which they stand.

In auditing these accounts all money orders are sorted out by states and by officers, and checked against the offices issuing them. The charge upon the issued side of the issuing postmaster's account, and the credit upon the paid side of the paying postmaster's account for any given voucher should agree; but some of the backwoods postmasters know very little about bookkeeping, and tedious correspondence

and labor, and sometimes months of time, are wasted before these petty accounts of stupid postmasters can be straightened out. Every new postmaster means more vexatious grist for the auditing mill. At certain seasons this great office of 600 workers is buried under unsettled accounts, some of which are from three months to a year in arrears.

There is no more important bureau or branch office of any department of the government than the Sixth Auditor's office, for the necessary detail of its enormous business requires the highest order of clerical ability. Men and women who have passed the highest civil service examinations are employed here. A few manual positions are filled by persons who have not passed these examinations, but they must be capable and become experts in numbering, classifying, and filing post-office orders, vouchers, and the innumerable papers that must be preserved.

Another important bureau of the Treasury Department is the Internal Revenue Bureau, the offices of which are in the Treasury building. Under the ordinary revenue system, in which the tax is placed mainly on distilled spirits, beer, tobacco, oleomargarine, etc., the revenue collected amounts to about $150,000,000 a year. But under the emergency of war, when special taxes are imposed on some industries, and revenue stamps are required on official papers, bonds, checks, medicines, etc., the money rolls into Uncle Sam's tills in a mighty and ever-increasing flood, until such taxes are repealed.

The Commissioner of Customs superintends the collection of customs duties, the receipts from which amount to over $200,000,000 a year. This bureau also employs many special agents who keep a watchful eye, not only upon government servants in various customs districts, but also upon that large class of people — many of them of the highest standing — who undervalue their importations or endeavor to smuggle valuables in their trunks when

"returning from a summer vacation in Europe." Constant vigilance is required to prevent the operations of professional smugglers who haunt the Mexican and Canadian borders and who, with their confederates, form an adroit and dangerous class of defrauders of the government.

Under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury the government also provides for the safety of navigation. A Commissioner of Navigation makes it his business to keep informed of the condition of the merchant marine and to advise steps for its development. Marine Hospitals where sick seamen are received and cared for are managed by the Supervising Surgeon General, and a Supervising Inspector General of Steamboat Service endeavors through his agencies to minimize the loss of life from accident.

The Coast and Geodetic Survey occupies an old mansion near the Capitol, and is also under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury. Its duties are to make a survey of our entire coast line for a distance of twenty leagues from shore, and of all harbors; to locate all shoals and other dangers to navigation, and to chart all soundings for the use of navigators. It makes large maps which are printed by the government and exhibit the exact nature of the entire coast. The geodetic part of the work is confined to making an accurate survey of land lines across the continent, mainly with a view of determining the exact size and shape of the earth.

In the windowless basement room, originally built for a coal vault, in the building occupied by the Coast Survey, is mounted the most delicate pair of scales in the United States, which cost the government $1,500. They are part of the equipment of the Treasury Department's Bureau of Weights and Measures, which is attached to the Coast Survey, though why this should be so nobody has ever adequately explained.

So delicate are these scales that they will weigh accu-

rately a ten-millionth part of a grain. They are so sensitive that the warmth given off by the body of a person approaching them near enough to open the glass case or to shift the weights would expand the balance arms, and produce an appreciable error in the results. Therefore they have been so constructed that they may be operated at a distance of twenty feet. Three long brass rods extend from the base of the case containing the scales, and at the extremity of each is a wheel, and by turning these wheels the weights may be shifted from one pan to another, or any other necessary operations conducted. The readings are made through a small telescope mounted where the operator stands. On one side of the room the temperature is different from the other side, and whenever the instrument is used it has been found necessary to surround it with large sheets of asbestos paper. Corrections have to be made for the temperature, humidity, and density of the air. With each weighing there must be a reading of the thermometer, barometer, and hydrometer, and corrections to correspond to the conditions existing at the time.

Incredible as it may seem, the difference of an inch or two from the center of the earth, thousands of miles away, causes an appreciable variation in the weight of the objects. This is illustrated by placing two equal weights side by side in each pan, when the beam shows no variation. But place one of the weights on top of the other in one pan, leaving the other pair side by side in the other pan, and the balance will be disturbed. The weights used in this experiment are scarcely two inches in height, so that the difference in distance from the earth's center, considered in comparison to the distance itself, is infinitesimal.

The standard from which measures of length and mass are derived are stored in the same building. The standard of mass is a cylindrical-shaped piece of whitish metal about the size of a tennis ball. The standard of length is a bar of

the same silver-like metal about three feet long and a little less than an inch square. Each face is deeply grooved, and in one of the grooves at each end is a polished spot on which three delicate hair lines are marked. The middle one of these lines determines the end of the bar. The bar is a standard meter, and the cylindrical weight is the standard kilogramme. The material from which they are made is a mixture of platinum and iridium, the latter being added to give additional hardness to the metal which above all others is recognized as the most durable. The value of the metal alone in this standard meter is $1,500, but it has a much greater value from the labor expended in making it perfectly accurate.

The kilogramme and meter standards are the result of fifteen years' labor by a joint congress of scientists, supported by seventeen of the leading civilized nations. The International Metric Convention was organized in 1875, and on June 2, 1890, the President of the United States broke the seal of the standard kilogramme and meter which fell to the share of this country, and in the presence of the Secretary of the Treasury and a number of invited guests, assembled in the Cabinet room of the Executive Mansion, declared them officially adopted.

These originals have been used but once since. This was when a very accurate copy was made from each for practical use by the government bureau in regulating the standard weights and measures of the country. The original kilogramme was then placed under two glass bell jars, which were locked and sealed. No human hand has touched the kilogramme since it left the makers in Paris; what little handling has been necessary has been done with a pair of special forceps covered with soft chamois skin. This is to prevent increase of weight by the adhesion of minute quantities of foreign substances, or decrease of weight by an abrasion.

The standard meter is kept in a case of wood lined with velvet, and protected on the outside by a heavy iron cylinder with a screw cap. It is removed only on special occasions.

Although there has been no adequate legislation on the subject, the government attempts in a hap-hazard sort of way to supply the states with accurate standards of the ordinary pound, bushel, and gallon used in every-day commercial transactions. Each state is supposed to have a full set of the government prototypes, and to have an official sealer of weights and measures with a corps of inspectors under him; and then each municipality or township is supposed to have its duly-appointed authorities who have their working copies of the standard measures, and see that tradesmen do not employ false scales in dealing out their wares to the people.

That is the theory of it; the way it works out in practice is very different. The carefully worked-out standards which are furnished by the government are usually stored in cellars or unused vaults and their very existence forgotten. In one of the Eastern states it was discovered recently that the gold-plated half-bushel standard measure was being used to feed the horse belonging to the Assistant Chief of the Fire Department; the standard pound weight was busy holding a door open; the gallon measure found its sphere of usefulness as a cuspidor, and the smaller prototypes all had jobs as paper weights. In another state the custodian bored a hole in the standard of liquid measure and fitted it with a spigot in order to facilitate the measuring operations.

The advent of electricity and the general advancement of science has brought new work to the Bureau of Weights and Measures. It has also emphasized the need of adequate legislation under the constitutional power to provide the country with uniform standards. All over the land people are paying for electric light; and yet they have no standard by which to measure it or to gauge the size of their bills ex-

cept the dictum of the company which furnishes it. There is no legal standard of measure, and the ohm, which is borrowed from Germany, may be a big or a little ohm as it suits the company to make it. There is no standard candle power, and there is no way for a customer to know whether his lamp is of a certain brilliance or not.

There is almost no occupation where the need of accurate standards of some kind is not felt. For example, it is said that it is almost impossible to get an accurate clinical thermometer. A physician happens to have a high registering instrument, and all the patients he is called upon to examine show an alarming temperature. A surveyor has an inaccurate tape, and years later the error results in a lawsuit and great loss. Not long ago a discrepancy amounting to $50,000 between a bill of lading and the goods delivered was traced to a defective hydrometer used to gauge alcoholic spirits.

The last industry we shall mention that comes under the fostering care of the Treasury Department is the Light House Board, of which the Secretary of the Treasury is ex-officio President. It supervises the work of providing suitable buoys and lights, the coast being divided for this purpose into districts with a naval officer and army engineer assigned to each. Uncle Sam has over 1,200 lighthouses, each in charge of paid keepers; he has fifty lightships ever tossed about in their lonely positions on the restless sea; he maintains nearly 2,000 post lights, and over 1,000 men to attend to them. Besides these he has sprinkled the coast with bell buoys and whistling buoys, and he has nearly 400 fog horns operated by clockwork or by steam.

CHAPTER XV.

THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE — HOW COUNTERFEITERS, DEFAULTERS, AND THIEVES ARE CAUGHT — SOME REMARKABLE DETECTIVE EXPERIENCES.

A Secret Fund for Secret Purposes — Uncle Sam's Detective Bureau — Its Methods and Mysteries — Expert Sleuth-hounds — Eyes That Are Everywhere — Counterfeiters and Their Secret Workshops — A Skillful and Dangerous Class of Criminals — Where They Come From — The Museum of Crime in the Secret Service Rooms — Some Marvelous Counterfeits — Running Down a "Gang" — Wide-Spread Nets for Counterfeiters, Defaulters, and Thieves — Catching Old and Wary Offenders — Ingenious Methods — An Adroit Counterfeiter and His Shabby Hand-bag — A Mysterious Bundle — A Surprised Detective — What the Hand-bag Contained — How Great Frauds Are Unearthed — How Suspicious Persons Are Shadowed — A Wonderful Story of Detective Skill — Deceiving the Treasury Officials — Detective Experiences.

EVER since governments were formed, a secret service has played an important part in their affairs, and it has been regarded as a necessity in times of peace as well as in times of war. General Washington had such a service in the Revolution. Even Moses sent his spies into the promised land, and Joshua "sent out of Shittim two men to spy secretly."

Shortly after the establishment of the government, Congress appropriated $30,000 for the use of the President in maintaining a watch upon foreign agents and for similar purposes, and this sum is now annually drawn from the Treasury simply upon the certificate of the Secretary of State, no voucher of any kind being required. Nothing is known

outside of the State Department of how this money is spent, though doubtless there are many thrilling stories in the long history of this secret fund that will never be written. But this fund, appropriated for the sole use of the Department of State, forms no part of and has no connection with what is commonly known as the United States Secret Service, which by common misapprehension is supposed to do all the detective work of the government. As a matter of fact the Secret Service is established and maintained for the exclusive purpose of following up and capturing counterfeiters, and it forms a division by itself under the general direction of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The present organization really had its beginning in the early days of the Civil War, when Washington was a hotbed of Confederate spies, through whom Southern officials were kept advised of what was going on in the national Capital. Indeed, Southern generals were frequently better posted on coming events than were Northern generals. Even when General Butler was obliged to resort to the scheme of buying a hand organ and monkey to get one of his officers who understood Italian into Washington, the Southern generals were in close touch with many men and more women who secretly sympathized with the South, and who took advantage of high social position to become fully informed of the plans and secrets of the government. The demand for Union detectives for war purposes was soon followed by a demand for men to enforce honesty in the collection of the direct taxation imposed to raise money to carry on the war; and as soon as the government began to issue its bills of credit another demand quickly arose for men to detect and put a stop to their imitations by counterfeiters. The result was the establishment of a large Detective Bureau as an annex to the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, and its chief, who ranked as a colonel, was given such wide jurisdiction that his authority was exercised over all the de-

partments of the government. He called into his service an army of men whose antecedents were not known, and soon had a force of more or less questionable characters which is said to have numbered 2,000. The chief was practically a law unto himself, and among his subordinates corruption was rampant. So notorious were the abuses that crept into the Service that men who would never have thought of engaging in illegitimate enterprises went into the business of illicit distilling, bounty jumping, smuggling, counterfeiting, and other lawless practices.

After the war the spirit of reform gradually changed the character of government detective work, and laws were passed that practically placed the prevention of violations of the internal revenue laws in the hands of the Internal Revenue authorities, and customs violations under the Customs authorities, while the business of looking after counterfeiters was placed in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury through a division known ever afterward as the United States Secret Service. By good management and efficient work this Service gradually developed into its present prominence; and while its assistance may be obtained by other departments of the government at any time, it is organized purely by virtue of a law appropriating money for the detection and arrest of counterfeiters.

The $100,000 which is thus annually appropriated for the use of the Secret Service must be used exclusively for this purpose, with the exception of $2,000 which, by a recent enactment, is set aside for the investigation of claims for "reimbursement of expenses incident to the last sickness and burial of deceased pensioners." While this duty was placed in the hands of the Secret Service, it is such a small fraction of its work that it hardly rises to the dignity of an exception. It has no authority nor appropriation for the pursuit of defrauders known as "moonshiners" or "smugglers." Special agents in the Internal Revenue Bureau are

employed to detect and arrest the first, and similar agents in the Customs Bureau to capture the second.

Either of these bureaus, however, may call upon the Secret Service for help in undertakings that demand the highest detective skill, and for this the Service has become famous. Such calls are regularly made, but in all such cases the bureau requesting the service must pay the bills. If the Secretary of War wishes a force of detectives, as he did at the outbreak of our war with Spain, he can call on the Chief of the Secret Service, in which case the men assigned to the work must be paid by the War Department. The Secret Service Bureau makes no report except upon its own work as a division of the Treasury in detecting counterfeiters of notes and coins, and in arresting persons having in their possession materials for making bogus money.

Notwithstanding all the precautions taken by the government to make counterfeiting both difficult and dangerous, it costs Uncle Sam nearly $100,000 a year to maintain a corps of sharp detectives to keep counterfeits out of circulation and to keep such offenders in jail or under surveillance. There will alway be people ready to defraud the government at every opportunity, and the temptation to make and pass counterfeit money, even though all such offenders are sure to be captured sooner or later, is often too great to be resisted. The arrests for such offenses average about 700 a year and are made in every state of the Union. Over one-half of these arrests are for manufacturing, dealing in, and passing counterfeit coins, it being much easier to counterfeit silver coins than paper money; for silver itself is so cheap that bogus coins can be made nearly of standard weight and fineness, and still yield a fair profit. If silver passed more freely than it does, this form of counterfeiting would be dangerous; but fortunately not enough of such counterfeits can be placed in circulation to make the business pay.

Of the 679 arrests made by the Secret Service in one year, 469 were of this coin-counterfeiting class; 116 were for manufacturing and passing counterfeit paper money, and fifty-one were for altering government notes. The other offenses were of such a nature as lightening gold coins by clipping or drilling them, or counterfeiting foreign securities. The amount of counterfeit money captured was about $75,000. Cartloads of plates, dies, moulds, and miscellaneous appliances were captured and destroyed before the rogues had an opportunity to use them to any extent.

Of the counterfeits that make their appearance during the year, not more than two or three are usually dangerous, and of these very few are circulated before the offenders are caught. The amount of capital invested every year by counterfeiters in getting ready for their illegal operations amounts to far more than is ever made out of it; and yet in spite of discouragements, and of the fact that the chances are one hundred to one that such an enterprise cannot succeed, a new crop of self-deluded victims is constantly making its appearance. They come from various walks in life, from the street-corner loafer who forms a "gang" and makes money that is easily detected, to the accomplished villain who invests large capital, secures skilled accomplices, and sometimes turns out notes which are passed as genuine after close scrutiny by experts of the Redemption Bureau.

The Secret Service has its offices in the Treasury Building, and in outward appearances they are very much like other government offices; though if we could look behind the polished file cases we should find many a secret as curious as any in the annals of crime, and the records would reveal the wide-spread nets that have here been woven about unsuspecting criminals. Formerly one of the rooms was given up to the exhibition of some of the curious counterfeits and ingenious counterfeiting tools that have been captured, but the collection outgrew its quarters and it

was finally thought best to close the museum. It was believed by some that these curiosities of crime might have a bad effect upon the minds of weak individuals who came to gaze upon them. Still, a few rare specimens of the counterfeiters' art remain in the various rooms.

Here may be seen a one-hundred-dollar certificate made with a pen and with such consummate skill that it passed through the sub-treasury. It looks like a genuine note, but under a glass it is a most obvious counterfeit. On the walls hang some oil paintings, one, for example, of three barrels packed to overflowing with crisp government notes of various denominations. Twenty-dollar bills fall gracefully over the edges of the barrels, and bills of much larger denominations peep from the packages sticking up from the center. The figures and the engraving on these bills are painted in facsimile with the most painstaking care by an artist who was a genius and who received a good round price for this product of his skill; but one day the saloon keeper who had the picture hung in his gilded drinking palace beheld it ruthlessly seized by a man who turned out to be a Secret Service detective. Protests were useless; so were bribes; for the law expressly stipulates that no one shall have in his possession imitations of United States notes, even if they are in the form of a valuable painting. Many such pictures are seized every year. Occasionally new advertising schemes appear, involving the imitation of some of Uncle Sam's monied obligations, but the innocent perpetrators soon discover that they are violating a law that cannot be evaded.

The precise character of the operations of the Secret Service and the methods by which it works are naturally concealed from the public. It alone knows how thoroughly it has honeycombed the country with agents who often follow their intended victims for months before they strike. While the service is divided into certain districts with a

head of the detective force in each district, its men are constantly on the move. Its eyes are everywhere. The visitor is strangely impressed by the fact that he is in the presence of a force whose operations are going on in a silent manner, whose ends are accomplished by patient watching and waiting. The mystery that pervades these rooms is in odd contrast to the openness of all the other institutions of this democratic government. The detectives of the force are as ignorant as the public of the full workings of the office, and they only know that certain specified duties are theirs. Sometimes they are entirely ignorant as to whether other officers are detailed in their district, and it has often happened that one Secret Service employee has arrested another, leaving it to be supposed that the ever-watchful chief follows up his own men and that he takes no chances with a man whom he does not thoroughly know.

It is not easy to get good detectives who at the same time can be thoroughly trusted, and it is sometimes even necessary to enlist the services of a thief to catch a thief, but the arrest is generally placed in better hands. When the Service secures a detective at once sharp and trustworthy he generally becomes one of the permanent force, which is now sufficiently large to enable the chief to place in the field at any desired place a corps of the most capable "sleuth-hounds." The work requires a peculiar talent. It has its fascinations and its dangers. The detective must not only be keen but brave. He often takes his life in his hands, but he has a pistol in his pocket.

The successful manufacture of counterfeit coins or notes necessarily requires a combination of men; and the Secret Service usually assumes, when a new counterfeit appears, that there is a "gang" concerned in the plot. A counterfeiting gang is usually composed of one or more persons who provide capital for the purchase of presses and an engraver's outfit, and of an engraver and a printer, each of

whom must be a first-class specialist in his line. But exceptional cases occur, as, for instance, that of Peter McCarty and his wife, who were arrested a few years ago in St. Louis. McCarty possessed such unusual manual dexterity that he was enabled to carry on his counterfeiting operations for a long time without any other accomplice than his wife, who simply "pushed" or circulated the notes. Such cases baffle the detectives for a time.

The Chief of the Secret Service naturally makes it a business to keep informed of the antecedents and connections of men who have ever fallen under the suspicion of counterfeiting, and by keeping them under constant surveillance he can very often locate the guilty party simply by the character of the counterfeit that appears. Nothing can be taken for granted, however, and even if satisfied of the identity of the rascals, months are sometimes spent in weaving a web around them so as to catch them with sufficient evidence of their guilt. In a notable case not long ago the detectives were sure who the guilty parties were long before they had any evidence against them. An old offender named Brockway, living in New York, was believed to be interested in circulating new and dangerous counterfeits of a hundred-dollar bill. He was closely watched, and his occasional meetings with another man, whose name proved to be Doyle, led to an investigation of that person's movements. One day Doyle purchased a ticket for Chicago; a Secret Service man who was directly behind him did likewise. They were fellow travelers. Doyle did not leave the train and the detective's eyes did not leave Doyle, who was a very unconcerned and agreeable traveler, with no luggage but a small shabby hand-bag. When Doyle jumped from the train at Chicago, he was surprised to find himself arrested by his fellow traveler, who in searching the rusty hand-bag found none of the counterfeits he was looking for, but to his great surprise found instead, wrapped in

an old shirt, a package of counterfeit United States bonds to the value of $210,000!

It turned out that Doyle had made a previous visit to Chicago, where he had floated several of these counterfeit bonds successfully, the brokers being completely deceived by the expert character of the engraving and the agreeable personality of Doyle, who was now intending to float a much larger sum and retire with his accomplices into the safety of obscurity. He would very likely have succeeded, though no bonds of the denomination seized had ever been issued. It transpired upon fuller investigation that the engraver of this gang had been an employee of a private corporation that had once printed United States notes and bonds, though this is believed to be the only instance where advantage was ever taken of skill once employed by the government. The plate for the bonds was found buried on Long Island, and the whole outfit of the gang was captured.

It often happens that the agents of the Secret Service will, when in search of the perpetrators of one counterfeit, unearth a greater fraud; and it also frequently happens that the members of a gang are entirely new in the annals of the Service and are thus enabled to work their schemes without the disadvantage of having been under previous suspicion. Such a case came to light in 1899, and is not only one of the most remarkable cases in the records of the Service but well illustrates some of its effective methods. In the brains, capital, and skill employed in the scheme, it was unique. It involved men of high standing in their communities; it involved a plan for placing $10,000,000 of counterfeit silver certificates in circulation,—a plan which was absolutely perfect in all its details and failed only because of the cupidity of one of the engravers, who foolishly passed a few of the bills before the time was ripe. It involved also an extensive fraud in internal revenue stamps, the government being swindled out of $150,000 before the

offenders were captured. Never had there been a swindling scheme of such gigantic proportions, or such promise of success.

The plans of the swindlers were proceeding quietly and perfectly and without any suspicion on the part of the government till early in 1898, when the Sub-Treasury in New York called the attention of the department to what was suspected to be a counterfeit of the "Monroe head" one-hundred-dollar silver certificates. The engraving was perfect. The cashier at New York had been led to suspect the notes only because the carmine seal seemed to have a faded appearance, whereas the ink made and used by the government always holds its color. The suspected bills were submitted to experts in the Redemption Bureau in the Treasury and were declared to be genuine; indeed some of them had been already redeemed. They had passed the banks and sub-treasuries without raising a suspicion, and there was nothing to indicate that they were counterfeits except the possible fading of the seal. The Secret Service agents were entirely in the dark, for there was absolutely no clue to the perpetrators of the crime. To guard against the further circulation of so dangerous a counterfeit the whole issue of these notes, amounting to about $26,000,000, was called in to be exchanged for bills of other denominations. It is extremely rare that government experts fail to detect a counterfeit at once, for while it may be perfect enough to pass the inspection of casual observers, its spurious character will betray itself to the trained eyes of one who knows. But here were bills of the denomination of one hundred dollars which even the skilled experts in the Treasury had pronounced genuine, and no one had the least suspicion where they came from or how many might be in circulation.

But the Secret Service soon discovered a ray of light. By a painstaking process the counterfeited notes were traced to Philadelphia, and a suspicious connection was

found between Taylor & Bredell, a firm of engravers having an extensive plant at Ninth and Filbert streets, and W. M. Jacobs & Co. and W. L. Kendig, extensive cigar manufacturers of Lancaster, Pa. About the time that Chief Wilkie of the Secret Service had made this discovery and had found out that the cigar manufacturers had been using counterfeit revenue stamps since 1896, and that the deputy collector of internal revenue in the district in which the factory was situated was in the pay of the counterfeiters, the Collector began to suspect that something was wrong, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of both Kendig and Jacobs; but as this would have destroyed the net that the Secret Service was weaving about the conspirators, the action was stopped at Washington through the representations of Chief Wilkie, and the whole matter was placed in his hands. He knew that he was on the track of no ordinary counterfeiters. They were men of brains and means. They were also men of good reputations. They had United States revenue officers in their pay. Never before did the Secret Service more fully realize that it must have in its employ only men whom it could absolutely trust, and as the sequel proved it had "good men and true" in this emergency.

The problem now was to catch the conspirators with sufficient evidence to lead to their conviction. Detectives must shadow them night and day without once arousing their suspicion, and must spring like a tiger when the time was ripe. The business of the Philadelphia engravers was carried on in four rooms, and the sharp detectives who visited the place "on business" noted that the boy in charge of the front office never passed beyond the second room. When called, one of the proprietors usually came from the inner rooms and only after some delay. The outer office was locked by a Yale lock, and it was discovered that the office boy carried one of the keys. In course of time and

UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE DETECTIVES SURPRISING A DEN OF COUNTERFEITERS.

$100,000 is annually appropriated for the use of the Government Secret Service. Its methods of work are naturally concealed from the public, but its eyes are everywhere. The Chief of the Bureau can instantly place in the field at any desired point a corps of the most capable and experienced detectives in the world.

apparently in an informal manner, one of the detectives became acquainted and eventually quite "chummy" with the office boy. Meeting him on the street one night, the detective saluted him as usual, and after he had passed "happened to think," so he told the boy, that a friend of his, a theatrical manager, was looking for a few smart boys to take part in an opera. The boy was interested at once. How much would they pay? The detective named the salary, which was more than the boy was then earning, and the result was that the lad, brimming over with delight at such a fine chance, agreed to come to his friend's hotel that very evening, so that the manager could look him over and see if he would do. At the appointed time the boy promptly appeared. The "manager" (of the Secret Service) scrutinized him carefully and said he must see him in costume, whereupon he brought out a gorgeous suit with flaming red tights. The boy was more delighted than ever. He was taken to an adjoining room where he quickly slipped off his working clothes and soon made his appearance in the main room dressed in his opera costume. While being critically inspected by the manager, a detective slipped into the other room, took a bunch of keys from the boy's discarded clothes, and slipped down stairs to a locksmith who was in waiting. A duplicate was quickly made and the bunch of keys returned to the old clothes long before the lad had ceased to admire his form in a large mirror with which the room had been provided. Finally the manager thought he might do, but he would give him a definite answer in a few days when his opera plans were more complete. Meantime the lad was to say nothing about it, and with this injunction he reluctantly resumed his working clothes and went on his way, happy in his newly-found friends and his bright prospects.

There were many other steps yet to be taken, quite as elaborate as this which so well illustrates the methods of the

skilled and patient detective. Meantime all the suspected parties were closely shadowed, and in one way or another their carefully-concealed plans became known to the Service. One dark night when the shadowed engravers were reported to be safely at home and abed, the pickets of the Secret Service were placed for any emergency and the closely-guarded engraving establishment was quietly entered and its contents carefully noted. A watch was constantly maintained on all the suspected parties, and in due time all were arrested under circumstances which left them no alternative but to plead guilty. This took place fourteen months after the pursuit began. Not one escaped, and all the plates, paper, etc., were captured.

In commenting upon this successful work the Secretary of the Treasury said: — "That the vigilance of the Secret Service affords a protection of the highest value to our currency is a matter which admits of no possible doubt. It is gratifying to realize that no scheme, however formidable, for counterfeiting the money of the country has long succeeded in escaping detection of officers of this Service." This high praise is entirely deserved. It would be a good thing for every counterfeiter to study the records of the Secret Service before he decides to become rich in trying to imitate Uncle Sam's money. There are ways of cheating the government with impunity, but this is not one of them.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT — HOW AN ARMY IS RAISED, EQUIPPED, AND MAINTAINED — WHERE THE BONES OF LINCOLN'S ASSASSINS LIE.

In the Office of the Secretary of War — Pins and Tags on the Chess Board of War — Keeping Track of Our Soldier Boys — Soldiers Made of Wax — "Conquer or Die" — Trophies of War — Huge Boxes Labeled Like Coffins — Stored Behind Iron-Grated Doors — Curious Relics From Santiago and the Philippines — Handsome but Harmless Guns — Where and How the Record of Every Soldier Is Kept — Taking Care of the Sick and Wounded — Watching Other Nations — The Signal Service — A Dapper Man in a Blue Uniform — Watching for Raw Recruits — Passing the Surgeon's Examination — A Soldier's Life — A Surprised Lot of Red-Coats — Where the Bones of Lincoln's Assassins Lie — Dishonored Graves.

NCE, during the stirring days of civil strife, the tramp of soldiers and the rattle of drums were familiar sounds in the every-day life of the Capital, and even now there are occasional reminders in its busy streets of the pageantry of war. The sound of clattering hoofs may frequently be heard in the distance, and in a moment a troop of Uncle Sam's cavalry sweeps by, off, perhaps, to some remote military post or garrison. From the headquarters of the War Department in the great granite building just west of the White House has gone out an order. Every movement of the soldiers who carry our flag is recorded there. As we enter the office of the Secretary of War, we see hanging from the walls, or standing upon easels close to his chair, large maps into which at numerous points pins are stuck

and from their heads dangle minute tags. Each tag stands for a regiment, tells what regiment it is, who is in command, and the date when last reported. Every day as dispatches come in, pins and tags are moved about, and thus the Secretary knows at a glance where and how his infantry, artillery, and cavalry are located in our own or foreign lands. If an enemy is in the field, he has tags for him, and thus on these maps he can observe the movement of great armies on the chess board of war thousands of miles away.

On the walls of the Secretary's office are portraits of all the Secretaries of War from Henry Knox to the present, with the single exception of Jefferson Davis. There are also notable paintings of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, their frames draped with the Stars and Stripes.

Across the hall are the offices of the General in command of the army, while in the corridors in large glass cases, looking very precise and solemn, are wax figures of soldiers, life size, exhibiting the uniforms of various ranks, not only in the army of to-day but in the army of the Revolution and of the Civil War. One represents the dress of Washington's Life Guard, a service formed in 1776, presenting a brilliant appearance compared with the more somber hues of modern uniforms. The wax faces of these silent figures have a determined look well suited to their motto, which was, "Conquer or die."

By an act passed in 1814, captured flags and other trophies of war were given into the custody of the Secretary of War. The War of the Rebellion greatly increased this number, and for years these soiled and tattered banners were objects of great interest. The number of captured Confederate flags was large, and these faded, torn, bullet-ridden trophies were conspicuously displayed, and many Confederate veterans who had bravely followed them with fiercely-beating hearts in the fury of battle, and tens of thousands of Union Veterans who had as bravely fought

against them, came to look upon these blood-stained flags again and recall the grim memories of other days.

But as the ravages of time began to tell even more severely upon the flags than had the fierce battles in which they had once been proudly carried, public sentiment decreed that they should no longer aid in keeping alive sectional feeling by being displayed to the gaze of the curious. They are now packed in many huge boxes behind iron-grated doors in the sub-cellar of the building, labeled like so many coffins. Here unseen, in the darkness, these trophies of the great Civil War are folded away, never again to be unfurled. Once in two or three years the boxes are opened and the flags are treated with ammonia, but they are now very tender and can be handled only with the greatest care.

Mounted in front of the building are curious-looking cannons and mortars surrendered at Yorktown and at the Convention of Saratoga, but the oldest specimens of all are, curiously enough, some of the cannons captured in more recent years in the old fortresses of Santiago Harbor and at Manila. Some of these great copper smooth-bore cannon, most elaborately ornamented, had lain on the parapets of Morro Castle for 300 years, and while they look very fierce, they were almost as harmless at Morro as they are here with their enormous mouths open towards Pennsylvania Avenue.

The duties of the Secretary of War were defined by law immediately after the adoption of the Constitution, Washington selecting his favorite general, Henry Knox, for the post, which, it might be supposed, the new government, established by virtue of the hardships and bravery of the army in the field, would consider one of great importance. But it is one of the anomalies in our history that the early patriots failed to recognize the services of the army, which was treated with great injustice. Men and officers who had

given their time and property for the independence and welfare of the nation were turned out of service without pay or recognition of any kind.

But there was a fictitious fear of a standing army, largely born of the hatred of monarchical institutions. It was a fear which in less than a generation nearly brought the country to disaster. So far as the army was concerned in the War of 1812, there is little to relate with pride. Officers blundered, men misbehaved; there were failures everywhere leading to the destruction of the Capitol and other public buildings of the new government, and there was hardly a redeeming feature until Jackson with a command of volunteers defeated the English veterans at New Orleans. After this war the dominant party still hated anything like a standing army. When the War with Mexico broke out it numbered but 10,000 men, and the battles were mainly fought by volunteers who possessed splendid fighting qualities because many of them were trained to frontier life. Hostilities over, the army was again reduced to 12,000, and just before the War of the Rebellion it became so divided by sectional interests that it was hardly a factor. By enlisting volunteers the Union force was reorganized and increased to 186,000 in 1861; to 637,000 in 1862; to 910,000 in 1863 and finally to more than 1,000,000 in 1865. It required a year after this enlistment to fit these men for the field. When the Civil War closed the regular army was fixed at 25,000, where it remained until our war with Spain, when it was increased to 65,000 temporarily, and the fighting force was augmented by volunteers. In February, 1901, Congress enacted a law providing for a re-organization of the army on modern military lines, with a maximum force of 100,000 men and a minimum of about 63,000.

The regular army of to-day can be put in motion equipped ready for war service in less than six hours,

through the administration of the Secretary of War and his bureaus, each of which has an army officer at its head with the rank of a brigadier-general. Their elegant offices occupy the western portion of the State, War, and Navy Building. These bureaus, which are often decried as being notorious examples of official red-tape, have nevertheless been the growth of necessity and of experience. The Adjutant-General's department is charged with the correspondence of the army, the issue of orders, the records, and the recruiting. In his office is filed the exact status of every enlisted man or officer, and the records are as complete for the millions of men enlisted during the Civil War as for the army of to-day. To keep such extensive records requires a large force of clerks, and the work is now done in the old Ford's Theater building, where the visitor has but to give the name of any one who once fought for Uncle Sam, and down comes a file which gives the complete story of his service.

The Quartermaster-General's department is charged with supplying the army with clothing, forage, transportation, and, in fact, everything except what is eaten by the men or required in case of their illness. It must provide quarters for the men, stables for the horses, and wagons or carts or steamboats for transportation. Were this department not thoroughly organized and efficient in the highest degree, the whole army would speedily be demoralized.

The Subsistence department is in charge of the Commissary-General, whose duties, while not so complicated as those of the Quartermaster-General, are fully as important. "An army moves on its belly," is a saying which the officers of the army have had impressed upon them by experience in many a campaign. The magnitude of the operations which this department is sometimes called upon to perform is indicated by the fact that during the Civil War it disbursed $362,000,000 for supplies. In our war with Spain

it was called upon to provide an immense amount of rations upon short notice and in the height of the summer season in a tropical climate.

The Medical department is in charge of the Surgeon-General and must take care of the sick and wounded and do what is possible to prevent unsanitary conditions in camp. Their duties in the field are discharged through the Hospital Corps, which consists of non-commissioned officers or hospital stewards, and privates recruited from other branches of the service, and from men who have served not less than one year. At every post in the army there are at least one hospital steward and three privates who are instructed in their special duties both theoretically and practically, and drilled in the use of litters and ambulances with the same precision and attention to detail that marks other military exercises.

The Engineer's office, at the head of which is the Chief Engineer of the army, must plan and superintend the construction of all fortifications and bridges, besides making maps of the field of war. The Engineer Corps is thoroughly instructed in sapping, mining, pontooning, and in all other details of engineering for military purposes. In time of peace they make surveys of our great western country, and construct many public works.

The Ordnance department is in charge of the Chief of Ordnance, and has charge of all matters relating to the manufacture, purchase, and issue of arms and munitions of war. The arsenals of construction and storage are located at various convenient points in the country. The Chief of Ordnance has a staff of officers at Washington mainly employed on construction work, and has also an Ordnance Board of three members that has charge of experiments at the government proving-grounds at Sandy Hook, New York, where guns of all kinds are tested. At the proving-grounds the various inventions presented by

civilians from any part of the country are tested. The inventor, usually through his member of Congress, approaches the Secretary of War with his new or improved contrivance, which may be a gun, a balloon, a shell, a fuse, or anything pertaining to arms or ammunition, and his request is referred to the Ordnance department. Unless the device is palpably absurd or utterly impractical, the inventor may be given the opportunity of a test in presence of members of the Ordnance Board.

The Signal Corps superintends the work of constructing and using field telegraph lines in times of war. The signals of the flag — or "wig-wag," as the soldiers call it,— between different stations, are made by representing the dots and dashes of the Morse telegraph alphabet; but much of the military signaling is made up of a cipher code which not only abbreviates messages but conceals their meaning from an observing enemy.

Uncle Sam depends upon voluntary recruits for his soldiers. There is no compulsory service. The time of service is only five years. In many of the principal cities of the country will be found a United States recruiting office, above the door of which may be seen a small American flag. Usually standing in front of the office may be seen a dapper, well-dressed man in a blue uniform with shining brass buttons, stripes on his trousers, and chevrons on a well-fitting blouse. This is the recruiting sergeant. He is ready to give full information to intending recruits, and can paint in glowing colors the glory of serving in Uncle Sam's regular army. When a candidate is found he is critically examined by an army surgeon, and if found physically sound he is received as a recruit, dressed in the fatigue uniform of a soldier, and despatched to a rendezvous where, with others, he is taught his duty and drilled to a fair state of soldierly perfection. In time he is assigned to a regiment and despatched to his post. In time of war he may

be hurried to the field, where he has an opportunity to distinguish himself and an equally good chance of being killed. In time of peace his life is by no means a hard one. He is furnished with good clothing, good plain food, means of amusement, fair pay, and a chance for promotion. He may even be improved physically, and his views are sure to be greatly broadened.

When the city of Washington was laid out, the long finger of land which separates the Potomac from its eastern branch was known as Turkey Buzzard Point. It contained a small settlement known as Carrolsville, and at the extremity of the point was a slight fortification. Shortly after the government moved to Washington this peninsula was reserved for military purposes, and such it remains in spite of many vicissitudes and incidents of historic interest. When the British captured the city in 1814, their casualties were mainly confined to this locality, for some of the soldiers carelessly dropped a "port-fire" into an old dry well, in which, as it happened, a great quantity of powder had been hidden, and the result was a remarkably sudden and impromptu volcano which blew a large number of red-coats into the air and the next world. The reservation was continued as an arsenal, and it is commonly called "The Arsenal" to this day, though it is now only a military post. In 1826 the northern portion was walled off as a district penitentiary, and it was here that the conspirators convicted of the assassination of President Lincoln were confined, here that four of them were executed and buried.

Efforts have been made by lecturers and writers to surround with great mystery the exact spot where the bodies of the assassins were interred, and some still claim that their bones are moldering in secret places in the Arsenal grounds. Although such stories have no foundation in fact, the fiction is periodically revived. The body of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, and of some of his fellow conspirators were

removed years ago and under the following circumstances. Disagreements arose between the Republican Party and President Andrew Johnson over the policy adopted by the latter, and Congress, then Republican by a large majority, preferred articles of impeachment against him and spent much time in an unsuccessful effort to convict him. During these long, eventful months President Johnson, no doubt in a spirit of reckless resentment toward his political foes more than of clemency toward the criminals, pardoned a great many who had been convicted for various treasonable offenses. His bitter feelings reached a climax during the last few days of his administration when he astonished the world by pardoning Spangler and Arnold, two of the conspirators in the assassination, who were then confined on the Dry Tortugas.

About the same time the family of John Wilkes Booth obtained an order from President Johnson for the surrender of the assassin's body to them. John T. Ford, owner of Ford's Theater, where Lincoln was assassinated, who had suffered much on account of his supposed complicity in the assassination, but had succeeded in vindicating himself without breaking his friendship with the Booths, aided materially in bringing about the interview between the assassin's brother, Edwin Booth, the distinguished tragedian, and President Johnson, which resulted in the President issuing the following order:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 15, 1869, 3 P. M.

To Brigadier-General Ramsey, Commanding at Arsenal:

The President directs that you give over the body of John Wilkes Booth to the bearer, Mr. John H. Weaver, sexton of Christ's Church, Baltimore, to be by him taken in charge for proper reinterment.

Please report the execution of this order.

(Signed.) E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Edwin Booth was then playing an engagement in Baltimore. He had never visited Washington, nor could he be induced to play at any of the theaters at the Capital after his brother's mad act. On an appointed day he came quietly to Washington to carry out his natural desire to recover his brother's body, and privately inter it beside his kindred in the burial lot of the family in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore. He waited, unrecognized, in the front room of the undertaking establishment of Harvey & Marr, then on F Street, while Mr. John H. Weaver, a Baltimore undertaker who had performed professional services for the Booth family many times previously, and Mr. R. F. Harvey, of the firm of Harvey & Marr, went to the Arsenal with President Johnson's order for the body. Several friends also went to the Arsenal, but by another route in order not to attract attention. The officer in charge obeyed the President's order promptly, and ordered a detail of soldiers to assist in exhuming and transferring the body to the wagon provided by Mr. Harvey, to whose establishment it was taken through an alley in the rear. Though the box containing the body had been four years in the ground, it was not much decayed, and the lettering upon it was easily read. It was opened and the body fully identified. After Edwin Booth was thoroughly satisfied that he had possession of his brother's body, it was placed in a plain coffin, still wrapped in a blanket. The body was quietly taken to Baltimore, Edwin returning on the same train. So carefully was the transfer made, and so discreet was every one entrusted with the matter, that even the alert newspaper reporters failed to get a hint of the removal of the body until some time afterwards.*

*NOTE.— In volume 25 of the Greenmount Cemetery records, Baltimore, may be found the original permit, numbered 16821 and dated February 18, 1869, issued to J. H. Weaver, undertaker, to inter in lots 9 and 10, Dogwood, the body of J. W. Booth.

Some time after this President Johnson issued an order to surrender the remains of Henry Wirz, the brutal and infamous keeper of Andersonville prison, to his friend Louis Schade. They were exhumed from the ground floor of Warehouse No. 2, of the Arsenal, and interred at Mount Olivet cemetery, in the District of Columbia, the 3d of March, 1869.

Public feeling at that time was so strong against every one connected with the assassination of the beloved Lincoln, that Mr. Johnson was execrated for these acts, and had they been known at the time there might have been violent opposition to the execution of his order to deliver Booth's body to his family. Time has, however, softened the bitterness and cooled the passions of the people, and to-day there would probably be no opposition to surrendering the lifeless body of even so great a criminal as John Wilkes Booth to those dear to him by ties of nature, after he had paid the penalty of his crime with his own life.

The site of the old Arsenal and the penitentiary is to-day one of the prettiest army posts in the country. The green parade grounds slope down to the Potomac, the banks being fringed with an avenue of stately trees, while on the extreme point is the officers' quadrangle and near by the barracks, in which an artillery regiment is stationed. Here one can see any day, at the proper time, a battery drilling with the vim and terrific dash that characterizes Uncle Sam's soldiers, a ceremonious guard mount, or a showy dress parade.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT — CARING FOR "JACK" AFLOAT AND ASHORE — THE UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY — RELICS WITH STRANGE HISTORIES.

Heroic Deeds Recalled — Duties of the Secretary of the Navy — Disappearance of Wooden Warships — Training Jack for His New Duties — Providing for His Comfort Afloat — Old Time Man-of-Wars-Men — A Happy Lot of Boys — How the "Man Behind the Gun" Is Educated in Naval Warfare — Collecting Information for Sailors — Bottle Papers and Their use — A Valuable Equatorial Telescope — The Wonderful Clock by Which All Other Timepieces Are Set — The United States Navy Yard — The Naval Museum — Objects of Great Historic Interest — "Long Tom" and Its Story — Relics with Strange Histories — The Marine Corps — A Body of Gallant Fighters — Instances of Their Bravery — The Marine Barracks and the Marine Band.

NO pages of our history are so thrilling as those which relate the exploits of our sailor boys. Many a name stands out in a glowing halo of heroism, from Paul Jones to George Dewey, and "Jack" has figured in numberless thrilling deeds, the mere mention of which sets the blood tingling through the veins. We may neglect the landmarks of brave, patriotic action, but the old timbers of some of our fighting ships of other days are carefully and tenderly preserved. Sentiment, a deep, living, patriotic sentiment clusters about the old hulks that have passed through historic ordeals of shot and shell and are still afloat. What a train of heroic deeds is recalled by the old *Constitution*, built in 1797, and now resting quietly in its honorable old age. How many

tongues now silent have sung that once popular song closing with the somewhat convivial verse: —

"Come, fill your glasses full, and we'll drink 'To Captain Hull!'
And so merrily we'll push about the brandy O!
John Bull may toast his fill! let the world say what it will,
But the Yankee boy for fighting is the dandy O!"

Who that has read the story will ever forget the picture of Farragut, lashed to the rigging of the *Hartford* as she led the gallant ships that wrought destruction in Mobile Bay?

"Gun bellows forth to gun, and pain
Rings out her wild delirious scream!
Redoubling thunders shake the main;
Loud crashing falls the shot-rent beam.
The timbers with the broadsides strain;
The slippery decks send up a steam
From hot and living blood, and high
And shrill is heard the death-pang cry."

But however sentimental we may become over the navy, the administration of the Navy department is seldom more than a dry, matter-of-fact business proceeding. Neither the Secretary of the Navy nor his *alter ego*, the Assistant Secretary, is ever a naval man. They are men experienced in general affairs, while the technical part of the management is in the hands of the chiefs of the different bureaus. The heads of these bureaus are naval men appointed by the President from certain grades and having the rank of Commodore while acting. They together form a sort of board or naval cabinet of experts, and when their opinions, either on technical or practical matters differ, the Secretary, a layman, decides. The relation of these heads to the Secretary is more democratic than the relation of the heads of bureaus in the War Department to its executive head.

By law, "the Secretary of the Navy shall execute such orders as he shall receive from the President relative to the procurement of naval stores and materials, and the construc-

tion, armament, equipment and employment of vessels of war, as well as all other matters connected with the naval establishment." In practice, orders emanate from the different bureaus and are approved by the Secretary, and, if necessary, by the President. The business of the department is distributed among the bureaus in such manner as the Secretary may deem expedient and, while working as a whole, the natural province of one often encroaches more or less on that of another.

The Bureau of Yards and Docks constructs all the docks, and yet does not dock ships; that is for the Construction Bureau. The Bureau of Navigation publishes all the orders of the Secretary, has the care of the Naval Academy and technical schools, controls the receiving ships, establishes codes and signals, issues orders for vessels afloat and receives all reports. The Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting provides for the equipment of ships except in ordnance. It devotes its time largely to procuring rope and rigging, galley and cooking utensils, coal and anchors. Although called a recruiting bureau it does not recruit, for the furnishing of crews is assigned to the Bureau of Navigation. The arrangement is changed from time to time by order of different secretaries, and the chiefs are therefore less liable to drop into ruts than are army officials.

The old wooden hulks have nearly all disappeared, and with the change in ships, has come a change in the life and training of the sailor so great that one of the Jackies of our Civil War would be dumbfounded now at the manifold duties required. Everything has come down to a scientific and mechanical basis. Jack must now thoroughly understand the mechanism of revolving cannon and the delicate sight and breech apparatus of heavy guns with their hydraulic mountings. Many of the men must be specially trained for the peculiar kind of work falling to their share in the general arrangement of modern scientific appliances

necessary to insure the efficiency of the ship as an instrument of warfare, and to provide for the comfort and welfare of the large detachments serving upon her.

Our large battleships each require crews of over 500 men, and they must include expert electricians to keep in order the various electrical contrivances; many machinists for the complicated engines and heating apparatus, and even apothecaries, painters, carpenters, etc. Jack, moreover, must be well fed and clothed, and to the paymaster and his assistants falls the duty of caring for and issuing the various supplies. Clothing and so-called "small stores" are issued to him monthly under the requisitions of the officers of the different divisions into which the ship's company is divided. He must have underwear, shoes, mattresses, rain-clothes, tobacco, knives, razors and straps, soap, forks, spoons, plates, and a great variety of articles of which the ship must carry a large stock provided under the arrangements of the bureaus at Washington.

But old Jack is troubled a good deal by this practical spirit of modern times. It makes his quarters far more comfortable, but he will tell you solemnly that he prefers the old wooden ships. Jack likes to see the sails set and the masts bend under them. He cares nothing for speed. What he wants is a good ocean breeze whistling through the rigging. He somewhat distrusts these armored ships also. He used to know that if a sail or a yard were shot away it could be restored under fire, and if a ball struck the hull it made a hole that possibly could be mended. But he does not like to think of a hole in the steel shell of the modern battleship.

But the old sailors are rapidly dropping away, and Uncle Sam has taken the precaution to provide for the enlistment and training of new ones skilled in all that the working of modern ships requires. For this purpose was established the Naval Training Station at Coaster's Harbor Island near Newport, Rhode Island, one of the old double-deck frigates

being remodeled to accommodate about 500 apprentices. There they sleep in hammocks, keep the ship clean, and gradually become accustomed to nautical life. Any boy between the ages of fourteen and eighteen can enlist, provided his parents are willing; but he must be of good reputation, in perfect physical condition, and able to read and write. He must agree to serve in the United States navy until he is twenty-one years of age, and until that time is given his board, clothing, and a good education. His pay depends entirely upon his own exertions, ranging from nine dollars a month to forty. On reaching the age of twenty-one, the young sailor is free to leave the navy and pursue any vocation he chooses, or he may re-enlist at once if so inclined. Of course it is the design of the government to instruct these boys and stimulate their fondness for naval life so that they will re-enlist and become efficient seamen on crack modern war vessels.

There are three departments of instruction: seamanship, gunnery, and English. The boys are always interested in the lessons in gunnery and soon acquire a good knowledge of magazines, projectiles, fuses, torpedoes, and so on. Most of them show aptitude in learning a sailor's duties aboard ship. They delight in being in the tops, and become as nimble as squirrels in climbing the rigging. They take naturally to boats and swimming; and a boy who has once slept in a hammock with a rollicking lot of boys in the hammocks about him never again feels quite at home in a bed. Some of these lads come from tenement-house districts in cities, and from street gamins they generally develop into reliable, energetic men. They are generally a happy lot of boys. They work hard, study hard, eat heartily, and sleep soundly. They are not allowed to smoke cigarettes, and profanity of every description is strictly forbidden, something which strikes old sailors as a very queer proceeding. Above all, the necessity of prompt and implicit obedience

to orders is impressed upon them. The punishment for disobedience is the severest that can be inflicted, for it is nothing less than dismissal from the service. When one is thus dismissed the entire battalion of apprentices is drawn up in line and the order for dismissal is read amid impressive silence, while the culprit, hanging his head in shame, is marched down the whole length of the line to the music of "The Rogue's March."

When one year on the training school is completed the apprentice is transferred to a regular man-of-war, where his education is continued until he becomes thoroughly acquainted with a modern ship and its armament. After reenlistment at the age of twenty-one he is sent to the Washington Navy Yard, where he receives six months' training in gunnery, and he then graduates into the service as a seaman-gunner with better pay. It is thus that Uncle Sam now gets his "man behind the guns." The men who astonished the world with the precision of their shooting at Manila and Santiago were not picked up in a recruiting office and expected to fire a complicated modern cannon at once. They were taken as boys, educated for eight or ten years, trained in every branch of naval warfare, inspired with a love of the flag, and developed with the most painstaking care.

While Uncle Sam is producing the man behind the gun at his apprentices' school, he is educating young men to become first-class officers at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, which had its origin, not in any specific appropriation of Congress, but in Navy Department orders in 1845, whereby the midshipmen not at sea were assembled at the old military post at Annapolis and instructed. In 1851 the school became firmly established with an appropriation, and now the government spares no reasonable expense to educate promising boys for good service in the navy, the staff of instructors numbering over seventy. The law pro-

vides for the appointment of one naval cadet from each Congressional district as vacancies occur, and ten at large by the President. The embryo officer must not only study the theory of the construction of guns and of gunnery, but he must practice at the target in a seaway until he is expert. He must become expert also as a navigator. Throughout his whole course he is under constant instruction in those principles which fit him to command those over whom he is placed. When a class is graduated the cadets are assigned in the order of their standing to the existing vacancies in the lowest grades of the line of the Navy and Marine Corps and Corps of Engineers.

The government also maintains a Naval War College and a torpedo station on islands in Newport Harbor, and officers of any grade below that of commodore may be ordered there for instruction in naval tactics and war problems generally. Ample and thorough as are these provisions for bringing up young men to handle its magnificent fighting ships, their instruction never ceases so long as they are in the service. Sometimes when one of the squadrons is lying at anchor, the cadet whose duty it is to watch for signals, suddenly sees a signal raised on the flag ship: "137 — Get under way." One by one the ships of the squadron form behind the flag ship, whose signals indicate a practice drill. As they steam away towards the ocean they perform all sorts of evolutions with a precision and an accuracy which amaze a landsman, but the commander knows that on the perfection of this drill depends much in a real battle. His ships must learn how to act on his signals quickly and accurately. Thus the Navy Department has become a great educational institution. The men must be brought up in the service and never cease to study and practice.

The Navy Department neglects nothing which in its opinion will provide for the safety as well as the comfort and efficiency of the naval force. Attached to one of the

Bureaus is the Hydrographic office. This has proved of great advantage to mariners of all descriptions and all nationalities. The Hydrographic office takes up the work where the Weather Bureau leaves off, and for the benefit of the navigator collects regularly and systematically all information as to conditions at sea and publishes them in its pilot charts. To the division of Marine Meteorology in this office come regular reports from more than 3,000 vessels of every nation. There is not a flag afloat from whose representatives records are not received. To all vessels, forms and envelopes are furnished free of charge, and on them are recorded, as they are at 12 o'clock each day, the direction and the force of the winds, the figures shown by barometer and thermometer, the date and place of running into and leaving fog; the locality of icebergs; every wreck, every buoy adrift, and anything afloat that might injure vessels.

A curious system of studying the ocean currents is also instituted by supplying to masters of vessels what are called "bottle papers." These are really invitations in six languages to the masters of vessels to occasionally fill out the blanks, give the name of vessel, date, and location, and then put the paper in a bottle and cast it overboard. There are also blanks for the finder to fill, showing clearly when and where the bottle was picked up. Day after day these various reports come in and are given to a staff of workers called nautical experts, corresponding with the forecasters in the Weather Bureau. On the last day of every month they issue a chart on which is shown all the information received during the month. The prevailing winds to be expected are indicated, the various sailing routes best adapted to the coming month mapped out, and every floating wreck or large iceberg is charted where it was last observed. Every month about 4,000 of these charts are printed and sent to branch offices and to individuals. It is

one of Uncle Sam's enterprises which receives little public notice, but it is highly appreciated by all sailors.

Men-of-war must be supplied with accurate chronometers, compasses, and other instruments, and these are tested at the Naval Observatory, which is under the direction of the Bureau of Navigation. The Observatory stands on the heights north of Georgetown, and is supplied with a valuable twenty-six-inch equatorial telescope and with many forms of special apparatus, and its work holds a high place among institutions of its class. While its first official object is the collection of information for the use of mariners, its experts carry on purely scientific work the value of which is widely recognized.

Mr. E. M. Sweet thus describes the transmitting clock:

"The transmitting clock at the Naval Observatory is the absolute monarch of American timekeepers. Every day in the year except Sunday, by one pendulum-stroke it speaks directly and instantaneously to every city and considerable town between the peaks of the Rockies and the pines of Maine, saying to them that on the seventy-fifth meridian it is now high noon to the fraction of a second. A duplicate mechanism, stationed at the Branch Naval Observatory on Mare Island, performs a similar service for the people of the Pacific slope. And by this one clock at the National Capital (together with its duplicate on the Pacific) is set nearly every timepiece in the United States and Cuba, most of those in Mexico, and many on the border of Canada.

"Five minutes before twelve a thirty-six-inch black globe over the State, War, and Navy Building at Washington is raised by a small rope and windlass to the top of the flagstaff. Here it remains until the Observatory clock pendulum reaches the sixtieth stroke after 11:59 A. M., which stroke closes an electric circuit and instantly drops the ball twenty-five feet to the base of the pole. Time-balls are located also at the chief water ports, primarily for the benefit of navigators.

"But there are other ways in which this vice-regent of Father Time makes known his decrees to men. A number of clocks — from three to three thousand — in nearly every city and large town are wired together into a local family, and, by means of a switch-key at the telegraph office, are put into direct contact with the parent clock at the National Capital. So that the instant the electric touch is given from Washington every clock

in the circuit — whether it be at Boston, Minneapolis, or New Orleans — begins a new day in perfect accord with its mechanical deity."

The Washington Navy Yard was established when the government was moved to Washington, and for more than half a century the largest and best men-of-war owned by the United States were constructed in its ship houses. With the advent of armored vessels of greater dimensions, however, conditions were so changed that, though two spacious ship houses remain, the work of this Navy Yard consists almost entirely of the manufacture of guns and ammunition and the storage of equipments. In the gun shop, which is filled with the most powerful modern machinery, are finished the immense rifles as well as smaller rapid-fire guns used on modern war ships. The great masses of iron enter the shop in the rough, each consisting of a central steel tube, a steel jacket and steel hoops. The jacket cylinder is bored, the tube is trimmed down to fit the jacket when heated, and then the jacket is trimmed to fit the hoops, the work requiring great nicety of calculation on the part of the engineers. As the jacket cools it fits upon the tube as compactly as if they were of one piece, and in the same way the hoops become a part of the jacket. After this process the guns, sometimes weighing sixty tons, are carried by a great traveling crane to a lathe, which bores out the barrel and chamber, and then to the rifling lathe, a ponderous machine which noiselessly and irresistibly cuts the grooves of the rifling inch by inch through the long barrel.

The largest guns made here are those of 13-inch caliber, about forty feet in length and weighing sixty-five tons. They carry a projectile weighing 1,100 pounds a distance of thirteen miles. The Navy Department has devoted its best energies and skill to the production of these immense rifles, unsurpassed by any guns in the world, and also to the

perfection of projectiles which are manufactured in adjoining shops.

Entering the Naval Museum, which is shaded by a willow grown from a slip taken from one of the trees over the tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena, we find ourselves surrounded with quaint forms of ordnance, and a multitude of relics of historic interest. Among them is the stern post of the original *Kearsage* still containing a shell received from the *Alabama*. Near the office of the commandant of the yard are mounted a large number of cannons captured at various times by the navy, many of which have curious histories. Here for example is a queer specimen known as "Long Tom," a 42-pounder cast in France in 1786 and captured from the French frigate *Noche* by the British in 1798, and later sold to the United States. Placed on one of our frigates it was struck by a shot and condemned, but was sold to Haiti, then at war with France. Afterwards it had various owners, and in 1814 formed the main reliance of the privateer *General Armstrong*, which, by pluckily fighting three British war ships in the Azores, so crippled them that they were unable to reach New Orleans in time to help the land forces against Jackson. The privateer was afterwards sunk to prevent her capture by the British, but the Portuguese authorities at the Azores so admired the little ship's action that they presented "Long Tom" to the United States as a trophy. So after its many vicissitudes it rests here among other trophies and relics with strange histories.

Not far from the Navy Yard are the headquarters of the United States Marine Corps, an organization older than the navy. While the records of the army and navy are well known to every student of our country's history, this corps which has done so much for the honor of the nation is, strangely enough, seldom mentioned. It has fought in all our wars and made a distinguished record for valor

wherever engaged. In our operations in China much was said of the valor of our army, but little notice was taken of the gallant defense made in the foreign legations by a body of Marines which reached Pekin early, and practically saved them from destruction.

The Marines were the first troops to the front in the Mexican War; the first in the Seminole War; they were the only force available to put down the John Brown insurrection; they stood their ground as did no one else at Bull Run; they were in the thickest of the fights under Dahlgren, Dupont, and Porter from 1861 to 1864; Farragut praised them in glowing language for the action at Mobile Bay; they were the first to land in Cuba, and made an heroic defense at Guantanamo; they were the first to go into action at Taku in later troubles in China, and no troops called forth such hearty praise from the foreign officials there. Later the little guard of fifty marines bore almost alone the stress and storm through the long days of the siege of the legations; and yet in our naval histories they are hardly mentioned.

There are few places in Washington so well worth a visit as the Marine Barracks where these gallant sea soldiers live when not on duty; and as the corps excels in war, its band of musicians, made up of members of the corps, excels in music. Always stationed at Washington, the Marine Band has become famous for its excellence whether in its daily concerts at the Barracks, in front of the Capitol, at the White House, or at the President's receptions and state dinners.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DAY IN THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT — THE STORY OF A LETTER — SOME CURIOUS FACTS AND INTERESTING EXPERIENCES — RURAL FREE DELIVERY AND HOW IT WORKS.

The Greatest Business Organization in the World — Looking After 80,000 Post-Offices — The Travels of a Letter — The Making of a Postage Stamp — Using 4,000,000,000 Stamps a Year — A Key That Will Unlock Hundreds of Thousands of Mail Bag Locks — Keeping Track of Tens of Thousands of Mail Bags — Why They Never Accumulate — Testing the Ability of Clerks — Remembering 6,000 Post-Offices — "Star Routes" and What They Are — The Smallest Contract the Government Ever Made — Carrying the Mails for One Cent a Year — The "Axeman" — Chopping off the Heads of Postmasters — Free Rural Delivery — Opposition of Country Postmasters — Looking for a "Choicy" Place — A Boon to Farmers — How Rural Routes are Established — Rural Delivery Wagons.

THE Post-Office Department of the United States is the greatest business organization in the world. It employs more men, spends more money, brings in more revenue, handles more pieces, uses more agencies, reaches more houses, involves more details, and touches more interests than any other human organization, public or private, governmental or corporate. Its agents embrace more than one-half of the government's civil army of a half a million souls. Every minute in the day fifteen thousand messages are intrusted to its hands. It is the ready and faithful servitor of every interest of society, large or small, near or remote.

Yet, at the beginning of the government, the Postmaster-General was not regarded as a person of very great importance. Washington considered the office of too little consequence to entitle its holder to a place in his Cabinet. The books of Pickering, his Postmaster-General, showed an aggregate in money transactions of about $250,000 a year, while the department now spends considerably more than that every day. No other one thing so adequately displays the contrast between that and the present time. Nothing else shows more clearly the development of a century.

In Colonial days postmasters received a percentage of the receipts of their offices, and as they usually had the privilege of the official frank, many went into the business of publishing newspapers. Benjamin Franklin, when postmaster at Philadelphia, found the office of great advantage in circulating his journal. In 1753 he became Postmaster-General in association with William Hunter and they were together allowed £600 a year, if they could make so much; in 1754 they ran £900 into debt in a praiseworthy endeavor to improve the service so "that answers might be obtained to letters between Philadelphia and Boston in three weeks which used to require six weeks." Franklin was removed from his office by the British Ministry, but in 1775 the Congress of the Confederation, having practically assumed the sovereignty of the colonies, adopted a postal system and appointed him to the head of it with the title of Postmaster-General, and a salary of $1,000 a year.

One of the treasures of the Post-Office Department is the original ledger of Franklin, embracing all his accounts as Postmaster-General, of all the post-offices of the United States for the years of 1776–77–78. These are all recorded in the handwriting of Franklin, and do not cover 120 pages. The growth in the postal service may be partly measured by the fact that when the philosopher was at the head of the Post-Office Department, there were eighty post-offices in the

Confederation; there are now over 75,000 post-offices in the United States, and the number is rapidly increasing.

The department was organized under the constitution and more firmly established in 1794, but none of the Presidents till Jackson thought of inviting the Postmaster-General into the Cabinet. The rates of postage when the office was organized was six cents for one letter sheet for thirty miles; eight cents for sixty miles, ten cents for a hundred miles and so on up to twenty-five cents for distances over 450 miles. Neither stamps nor envelopes were used, the paper being folded and sealed with wafers or wax, but if the sender paid the postage the postmaster marked "Paid" on the sheet; if not, it was collected when the letter was delivered. In Utah as late as 1870, the editor has known of postage being paid with eggs, vegetables, and fruits, the postmaster buying the produce to enable the sender to prepay the postage. These rates soon yielded a surplus, but the government, however much it needed the money, adopted the generous policy of using all postal revenues for the improvement of the service and the reduction of the rates of postage. This policy has been maintained from the beginning. It is a system which must not simply be always in the lead of the times, but it must be administered with such efficiency that, while offering more and more accommodations, it shall be less and less of a tax.

The new city Post-Office building now used by the Post-Office Department on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue was completed and occupied in 1899. The site cost $650,000 and the building itself $3,325,000. The interior of the first floor is very handsomely finished in various marbles and massive oak and mahogany woodwork. The nine upper floors are occupied by the general business of the department. It is here that the greatest business in the world is carried on, and provision has been made for its continued expansion; for in a quarter of a century, or since 1875, the

number of post-offices in the country has increased three-fold, the gross revenue and expenses four-fold, and the number of stamps issued seven-fold.

Obviously a business of such stupendous magnitude requires for its smooth and effective operation a perfect organization. It is a business that must be transacted with a rush and yet with the utmost accuracy. The mail bags must not only be kept open to the latest possible minute but they must be delivered at their destinations within the shortest possible time. Interference with the mails is disastrous. The force is just sufficient to handle it all in its uninterrupted course and if, through interference at any locality, an accumulation of mail is suddenly thrown upon the department, it disarranges the whole service. For this reason the laws against the interruption of the mails are very severe, and the government is occasionally justified, in case of a railroad strike, in using its armed force to keep the mail trains moving.

The business is divided into four great bureaus, each presided over by an Assistant Postmaster-General. The First Assistant Postmaster-General has the practical administration of the post-offices and a supervision of an annual expenditure amounting to about $50,000,000. The Second Assistant provides for the transportation of the mails at an annual cost of about $40,000,000. The Third Assistant is the financial overseer, and the Fourth has charge of the appointment of the fourth-class postmasters, now numbering over 73,000. The Postmaster-General himself has the direction of the whole department, appoints all officers and employees of the department except the four assistants who are appointed by the President; he appoints all postmasters whose compensation does not exceed $1,000 a year. To each of the four great divisions are assigned various subdivisions, the assignment resting with the Postmaster-General. 2,000 persons are employed in the new Post-Office building.

As in the other departments, many women are employed, all doing their work promptly, efficiently, and faithfully. Civil Service examinations have not prevented them from obtaining and holding their clerkships, for when such examinations are held the percentage of women candidates for positions or promotions always exceeds that of the men. Miss Sara Carr Upton, one of the most accomplished women in Washington, was for seventeen years a clerk and translator in the Foreign Mails Division, resigning only because of impaired eyesight. Mrs. Wilcox, born in the White House while her father, Major Donelson, was Secretary to President Jackson, was a translator in the Foreign Mails Division for more than a quarter of a century. The widow of General Pickett has held a position in the Post-Office Department most of the time since the battle of Gettysburg, where her husband lost his life. Miss H. H. Webber, a New Englander, was for a long time at the head of the Returning Division in the Dead-Letter Office. These employees, through their intelligence, faithfulness, and expertness, won their promotion to the highest-salaried, most responsible positions obtainable by women clerks in the department.

Even a brief explanation of all the details of such a business machine would require a volume. It is sufficient to say that it is all involved in the successful handling of every letter you drop into the box. Every letter on its travels is guided by the operations of the various divisions of this complex office. Before the postman rings your bell and delivers in a stamped envelope a message from miles away, Uncle Sam's men in gray uniforms have walked many miles, horses have galloped, locomotives have puffed, cars have rolled and mail bags have been locked and unlocked and tossed about, all at a cost of two cents to the sender of the message and all through the management of affairs at Washington. Americans are so accustomed to having everything placed in their hands that they accept such

benefactions with complacency and never think of these wonderful achievements of the government. Of the many hands touching our letters, of the many watchful eyes that care for them, we know next to nothing.

First of all, the letter must be stamped, yet it is a notable fact that no stamps were used till 1847, and until very lately they were printed by private parties. Now Uncle Sam prints them all at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which we have already visited, but we shall need to return for a moment to note some of the processes peculiar to manufacturing over 4,000,000,000 of stamps a year. The work of engraving differs little from that of engraving the plates from which paper dollars are printed, but the printing is now largely done by steam, instead of by hand-presses. These turn out sheets of 400 stamps each at a rate of 100,000 an hour; to supply 4,000,000,000 of stamps a year the government must print about 15,000,000 every working day.

After being printed, the sheets must be dried and pressed out, gummed, dried and pressed again, perforated and cut apart, trimmed, and carefully counted. In the early days of postage stamps and for several years after they came into use, two serious difficulties presented themselves, the gumming and the separating. For a time a thick mucilage was used, making the sheets curly and inconvenient, and it was necessary to cut the stamps apart with a pair of scissors. Imagine a postmaster of to-day supplying his customers by the scissors method! Fortunately a clever Frenchman invented the plan of punching a series of small holes between the stamps, and his invention was quickly introduced into this country. The process of gumming is now entirely mechanical. Extending sixty feet through a long room are a series of wooden boxes heated by steam, and through the boxes pass endless chains. The sheets are fed face downward into these boxes and pass under a roller which allows

just enough gum to escape to coat the sheet thinly and evenly. It is then caught on an endless chain by two automatic clamps and carried into a long, heated box, and in a short time it appears at the other end perfectly dried and ready to be perforated. The gum, which is made of a dextrine product, is mixed in vats close by.

The perforating is swiftly done by odd little machines in another room. Each machine is tended by two women, wearing fantastic caps of paper to shade their eyes from the strong light, as the sheets must be fed into the machines with absolute accuracy in order that the perforations shall come in the right place. Each sheet has registered lines printed in the margin, and they must be adjusted exactly under a black thread which passes over the feeding table. A quick whir of the wheels puts a neat line of pin holes lengthwise between the stamps and cuts the sheet in half at the same time. The next machine perforates the sheet crosswise and again cuts it in two, so that each is now divided into the "regulation" size of one hundred stamps each. These are tied into packages ready for delivery to the Post-Office Department, which pays the Bureau of Engraving and Printing five cents a thousand for the stamps.

With one of these 4,000,000,000 of stamps placed on your sealed envelope, your letter is entitled to a safe journey whatever its destination. With the marvelous enterprise which has extended the advantages of the post-office in every direction, you will not have far to go to start your letter on its journey. The department furnishes to postmasters all necessary canceling stamps and inks; it also furnishes the twine with which to tie up the letters in assorted bundles; and the amount used may be judged from the fact that, buying at wholesale prices, the government pays about $100,000 a year for enough to go around.

In the large cities each post-office is provided with an elaborate arrangement of boxes all labeled so that mail for

MAKING POSTAGE STAMPS. WOMEN SEPARATING AND PERFORATING THE PRINTED SHEETS.

Each separated sheet contains 100 postage stamps. The perforating is swiftly done by little machines, each tended by two women. In early days the stamps were cut apart with scissors. The Government now manufactures over four billion postage stamps every year.

any place for miles around finds its appropriate pigeon-hole, and mail for each of the railway routes is similarly sorted. The railway postal service is the artery of the whole system, and though it has been in operation less than forty years it now covers over 200,000 miles. When the mail of the country became so great that the delay in sorting it in city and town offices became an important item in the economy of time, this system of traveling post-offices was devised, and now Uncle Sam has about 4,000 such cars for his exclusive use. Usually a run is planned to occupy a day, and two sets of men are employed, one for the day service and one for the night. At the end of such a run the car is taken by a new set for another run of twenty-four hours. The "New York and Chicago" section, for example, will be divided into three runs. The twenty men who start out from New York assort the mail all the way to Syracuse, where a new set of twenty takes charge of it as far as Cleveland; there another set goes on with it to Chicago.

For convenience the service of the whole country is divided into divisions, all under the charge of a General Superintendent at Washington, and each division has a superintendent of its own. On runs of average importance the whole car is devoted to the work. In one end is a space for storing the sacks filled with mail, and near by are the doors, one each side, through which the mails are received and delivered. In the opposite end of the car are the letter cases, where all letters are sorted as the train speeds on its way. Each car is furnished with canceling stamps and ink, in fact, is a traveling post-office. The mail between New York and Chicago has become so great that a train of five cars devoted exclusively to the service is run daily, the first car being used for letters and the other four for newspapers.

A helper in each car locks and unlocks all pouches and takes on and puts off mail at all stations. This must be

done without the stopping of the train. While passengers cannot get on and off without having the train stopped, the mail must, even if the train is running sixty miles an hour, and for this purpose was devised the ingenious iron arm, called a crane, which swings outward and, while the train is at full speed, catches and brings in a pouch, sometimes landing it in the car with a crash. The department receives some $3,000 each year in loose coins shaken out of weak envelopes in this way.

Every mail lock is the exact counterpart of every other one of the many hundreds of thousands, and the key in any post-office, whether it be the smallest cross-road settlement or the great office of New York, will lock and unlock every one of them. Every key is numbered, and a record of every one is kept in the department and its whereabouts can be told at any time. Once in five or six years all the locks are changed as a measure of safety, and new ones of a different pattern are sent out and the old ones called in.

How does it happen, you may ask, that every post-office has always a supply of bags? It would not happen unless the government provided a system by which the distribution according to needs is always guaranteed, for the great trend of mail matter is always from the east to the west, and unless something were done thousands upon thousands of bags would accumulate in western offices, while the eastern supply would be exhausted. So at all great commercial and railway centers there are provided collecting offices to which all surplus bags are constantly being sent, and from which they are transported east. At each of these larger centers also is a repairing factory, in which women with specially-constructed sewing machines are constantly mending the rents, and skilled workmen are repairing the leather-work or the locks. Washington is the great headquarters for bags, and the proper official here must keep an accurate account of the distribution all over the country.

On any mail car the letters for large cities are quickly disposed of; those for the different states and territories are made up into packages to be sent on their respective ways to be more fully sorted before reaching their destination. The run of every postal clerk connects always with the runs of others, and he must have in his mind the location of every one of the hundreds of post-offices in all this great area and know just which way to send a letter so that it will reach its destination in the shortest possible time. This would be no small task if it could be learned all at once, but time tables, stage routes, and post-offices are always changing, and he must keep up with all changes. Every postal clerk must have clearly in his mind all the way from 2,000 to 6,000 offices and routes. The superintendent of the division in which a railway post-office is situated must keep fully informed of all the offices, and he instructs his men about them and sees that they properly perform their duties. Twice a week generally he issues a printed bulletin of several pages giving information of changes that have been made and fresh instructions for work emanating from Washington, which much resembles a Chinese puzzle.

Once in three or four months every clerk is examined by the superintendent or someone authorized by the department, to learn how well he has mastered his duties in keeping pace with ever-changing conditions. These examinations are made by States, and the examiner has a case of pigeon-holes labeled like the cars in that division. The clerk is given a package of cards each having the name of some one of the offices, and the examiner stands by observing his work and noting how many errors are made. A written report of every examination is made out, giving the percentage of each clerk and the time he occupied in the sorting, and this is forwarded to Washington, so that the department knows always the relative efficiency of all

its clerks. A good clerk will throw into bags from fifteen to twenty papers a minute, and a letter clerk will sort from thirty to forty letters in the same time, the difference being due to the fact that letters come in "face-up," while papers are dumped promiscuously from a bag.

All letters going to any office or any division of the railway service are tied in a bundle on the face of which is plainly printed the destination of the package. Every postal clerk using one of these slips is obliged to write his name on it and the day it was used. When some other clerk opens the package, if he finds in it any letters put there by mistake and thus delayed, he at once writes upon the back of the slip a list of the errors and sends it to the office of the superintendent of division, where an account is kept for every man; he is debited with all the errors reported against him and credited with all that he reports against any one else, and at the end of each month every clerk as well as the department receives a summary of his record.

If your letter is addressed to someone in a foreign land it passes to a steamship post-office, for the working of the railway post-office has proved so satisfactory that a few years ago American mail clerks were placed on the important steamers running between New York and English and German ports. Large staterooms are fitted up with racks of pigeon-holes and bag holders. Here clerks selected from the best material in the railway service work from eight to ten hours a day during a voyage. On the German ships the American "sea post-clerk" has charge on the eastward voyage, and the German "Reichs-Post-Secretaer" when coming this way. In spite of the fact that the Germans have a more high-sounding name and are dressed in elaborate uniforms with gold braid, and carry a small sword, the American clerks are the most efficient. Under the careful system of examination and inspection in our Post-Office

Department the percentage of errors has steadily diminished, till now, taking the whole service for a single year, there is not more than one error to every 11,000 pieces handled.

Uncle Sam employs about 15,000 faithful gray-coated letter carriers in cities, at an expense of about $15,000,000 a year. Of course a large portion of mail goes into very thinly-settled districts without means of rapid communication. For such transportation we have what are called "Star Routes"; they are simply mail routes upon which the mails are carried by riders, stages, wagons or other similar means, and such service is let out by contract. Under the statute these contracts were designated as "celerity, certainty, and security" contracts, those conditions being the essentials for successful bids. In writing the record of such contracts they are abbreviated by repetitions of the letter x, thus (x x x) or "stars," and so came to be spoken of as the star bids and star routes. There are now about 225,000 of these in operation, and one-quarter of them are let every year for four years. They vary in length from a fraction of a mile to several hundred miles, the longest one being the route from Juneau, Alaska, over the passes and down the Yukon to Tanana, a distance of 1,618 miles. There is another almost as long from the mouth of the Yukon up to Tanana, and it is on these routes that all the mail for the Klondike and other mining settlements is carried.

Although some of these routes cost Uncle Sam a great deal more than he receives from them in revenue, others do not, and some of the bids are, for various reasons, so low as to seem almost ridiculous. Perhaps the most remarkable case came to the attention of the Postmaster-General in 1900 when checks were being mailed to these contractors. It was discovered that the contractor who carries the mail between Dodgeville, Wisconsin, and Mineral Point, a distance of

nine miles, had not received a check for the three previous quarters and hence it became necessary to include the amount for a whole year's work in his check. The amount was exactly one cent—the contract price. Inasmuch as our currency does not boast of quarter-cent pieces, the contractor could not well collect his money oftener than once a year. He has been offered as high as twenty dollars by curiosity seekers for his check, but like ex-President Cleveland, who once received a check for one cent to make up a deficiency in his salary due to an oversight, this contractor keeps his check, though in another year if he fulfills his contract, he will receive another.

Both Dodgeville and Mineral Point have railroads, but there is none between the two towns, and as the trip by rail is so expensive and round about, both mail and passengers are driven across country. Whoever holds the contract for carrying the mails feels that he is certain of all the passenger and baggage traffic, and for this reason the transfer of the mail is deemed a valuable privilege. When the Dodgeville star route came up for bids the liveliest kind of competition ensued, and the fight was even carried to Washington, as the politicians wished to use the mail carrier as a factor in getting votes. The competitors knew they would have to drop to a low price, although the last contractor had been receiving $40 a year. The three lowest bids were $1.50, thirty-nine cents, and one cent, the latter being the present contractor. He got it. But he makes about $600 a year carrying passengers and baggage, and he is a factor in politics, so he believes he is well paid.

The post-offices of the country form a great altruistic system. The stronger help the weaker. The great post-office at New York is run at a profit to the government of nearly $10,000,000 a year, while the great majority of the post-offices do not begin to pay their expenses. In over 3,000 post-offices in the country the yearly receipts are less

than ten dollars; in 10,000 it is between ten dollars and thirty dollars; and in over 40,000 it is less than two hundred dollars a year. In these small or fourth-class offices, where the receipts are less than fifty dollars a quarter, the postmaster takes the whole and the government gets nothing; between this figure and up to one hundred dollars a quarter, the postmaster takes sixty per cent.; between this and $200 he takes fifty per cent., and over the excess above that figure, he takes forty per cent. till he receives $250.

But while in fully two-thirds of the offices the gross receipts are less than $200 a year, there is always the greatest scramble for the places and the most determined political wire-pulling over the appointments. This business, which is in charge of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, who is sometimes called the "axeman," is parceled out to some fifteen clerks, who receive each application, put it in a jacket, and file it away. All communications of Congressmen or local politicians are filed with it, and when the time comes to appoint, the Postmaster-General has but to press a button and all the papers relating to the smallest office in the country can be laid before him, and he can see what sort of a fight it is, for there is always more or less rivalry.

With the growth of the free rural delivery system many of these small offices will disappear. Although rural delivery is as yet established in but a few places, the opposition of the little postmasters has been aroused. The following are sample letters received recently at the Post-Office Department:

.....OHIO,.....19,....

I am postmaster at this place, and they are going to have rural free delivery come within one-eighth of a mile of this office and take away all its business. To take the office away takes part of my living away from me. I have a wife and two children. I have only been in the employment of the government a little over a year. I beg you for some kind of an appointment. I am not "choicy"—any place in the mail service of the United States. Respectfully,

.....*Postmaster.*

.....ILL.,.....19....

There has been established a rural free delivery service at....., a small town three miles distant, and they have extended the route within one mile of my office on the south and west. By doing this they take from me over fifty persons who formerly rented boxes at my office. Therefore it is a discrimination against this office. Is there any remedy for the above-mentioned encroachment?

Respectfully,

.....*Postmaster.*

But free rural delivery wagons have come to stay, and therefore the little crossroads post-office will have to go in time. It is an interesting fact that two different Postmaster-Generals declined to make the experiment of rural delivery, on the ground that it would cost $20,000,000 to introduce it, and yet it has been extensively instituted for less than half a million, and routes are beginning to pay for themselves soon after being put in operation. This is something which the little fourth-class post-offices never did.

The present Post-Office authorities believe that rural delivery may in the end save a great amount of money, so that the letter rate may be reduced to one cent. Requests for the rural delivery are now multiplying like an endless chain, for farmers have heard that where the system has been established the value of land has risen from two to five dollars an acre. The system is being established as rapidly as inspectors can lay out and provide for the best routes. It is a great accommodation to the farmer to be spared a drive of from five to ten miles over country roads to get his mail, and he writes more letters and takes more papers and magazines when he finds that all he has to do is to go to a box on his front yard fence and post or receive mail. One enthusiastic farmer in Missouri, in praising the Post-Office authorities, said that in fifteen years he had driven 12,000 miles to and from the post-office to get the mail which now came to his door.

When an order is issued for the establishment of a rural

route the postmaster is advised of its character, and informed that the carriers are under his control, and that their pay will be $400 a year. The carriers in many places have special wagons, fitted up with pigeon-holes. They sell stamps, register letters and parcels; in fact, do all the work of the smaller offices. All the boxes along the route are of galvanized iron, arranged with a signal, so that the carrier knows if there is anything to collect and the householder if anything has been delivered. Some of the routes are in localities famous for blizzards in winter, and the carriers need to prepare accordingly; but they rarely fail to make their trips over the roughest roads. On some of the experimental routes girl carriers have been employed, and they are reported to be as unflagging in their devotion to the service as the men. So pronounced has been the success of the routes already established that it will not be long before Uncle Sam's itinerant post-offices will be familiar sights upon the long country roads of every state in the Union.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE — ITS MARVELS AND MYSTERIES — OPENING AND INSPECTING THE "DEAD" MAIL — SOME CURIOUS AND TOUCHING REVELATIONS — THE DEAD-LETTER MUSEUM.

What Is a Dead Letter? — "Stickers" and "Nixies" — 8,000,000 of Dead Letters and Packages a Year — Opening the "Dead" Mail — Guarding the Secrets of Careless Letter Writers — Returning $50,000 in Money and $1,200,000 in Checks Every Year — What Becomes of the Valuables Found in Letters — The Fate of Letters That Cannot Be Returned — Deciphering Illegible Scrawls — Common Mistakes — Unusual Errors — Some Odd Directions — "English As She Is Wrote" — Some Queer Requests — 60,000 Missent Photographs Every Year — A Huge Book of Photographs — Identifying the Faces of Loved Ones — Tear-Blinded Mothers — The Dead-Letter Museum — Odd Things Found in the Mails — Snakes and Horned Toads — The Lost Ring and Its Singular Recovery — A Baby Elephant — Tokens of Love and Remembrance — Dead-Letter Auction Sales.

EVERY year hundreds of thousands of misdirected letters, or letters having no address at all, or so illegibly written as to be undecipherable except by an expert, or letters that are unclaimed, pass through the hands of postal clerks. Some of these superscriptions are so bad that it is a wonder how any of them ever reach their destination. Addresses scrawled in this fashion are known to the postal fraternity as "stickers"; and if they are absolutely unreadable even to intelligent and experienced post-office clerks they are called "nixies." When expert clerks in the largest post-offices in the United States are unable to decipher the

address, they are sent to the Dead-Letter Office at Washington as a last resort. Thus in this and other ways every year nearly 8,000,000 pieces of mail matter are received at this Post-Office morgue, though only a small portion of them prove to be absolutely dead, for in the hands of the Dead-Letter Office experts many apparently hopeless cases are brought to life and delivered to their owners.

The headquarters of the Dead-Letter Office on the third floor of the department building afford adequate facilities for the ever-growing requirements of this interesting branch of government work; for while Uncle Sam's people generally write better than they once could, they seem to be as careless as ever. It requires the services of some of the brightest, keenest-witted officials of the Post-Office Department to rectify their errors, and prevent, if possible, unfortunate and even disastrous losses arising from haste and inaccuracy in addressing a letter.

The mail matter which finds its way here is of different kinds: — that which is properly addressed but has no postage; that which has insufficient, wrong, or illegible directions; that which has no direction whatever; that which was properly sent but never called for, and articles the transmission of which in the mails is forbidden. Mail matter falling within these classes arrives at the Dead-Letter Office at the average rate of over 20,000 pieces a day, and here every piece must pass at least three sets of clerks, and anything containing articles of money value is examined by at least three more.

As the dead mail is dumped out, one would suppose that the bags contained farm produce or merchandise, rather than heart-messages and treasures gone astray. The pieces are carefully counted and a record made of the letters and packages, the former being tied into bundles of one hundred each. They then pass to a second force of clerks whose duty it is to violate the sanctity of the seal;

but the officials and clerks of the Dead-Letter Office have a proper regard for any legitimate secrets of the people. This opening process is done by men armed with a keen knife, with one stroke of which the envelope is cut lengthwise, and at the next instant the contents are being examined. These men are of tried honesty, for a large amount of money is found in these letters every day. The most expert openers average about 3,000 letters a day each, and the work is so severe upon the steel knives, that though an inch wide when new, in a few months' time the cutting of the envelopes wears them away to the thinnest possible blade.

Should a letter be found containing money, even a single cent, or a stamp — or a postal order, bank notes, drafts, checks, or any legal tender, the opener notes the kind and value of the "find" on the envelope and also in a record book, which at the close of the day, with the letters, is given to the chief of the division, who examines and verifies the reports and accounts of the several clerks. The letters and money then pass to the chief of the so-called Money Branch who again verifies the record and gives a receipt.

Only the clerks employed in this branch have access to it, and the large iron safes, vaults, and ledgers give its quarters the air of a counting-room. Each clerk gives a receipt for the amount entrusted to him, and it is his business, whenever it is possible, to forward, or to return the letter with its contents to the sender in care of the postmaster, who is responsible for its safe delivery and who must return a receipt for it to the department. Every possible protection is thus thrown around it. Whenever the money cannot be forwarded or returned to the sender, on account of the writer's failure to give his name or his post-office address, it is held in the Dead-Letter Office for one year in the anticipation that it may be applied for. If not, the money is turned into the United States Treasury, and may be reclaimed within four years.

WHO IS IT FOR? A SCENE IN THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE. EXPERTS TRYING TO DECIPHER AN ILLEGIBLE ADDRESS.

Many apparently hopeless cases are brought to life and delivered to their owners. Last year 2,321,000 letters, including money and values amounting to $1,100,000, were delivered to owners; 5,393,000 unclaimed letters were opened, and 4,283,000 letters were sold as waste paper. Some of the keenest-witted officials in the Government service are employed in the Dead-Letter Office, and some of the best experts are women.

The carelessness of a great many people in sending money is almost incredible. Many letters are received containing large amounts, without a scrap of writing to indicate whence they came or whither they should go. Over 80,000 letters and parcels are received here every year bearing no address whatever, and among them have been found letters known to enclose drafts to the amount of $2,500 each. Yet it is but a small portion of the money received for which the office fails to find owners. It now returns to its owners every year about $50,000 in money and about $1,200,000 in checks, while the amount for which no owners can be found does not usually amount to as much as $20,000 a year. Thus, thanks to the painstaking care of Uncle Sam, careless people lose very little in this way.

A fair sample of letters of this kind was that posted at Boston not long ago and addressed simply: — "Dr. Washburn, Roberts College." Opened, it was found to contain a check for $1,000. The experts at the Dead-Letter Office who "make it a business to know" many things which are not commonly known, knew that Dr. Washburn was president of Robert College in Constantinople, Turkey, and the letter with enclosure was forwarded to him so that he received it in sixteen days after it was posted. A son may send to his aged mother ten dollars of his hard-earned savings and the letter never reaches her, because, perhaps, in the long interval between communications she has moved elsewhere, or for some reason cannot be found. He has omitted in his letter to give his own post-office address, but perhaps that may be obtained from the postmark on the envelope, and if so the letter is returned to him. Such are only general cases. They present, however, a great variety.

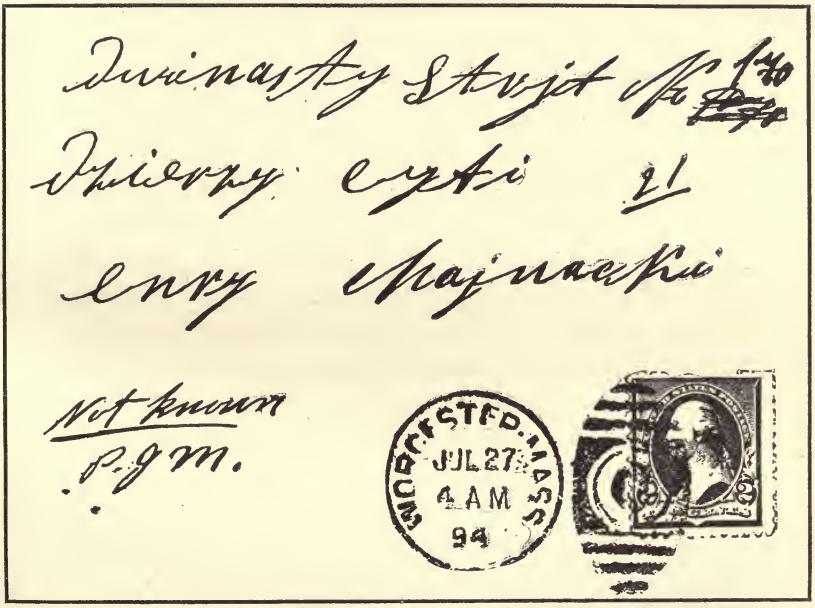
Dead letters that contain neither money nor valuables are given one last chance before they are consigned to the waste-basket. A force of clerks do their utmost to deliver them, and they are each expected to work through about 300

letters a day. Even letters that contain nothing valuable are returned, if possible, to their writers. If they cannot be, they are thrown into the waste-basket. This waste paper is not burned, but sold — and affords the government a considerable revenue. With all his extravagances, this is but one of numerous ways by which Uncle Sam manages to turn an economical penny out of the carelessness and misfortunes of his numerous nephews and nieces.

FACSIMILE OF A DEAD LETTER DELIVERED AT ELIZABETH, N. J.

The oddest and most interesting class of dead letters are those which are misdirected or are illegible — those which the postal clerks call "nixies." They number over 2,000 daily, and the clerks whose business it is to unravel unintelligible directions and undecipherable scrawls have by experience become so expert that a large majority of them are forwarded. Many enigmas are at once apparent to them, as when, for example, a letter may be addressed "20 Des-

brosses Street, New Jersey," meaning, of course, "New York." But the chief trouble comes from foreigners who do not understand "English as she is wrote," and consequently spell largely by sound. Thus an Italian writes "Avergrasson" for Havre-de-Grace; a Hungarian spells New Jersey "Schaszerscie." "Senoch, Dickalp Co., Ill." was written for Somonauk, De Kalb Co., Ill.



FACSIMILE OF A DEAD LETTER DELIVERED TO HENRY MAJNACKI, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

To the inexperienced person it would appear almost impossible to decipher some of the letters which find their way to the Dead-Letter Office from the larger cities where there is a growing foreign colony. But this class of letters is the simplest that officials have to deal with, and in many instances it is not even necessary to examine the contents of the letter to ascertain its proper destination.

The above is a good specimen of a "nixie," apparently a

hopeless tangle of meaningless lines, yet it was deciphered and safely delivered.

A not unusual error arises from a certain vague association of ideas, as when a letter addressed "Rat Trap, Miss.," should have read "Fox Trap, Miss."

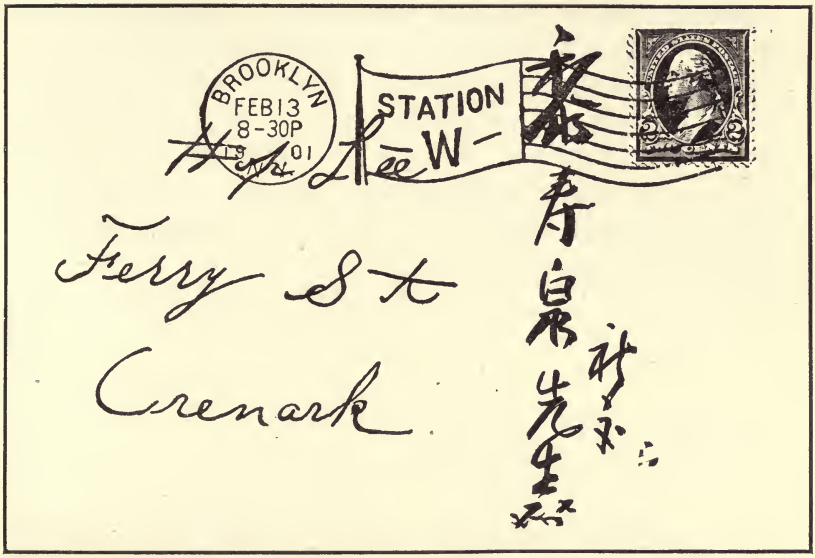
On one occasion the Postmaster-General received a letter from a woman living in the south of England, requesting him to find her brother who had left the old country thirteen years before — during which time his relatives had received no news from him — and deliver a letter which she enclosed addressed thus: — "Mr. James Gunn, Power-Loom Shuttle Maker, Mass., America." It was turned over to the experts in the Dead-Letter Office and Mr. Gunn was found at No. 4 Barrington St., Lowell, Mass. It was a curious sequel to this that a few months afterward another letter came to the Dead-Letter Office addressed to "Mr. James Gunn, No. 4 Barrington St., America."

These experts have a remarkable knowledge of the post-offices of the country, and even the streets of many cities, and a ready facility in interpreting certain scrawls while having in mind the nativity of the person who made them, as judged from the post-office mark. Sometimes the true address can only be guessed, and in such cases the clerk attaches to the letter a little printed slip bearing the following request:

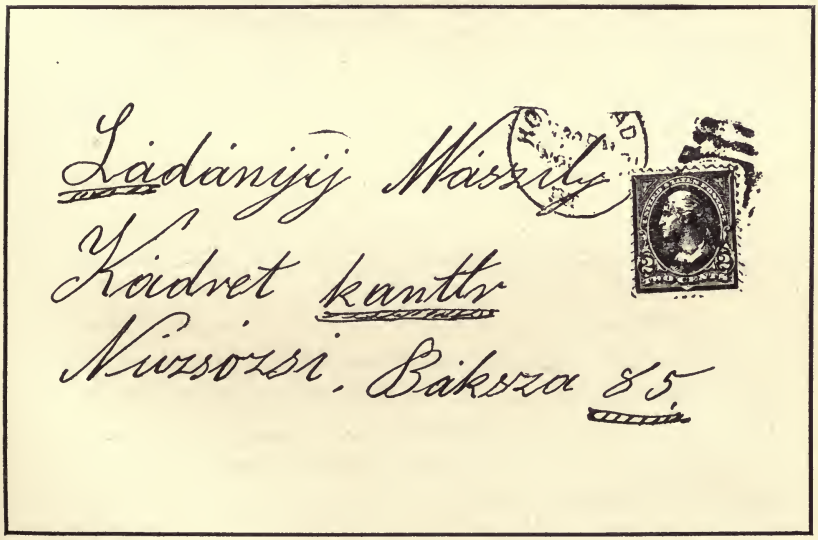
Post-Office Department, Dead-Letter Office,
Washington, D. C., 19—.

Postmaster: — Upon the delivery of this letter please obtain the envelope, if agreeable to the party addressed and return it to the Dead-Letter Office. If the letter cannot be delivered you will, at the expiration of seven days, stamp the letter with your postmarking stamp, and return it and this circular to the Dead-Letter Office, with your next return of unmailable letters, duly numbered and entered on the list, Form No. 1522.

When an empty envelope thus returns, it is proof of the



FACSIMILE OF A DEAD LETTER DELIVERED AT 527 FERRY ST., NEWARK, N. J.



FACSIMILE OF A DEAD LETTER DELIVERED TO BOX 85, CARTERET, N. J.

correctness of the surmise. An envelope thus recalled was addressed to "Mr. Brown, Oil Corn, Miss." There is no such office in Mississippi or elsewhere, but the expert knew that there was an Alcorn University, a negro institution, located at Jackson, Mississippi. The corrected or surmised address was written on the slip and the letter forwarded. The return of the empty envelope later showed that the surmise was correct.

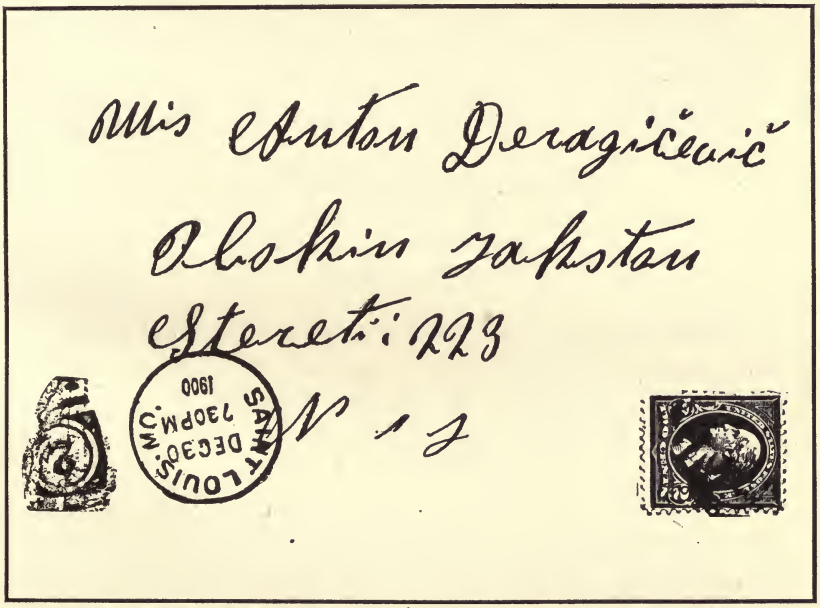
FACSIMILE OF A DEAD LETTER DELIVERED AT 22 CHARLOTTE ST., HARTFORD, CT.

In dealing with many of these dead letters the experts are called upon to exercise the keenest judgment and familiarity with people and places in all parts of the country. It is the policy of the Post-Office Department to preserve as far as possible the sanctity of the mails, and therefore the experts avoid putting the letters "under the knife" only as a last resort. Their wits are sharpened to cut the knots

of the problem. For instance, a letter was recently sent to the Dead-Letter Office addressed simply, in very poor handwriting: —

new york chicago boston st. lowis.

This letter was received at the Dead-Letter Office stamped across its face: "Insufficient Address." The



FACSIMILE OF A DEAD LETTER DELIVERED AT 229 JACKSON ST., HOBOKEN, N. J.

experts in the Dead-Letter Office knew by experience that there is a large business firm having branch offices in all these cities, and that this firm is a large advertiser and receives thousands of letters from the rural districts. Without opening the letter it was concluded that it was intended for this firm and was accordingly sent to them at Chicago, and it proved to be the letter's correct destination.

Another odd class of letters are those which have only

initials to guide the clerk, as for instance, "U P S Ohio," which was correctly interpreted Upper Sandusky, Ohio; another, "I S N S" means the Iowa State Normal School. Occasionally a letter is received before which the experts acknowledge themselves vanquished as, for example, an address like this: —

"For my son out West. He drives red oxen and the railroad goes bi thar."

All letters sent evidently for the sole purpose of puzzling or annoying experts of the Dead-Letter Office are classed as freak letters and receive no attention.

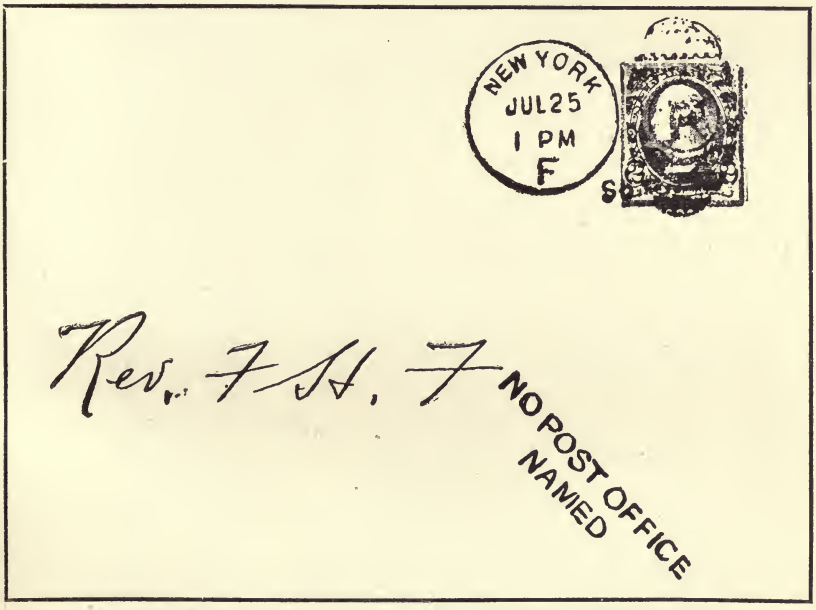
Sometimes an attempted witticism like this is perpetrated:

"Sylvester Brown, a red-faced scrub,
To whom this letter wants to go,
Is chopping cord wood for his grub,
In Silver City, Idaho."

A letter mailed in Russia addressed "Marshall Sons & Co., Limited, Gainsborough," reached the United States and was forwarded to Gainesboro, Tenn., that being the largest office in the United States by that name. Being undeliverable at Gainesboro, Tenn., it was sent to the Dead-Letter Office in bad order, and thence sent to the Postmaster-General, London, England, for delivery at Gainsborough, England, with a special communication, and a receipt acknowledging its delivery was returned. This letter contained a draft for $40,000.

A letter mailed in New York, N. Y., and addressed to Charles Arnold, Austria, failed of delivery to the addressee and was returned as unclaimed from the country of destination. It was opened and found to contain a Bank of England note for £100 and a letter signed simply with the initials "W. S. J." The letter, with its inclosure, was subsequently forwarded to the postmaster at New York, N.Y., and by him delivered to the sender.

An instance of skill in the treatment of improperly-addressed mail matter may be seen from the following facsimile of the envelope of a letter sent to the Dead-Letter Office as undeliverable. The address was supplied and the letter subsequently delivered unopened to the addressee.



FACSIMILE OF A DEAD LETTER DELIVERED UNOPENED, TO THE REV. F. H. FARRAR, CLEVELAND, N. Y.

All mail matter from foreign countries to the United States which for any cause cannot be delivered is handled in the Foreign Division of the office, which also receives matter sent from the United States to foreign countries and found undeliverable there. Records are kept of registered letters, of parcels, of applications made for missing matter of foreign origin, of everything of value delivered, and finally of all mail matter returned from foreign countries. To what is called the Minor Division are confined manuscripts, photographs, and miscellaneous papers of minor

value. About 60,000 photographs are received by this division every year and two-thirds of them are usually restored to their owners.

During the Civil War, tens of thousands of photographs were sent astray. The husband, the father, the brother, the son, under whose name they came — alas! when they reached his regiment he slept perchance in some heaped-up trench, in an unknown grave, or lay among the unburied dead — far beyond the reach of loving mementos and messages from the loved ones at home, so they were returned to this receptacle of unclaimed postal communications. An immense book was kept which contained thousands of photographs that had been sent by soldiers to dear friends at home. The chances of war are sufficient to account for their going astray and for their return to the Dead-Letter Office. With a tender hand, the government gathered these pictures of its lost and unknown sons and garnered them here, for the sake of the living. Friends came from far and near to turn over the pages of this book, in the hope of identifying the faces of loved ones who perished in the war, and many a tear-blinded woman has sought and found them here at last.

The opening of "dead" mail is not very agreeable work, though nearly every package contains a surprise of some kind. Everything imaginable is intrusted to Uncle Sam, from the daintiest fancy work and most costly jewelry to soiled undergarments and worn-out tooth-brushes. Every year an auction of all articles for which owners cannot be found, is held, and the sale nets a good round sum which is turned into the Treasury.

A few of the oddest or choicest specimens are retained for the Department Museum, in which may be found a most remarkable collection of "everything under the sun." In this accumulation of stranded treasures are patchwork quilts, under and outer garments; hats, caps, bonnets;

WOMEN'S WORK IN THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

An average of 23,000 pieces of dead mail matter are received in the Dead-Letter Office every day, or over 7,000,000 pieces every year. Of these, last year, over 50,500 letters contained $44,140 in money; 38,000 contained drafts, notes, etc., representing $1,136,645. The "dead" mail for that year contained 177,000 parcels of merchandise, books, etc., and about 60,000 photographs; 81,600 letters and parcels bore no address; 191,000 contained postage stamps; 145,000 letters and parcels were held for postage misdirected, 422,000.

shoes and stockings; embroideries, baby-wardrobes, watches, and jewels of every description. Books have come to the Dead-Letter Office by the thousand, and room is provided for only two or three very old and valuable specimens here: a New Testament in Chinese, a life of Ignatius Loyola printed in Venice in 1711, and others that date back to the seventeenth century. Near by is the Lord's Prayer in fifty-four languages, and a certificate of character, over a hundred years old, written for an apprentice by his master. Why should they have appeared among the lost? That is one of the mysteries of the Dead-Letter Office. Many of these treasures were precious keepsakes from those who fondly sent them — under very unintelligible superscriptions — to sweethearts whom they never reached. Some are tokens from far-off lands beyond the seas, but fated never to find the ones they sought.

Here are two miniatures painted on ivory, apparently of father and son, which were found in a letter from Boston without any address, and all efforts to find the owners were unavailing. Here is a crucifix of gold and carnelian from Atlanta which no one claimed. Here are rings set with diamonds and sapphires, in close proximity to great snakes which were received alive and are now preserved in jars of alcohol. Other preserved specimens of the animal kingdom consist of star fish, horned toads, and an alligator about three feet long.

With singular incongruity, and yet with a tasteful display, are arranged wedding cake, packages of arsenic and strychnine, bowie knives, and false teeth, some of which have been worn and some of which have not; an old English hatbox that looks as if it had circumnavigated the globe; coffeepots, washboards, barbed wire, revolvers, salad oil, brandy and perfumes, dolls, brownies, and idols; dynamite bombs and musical instruments; human skulls and firecrackers; insect killers and consumption cures; daggers

and valentines; deeds, wills, pension papers; doorplates, fans, and innumerable articles, illustrating the variety of matter sent through the mails daily, but which never reaches its destination.

Occasionally, after keeping such articles for a time, an owner appears. A young lady once sent a ring to a friend by mail — a peculiar moss agate which she highly valued. It was never delivered, and its fate remained a mystery for several years. Subsequently when visiting a distant state she was greatly surprised one morning to find opposite her at the breakfast table a stranger wearing her long-lost ring. The ring was so unique that she had no doubt of its identity. Upon inquiry she found that it had been purchased at one of the "Dead-Letter Auction Sales" at Washington.

Once among the curiosities was a cloth "baby elephant" with one of his sides gorgeously embroidered with the Stars and Stripes and the other flaunting the English colors, the two linked by a golden chain. For years it remained simply a museum feature, but it once was begged as an attraction for a church fair. It so happened that a lady from New Hampshire was visiting Washington at the time and went to the fair. To the surprise of her friends she recognized Jumbo as her own property. Ten years before she had made him and sent him to England, as she supposed, to her daughter who had married a man named Link — hence the design of the English and American flags linked together.

At Christmas time thousands and thousands of misdirected and unclaimed gifts find their way into the Dead-Letter Office — so many little tokens of love or remembrance which fail to carry their message. Imaginative minds may weave curious romances around almost any one of these lost articles.

CHAPTER XX.

A DAY IN THE PATENT-OFFICE — A PALACE OF AMERICAN INVENTIVE GENIUS AND SKILL — CRAZY INVENTORS — FREAKS AND THEIR PATENTS.

The Department of the Interior and Its Functions — The Patent-Office — Issuing One Hundred Patents a Day — Abraham Lincoln's Patent — How To Secure a Patent — Patent Attorneys and How They Obtain Big Fees — Hesitating To Accept a Million Dollars — What Is a Patent? — A Minister Who Discovered "Perpetual Motion" — Preposterous Letters and Odd Inventions — A Dead Baby Used as a "Model" — A Patent for Fishing Worms out of the Human Stomach — A Patent for Exterminating Lions and Tigers by the Use of Catmint — Killing Grass-Hoppers with Artillery — Crazy Inventors — Freaks and Their Patents — A Patent for a Cow-Tail Holder — Eccentric Letters — Amusing Specimens of Correspondence — A Cat and Rat Scarer — Great Fortunes from Little Inventions.

MARCH 3, 1849, Congress passed an act to establish the Home Department, and enacted that said new executive branch of the Government of the United States should be called the Department of the Interior, that the head of said department should be called Secretary of the Interior, and that the Secretary should be placed upon the same plane with other Cabinet officers.

The Department of the Interior covers a multitude of governmental functions having nothing in common, except that they fall within "the interior" of a great and diversified country. Its main duties are the supervision of the General Land Office; of the Patent-Office; of the Pension Bureau; of the Bureau of Indian Affairs; of the Bureau of Education;

of the Bureau of Railroads; of the Census; of the Geological Survey; of the Architect of the Capitol; of the Yellowstone National Park; and always of a variety of lesser and often ephemeral affairs, like the Hot Springs Reservation of Arkansas, the Nicaragua Canal, and almost any kind of a commission which Congress may from time to time establish for getting things off its hands. In fact the Department of the Interior is supposed to be capable of absorbing anything which can not be naturally absorbed elsewhere, and the Secretary of the Interior is sometimes facetiously dubbed the Jack-of-all-Trades of the Cabinet.

The office of the Secretary of the Interior is in the building which is popularly known as the Patent-Office. The Bureau of Patents is the largest branch of the Department of the Interior, and is so important that it is almost a separate department, as, indeed, it ought to be; for this is the bureau of the government which more than any other is always expanding. It is intrusted with the duty of granting letters-patent, securing to the inventor or discoverer, for the term of seventeen years, the exclusive use of the article patented. A "patented" article is one for which "letters-patent" have been issued by the government to the inventor. They are called "letters" because they are open messages, addressed to the public, and "patent" because they are supposed to be known by all.

Patents are not, as some persons suppose, monopolies, but are protections granted to individuals as rewards for, and incentives to, discoveries and inventions of all kinds pertaining to science and the useful arts.

The federal government was not many days old when Jefferson made plans for a Patent-Office. Having inspired the act of 1790 which established it, he made it a part of the Department of State of which he was the head, taking so much pride in its operation that he practically did the work himself. After personally examining each application, it

was his custom to call in Henry Knox of Massachusetts, the Secretary of War, and Edmund Randolph of Virginia, the Attorney-General in Washington's cabinet, who, with the Secretary of State, were by law constituted a tribunal to pass upon such applications. These three distinguished patriots examined them critically, scrutinizing each portion of the specification and claims carefully and rigorously; for Jefferson's idea was that patents should not be granted for devices or processes because they were new, simply, but because they were useful.

The result of this ruling was that very few applications passed the severe ordeal, and but three were granted the first year — the first for "making pot- and pearl-ashes"; the second for "manufacturing candles"; and the third for "manufacturing flour and meal." We may imagine with what grave concern men who could write the Declaration of Independence and play important parts in the establishment of a government under that constitution which was in part the work of their hands, scrutinized, as affairs of state, new processes for making pot- and pearl-ashes, candles, and meal. Certainly they did not foresee the possibilities of a system under which, in a hundred years, about 500 patents would be issued every week in the year.

The rigorous test to which Jefferson submitted applications aroused more and more opposition with each unsuccessful inventor, and in 1793 the law was somewhat liberalized in spite of his protests that it would tend to the creation of monopolies. But the affairs of the office were managed after his ideas for many years, very few patents being granted. Some of these were genuine curiosities, judging from such an entry as this in the report of the Patent-Office for 1802: "Machine for Raising Water (! ! ! a perpetual motion! ! !)" Whether this parenthetical array of exclamation points was inserted by the hand of Jefferson, or of Madison, then Secretary of State, the curious will never know.

In 1810 the office was removed from its little desk with a few humble pigeon-holes at the State Department to a building of its own, previously known as Blodgett's hotel, and it was provided with a head called the "Keeper of the Patents." This individual was no other than our old friend Dr. Thornton, he who many years before had submitted an original sketch of a plan for the Capitol which had "captivated the eyes and judgment" of Jefferson. Jefferson now placed him in charge of the work pertaining to patents. To Thornton the patent business was a hobby, and his ideas corresponded exactly with Jefferson's. His wife was one of the ornaments of the society of the new Capital city. She was a teacher in Philadelphia when he married her. After her death it became known that her father was the famous Dr. Dodd, executed in London for forging a Bank of England note—a fact mercifully concealed from her by her mother, who had taken refuge in America under an assumed name. When, in the war of 1812, the British, who had entered Washington, trained their cannon on the Patent-Office, Thornton, it is said, threw himself before the guns and shouted:

"Are you Englishmen, or Goths, or Vandals? This is the Patent-Office, a depository of the ingenuity and inventions of the American nation, in which the whole civilized world is interested. Would you destroy it? Then let the charge pass through my body!"

A severe thunder storm opportunely helping Dr. Thornton out, the building was spared; so was the doctor, who was the autocrat of the office till his death in 1827, soon after which it was found that the accounts were in great confusion and there was an unexplained absence of drawings and models. The results of the Congressional investigation which followed indicated that the doctor's chief fault was in carrying the office too much in his head; and, as it turned out, it would have made little difference had everything been intel-

ligible and in order, for, though the British had spared it, a fire completely wiped it out in 1836. Thus practically little is known of the exact nature of most of these early patents except the titles given them in the reports to Congress of the Secretary of State, though some of the drawings and models were restored through correspondence with inventors. About seven thousand models were lost, and many of them would be worth their weight in gold to-day as relics. One of the losses was a volume of drawings, elegantly executed by Robert Fulton's own hands, delineating the machinery he employed, and containing three pictures of his steamboat making its triumphant voyage on the Hudson.

This calamity fully awakened Congress to the necessity of adequately and safely housing the Patent-Office; and the lawful fees for issuing patents having accumulated into a considerable fund, Congress added an appropriation, and directed that the whole amount should be invested in a new building to be called the Patent-Office.

From that double fund arose one of the most august buildings in Washington. Occupying an entire public square, it may be approached from four opposite directions, and on each side you lift your eyes to four majestic porticoes towering before you. They are supported by double rows of Doric columns, eighteen feet in circumference, and thirty feet high. The entire building is of pure Doric architecture, strong, simple, and yet magnificent. Its southern front is modeled after that of the Parthenon at Athens.

It was supposed that this imposing edifice would be adequate for all purposes for many years, but, a new and more systematic patent law having been passed in 1836, the growth of the business became so rapid that the models were quickly crowding out everything else, and the Seventh street wing was built and occupied in 1852. This was at once followed by the erection of the corresponding Ninth street wing, and the quadrangle was completed by the G

street extension in 1867, the whole expense up to that time being $3,000,000. Alterations since then have cost $2,000,000 more. How different the Patent-Office is from a modern office building may be judged from the fact that, covering nearly three acres, it is but three stories high; with a thousand people working under its roof, it has but a single elevator for the accommodation of the employees and extensive business of the whole department.

Not many years ago, when entering the building, the visitor found himself in a magnificent hall. Here were many models of famous inventions, and various objects of great historic interest, including priceless relics of Washington, Jackson, and many others, which have since been removed to the National Museum. The great halls have been partitioned off into offices where the ever-growing army of officials and clerks work, while in the wide corridors extending around the four sides of the building, where once, secured in glass cases, were exquisite miniature models of almost every description — pianos, sewing machines, plows, bedsteads, engines, locomotives, guns, and cannons — can now be seen but a poor remnant of this vast collection. In their places are racks and pigeon-holes filled with copies of patents and other papers. Everywhere there is the appearance of an overflow, a deluge of files. In some of the main divisions extend long cañons of towering file racks, all stuffed with edge-worn papers. Patents, patents everywhere, and all on paper. Each division, having its own particular duties, has its own files of patents, while in the file room, each in its properly-endorsed cover, is the history in a nutshell of every one of the 650,000 and more patents which have been granted, with the exception of some of the older ones which were destroyed.

Among the treasures of the building is the greatest technical library in the world — a library of nearly 100,000 volumes, many of them exceedingly rare and valuable.

The Patent-Office has never been an expense to the government. It is the only self-supporting bureau, and annually turns in a large sum to the treasury from its excess of receipts over expenditures. Its revenues are derived largely from patent fees, and sales of copies of patents or files. The *Official Gazette*, a bulky pamphlet published weekly and furnishing the claims of patents with a figure from the drawings, is invaluable to inventors and all interested in patents and in manufacture. Patents are issued every Tuesday and, simultaneously with the announcement of the patents granted, appears the *Gazette* and 150 copies of a description of each patent, to be added to the archives and to the stock for sale.

As the work of the department grew, the demand for more room increased. The models were carried from time to time cross the street and stored in the attic of the old Post-Office Department building; and when, several years ago, the issue of patents had grown to upwards of a hundred a day, and it was apparent that it would be impossible to find a place for the models within the city limits, the patent law was changed and a model is now no longer an essential of an application for a patent. Instead, it is required that sufficient drawings shall be furnished to illustrate clearly and adequately each feature in the article for which a patent is claimed. Some intricate patents are accompanied with from ten to twenty and even thirty pages of elaborate drawings. Every original patent is photo-lithographed and duplicate copies can be obtained for five cents each. The vast and constantly-increasing number of printed copies are kept by classes and sub-classes, and the inventor has but to give the number of a patent he wishes to examine, and an illustrated description of it can be furnished him at once. A force of clerks is constantly busy filling such orders, which come from all over the world.

In 1877, the great building, popularly supposed to be

fire proof, again suffered from a conflagration, and although only the west wing was consumed, 87,000 models and nearly 600,000 drawings were destroyed, for they were then kept largely in that wing in four grand halls opening into each other and affording a promenade of about one-fourth of a mile. The only models saved were a few still kept in the Hall of Models on the main floor, and those stored across the street in the old Post-Office building. Many of the historical relics and curiosities have been removed to the National Museum.

Among the models there preserved, is one roughly executed, representing the frame-work of the hull of a Western steamboat. Beneath the keel is a false bottom, provided with bellows and air-bags. The ticket upon it bears the memorandum, "Model of sinking and raising boats by bellows below. A. Lincoln, May 30, 1849."

By means of this arrangement, Mr. Lincoln hoped to solve the difficulty of passing boats over sand-bars in the Western rivers. The success of his scheme would have made him independently wealthy, but it failed, and, twelve years later, he became President of the United States. During the interval, the model lay forgotten in the Patent-Office, but, after his inauguration, Mr. Lincoln got one of the employees to find it for him.

The issue of patents now numbers nearly 500 a week, and is continually on the increase. Clearly, American ingenuity, far from being exhausted, is ever developing. In theory or in law, anyone can take out a patent upon anything new and useful; in practice he may if it is simply new, for the question of utility is seldom raised. Thousands of patents prove to be of no practical use whatever, but it is always difficult to judge of the possibilities in this direction; for while a patent may fall flat when issued, it may in the course of events, suddenly become of great value.

While it is difficult to judge of what may eventually

become useful, it is no easy matter to determine whether an invention is actually a novelty. The inventor who either stumbles upon or develops something which is new to him, is inclined to think that he has made a discovery. He wants a patent and he expects to become rich. If he has had no previous experience, the chances are that he has no knowledge of the devious path his application must pursue. He can receive from the Patent-Office, for the asking, the official book of instructions telling him how to prepare his application, the size of his drawings, the particular cardboard to be used, the method of stating the nature of his invention, the specifications and the claims, the latter constituting the vital part of a patent; but, if he is wise, he will place his case in the hands of an attorney, and if wiser still he will place it in the hands of a good one, for there are attorneys and attorneys. Some will lead him on only to get his fee; others will tell him honestly whether his idea is of any value, though if they tell him it is worthless, he will probably go to another ready to tell him that it really is a great thing.

In any case, the first step is a preliminary search through the patents in that particular class or sub-class in which a record of such patents ought to be found. Such a search may lead into several classes, but in any event it is superficial. It may be found that the device is partly new and partly old, in which case the claims must be modified to include only the new, or by the introduction of some additional device to escape something already patented.

The drawings are made according to the modified claims and the applications filed, the office giving it a service number so that it may be taken up in regular course. It is then turned over to the examiner in the proper division. Having been delving in this particular line of invention for years, not only keeping informed of patents in this country but of those abroad, reading trade papers and scientific

literature wherein ideas are suggested but never patented, these examiners, and their assistants in the various subclasses, are supposed to find every evidence of prior invention or suggestion either as a whole or in its minutest parts. It may be found, for example, that some little detail in the proposed device has been patented on a machine in no way akin to the one in hand. Some little thing in a washing machine patent might spoil a new idea for a sewing machine, or a loom, or a corn-sheller. Whatever the examiner finds in the way of priority, either clear or questionable, is cited as reference against the application and turned over to the board finally passing upon it. The inventor may find to his sorrow that the idea on which he has based his fond expectations has withered away to a thing of little value.

Every inventor supposes that he has a fortune in every conception that he puts into wood and iron. Stealing tremblingly and furtively up the steps of the Patent-Office, with his model concealed under his coat, lest some sharper shall see it and rob him of his darling idea, he hopes to come down those steps with the precious parchment that shall insure him a present competency and enrich his children. If in the first flush of his triumph he were offered a million dollars, he would hesitate about touching it without sleeping over the proposition for a night. No commission could satisfy him, and no ordinary price would take the place of the hope of unlimited wealth which has lightened his toil.

Yet, with so many difficulties to be overcome, the government is now granting nearly one hundred patents a day. It should be said that it is not essential that every particular part in a device should be new; a new combination of old parts is a patentable novelty. Furthermore, nearly all patents are improvements. A man can patent an improvement on another's invention, as has been done over

and over again. "Interferences," where two inventors have made applications for practically the same thing, are always to be dealt with, and they are eventually decided by the Commissioner on the evidence as to who actually had the idea first. The inventor is also protected under what is called the caveat system, whereby on a payment of a small fee he may file a description of a proposed invention and secure its protection for a period enabling him to perfect it.

Patent law and practice are unsurpassed for perplexing intricacy, and taking this into account, together with the fact that he must evade nearly 700,000 patents in this country and as many more abroad, the inventor can never be quite sure what the result of his application will be. The work of years may result in nothing, while he sorrowfully beholds a woman making a fortune out of a patent on a paper bag, and a man becoming a millionaire out of a patent granted for attaching a little ball to an elastic string.

In no other position in the world than that of Commissioner of Patents, probably, could a man discover how many crazy people there are outside of the lunatic asylum. The born inventor is always a dreamer. For the sake of his darling thought, he is willing to sacrifice himself, his wife, and children, everything but the "machine" growing in his brain and quickening under his eager hand. How often they fail! How often the precious idea, developed into form, is only a mistake — a failure!

Sometimes this is sad — quite as often it is funny. The procession which started, far back in the ages, with its machine of "Perpetual Motion," long ago reached the doors of the American Patent-Office. The persons found in that procession are sometimes astonishing. A well-known doctor of divinity, not suspected of studying any machinery but that of the moral law, appeared one day in the office of the Commissioner.

"I know I've got it!" he said.

"What, sir?"

"Perpetual motion, sir. Look!" and he set down a little machine. "If the floor were not in the way, if the earth were not in the way, that weight would never stop, and my machine would go on forever. I know this is original with me — that it never dawned before upon any other human mind."

So enthusiastic was the doctor, it was with difficulty he could be restrained from depositing the Patent-Office fee and leaving his experiment to be patented. The Commissioner quietly sent to the library for a book — a history of attempts to create perpetual motion. Opening at a certain page, he pointed out to the astonished would-be inventor where his own machine had been attempted, and failed, more than a hundred years before. The reverend doctor took the book home, read, digested, and meditated thereon — to bring it back and lay it down before the Commissioner in silence.

It would take a large volume to record all the preposterous letters and inventions received at the Patent-Office. A man once sent a letter describing a new process of embalming which he had originated. It was accompanied by a dead baby — "the model" — which he requested should be placed in one of the glass cases of the Exhibition-Room. He considered himself deeply injured when his request was refused. Among the most remarkable inventions is a machine to force a hen to lay eggs, and a silver worm-hook, which, it was claimed, when baited with a seductive pill, would remove worms from the human stomach.

The Commissioner once received the following communication from the Legation of the United States in Paris:

"Sir: — A very large number of inventions and discoveries are submitted to this Legation, with the request that

we shall transmit them to Washington. Most of them are, as you may suppose, worthless. We have had, for instance, serious plans proposed for the extermination of all the lions and tigers in the United States by the use of catmint, the *modus operandi* being to dig an immense pit, and fill it with this herb. The well-known love of the feline race for catmint will naturally induce the lions and tigers to jump into the pit and roll themselves upon it; whereupon concealed hunters are to appear and slaughter the ferocious animals.

"Another plan is for the destruction of grasshoppers upon the plains by the use of artillery; it being perfectly well known that concussion kills insects.

"A third is for the capture of a besieged city by the use of a bomb which, upon exploding, shall emit so foul a smell that the besieged will rush headlong from the walls, and fall an easy prey to the besiegers."

The President of the United States receives many letters of like character, which are by him transmitted to the Bureau of Patents. The following are verbatim copies (including orthography) of letters which represent thousands more of equal intelligence received at this department of the government.

"Sir it is with pleasure I take this opportunity Of writing to You I Am well at Present Hoping those few lines will find you enjoying Good health And prosperity I am doing all I can for you in this locality and I hope and expect you will be our next President Of the United States I would like to have an Office of Siveliseing the Indians What Salary will you give me per Annum please Write to me and let me no in fact I am in need of A little money at present Will you please send me 600 or 1000 dolors to ———— Sumthing Aught to be done for the poor Indean And I beleave that I can sivelise them. If you will give me 200 or 300 per month it will doo."

"Hon Friend — *Solicitor of Patents* I have invented a secret form of writing expressly for the use of our gov in time of warfare the publick demands it, It is different from any other invention known to the publick in this or any gov. It consists simply of the English alphabet and can be changed to any form that the safety of our gov. demands it no higherglyphicks are employed but it is practical and safe

I propose to sell it to our gov for the sum of one million dollars I will meet any committee appointed to investigate the matter. If you will give me your influence in Congress and aid in bringing a sale of the invention about to our gov or any other I will reward you with the sum of ten thousand dollars ($10,000) It is no illusion or a whim of the brain but is what I represent it to be scientific practicable and safe, Wishing to hear from you on the subject I remain"

Only recently a man in Michigan acknowledged receipt of information sent by the bureau at his request, in the following letter:—

"HONOURABLE SIR: I am much gratified for the kind information you sent me. But when i peruised it i found i could not proceed on account of my Sircumstances. I am here as an exile far from home and without money though i own a farm of 220 eacres of land in——— Co. Michigan, but had to fly like the lark from the field of wheat for fear of my life by a frantic scolding wife. I Sought Peace and found it thanks be to providence.

"I have a great many ideas of improvements in many a buisnes especialy in fire Scapes from high buildings which is grately kneeded, though i am no machanic i can instruct many a man in his buisnes.

"But money makes the mare go which leaves my mare to totter fall and die it is said and is true their is manny a Socratus in the hands of a Plow and many a Uleses herding Sheep."

Occasionally a freakish idea may have value; but the absurd devices of crazy inventors who have filed applications for wonderful inventions are legion. A milkman conceived the idea of a cow-tail holder, and there appears in the archives of the Patent-Office, a patent with drawings showing a clamp like a clothespin for fastening the animal's tail to its leg or to the milking-stool. But though the inventor secured his patent he found that there were dozens of patents for cow-tail holders, and that there was no demand for cow-tail holders, anyway. Another man who evidently had an uneasy bed-fellow, invented a clamp

and spring attachment for fastening the bedclothes to the bedstead. A "combination inkstand, pistol case, and alarm"; a fan attachment for rocking-chairs, the rocking motion revolving the fan; an automatic egg-boiler, with mechanism so adjusted as to raise the eggs out of the water at the expiration of the proper time; a wire device to be attached to hens' legs to keep them from scratching; and thousands of other comical inventions are classified and housed in this great granite building.

Some extraordinary cranks turn up at the Patent-Office. They hail from all parts of the country. Their errand is often proclaimed in their unkempt appearance, in their secretive and confidential manner, and above all in their great and mysterious inventions. The Patent-Office becomes to them either their bosom confidant and inspiration or their deadly enemy, according to the verdict on their new ideas. Should they invent a new and useful manner of shooing flies, or scaring cats and rats, it is bound, in their opinion, to be of vital importance to the universe and redound to the everlasting glory and fortune of the inventor.

Some time ago, a man long past middle life, wearing a Father Time beard and huge spectacles, a high, broad-brimmed hat, and a long black clerical coat, entered the office, and addressing himself to the first official he met earnestly said: "Sir, I have made one of the most remarkable discoveries that has ever been made: I have invented a tobacco-quid protector, sir, by which tobacco may be kept in the mouth without spitting, sir, and by which the quid may be preserved for any length of time without spoiling, sir. Saves money, saves health, saves morals." Whereupon he produced a box made of pine wood and shaped like an oyster shell. He desired drawings to be made of it, and the facts published, and was indignant and disgusted because his request was not granted.

A man from Green Bay, Wisconsin, one day tip-toed in very quietly and confidentially, and laying his sun-browned hat on top of one of the desks, clasped his hands and said: "I am from Bay City, and I have made a most valuable discovery." His "discovery" consisted of a clock alarm arranged in a huge wooden frame. From a cross beam at the top a rope dangled, to which a heavy iron weight was attached and so arranged as to be easily detached and fall into a tin pan placed below. The whole device was designed to make a great noise for the purpose of scaring cats away from pans of milk.

Another applicant, who was evidently addicted to gratifying his taste for strong drink surreptitiously, wanted a patent for a novel liquor flask, and strange to say, his device was actually patented. It consisted in making the outer covering of the flask in the form of a book, marked "Legal Decisions." The book was large enough to cover the bottle, including the neck and stopper. The book had a concealed hole beneath the bottom of the flask, so that the flask could be pushed upward and the neck would project through another concealed hole at the top.

It is estimated that about one invention in twenty-five repays the cost of taking out a patent. Yet inventors as a class are sanguine men, and no knowledge of the enormous percentage of chances against them will deter them from multiplying ingenious devices. Every one expects a fortune from his particular piece of mechanism. Every one has heard not only of the enormous sums realized from the great inventions of the last half-century, but also of the large returns yielded by things apparently trifling which have struck the public fancy or met the public need.

The toy called the return-ball, a small ball attached to an elastic string, is said to have produced a profit of $50,000 a year; and the rubber tip on lead-pencils has yielded a competence to the inventor. More than $1,000,000 has

been earned by the gimlet-pointed screw, the inventor of which was so poor that he trudged on foot from Philadelphia to Washington to get his patent; the roller-skate has yielded $1,000,000 after the patentee spent $125,000 in England fighting infringements; the dancing Jim Crow is set down for $75,000, and the copper tip for children's shoes at $2,000,000; the spring window-shade roller pays $100,000 a year, and the needle-threader $10,000 a year. From the drive-well $3,000,000 have been realized; the stylographic pen is credited with $100,000 a year; and the egg-beater, and the rubber stamp, with large sums. These are only a few examples among hundreds that might be cited. No wonder inventors are hopeful when they reflect that comfort for life and fortunes for their children may come from a single fortunate idea.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PENSION BUREAU — CLAIMANTS AND THEIR PETITIONS — SNARES AND PIT-FALLS FOR THE UNWARY.

A Vast Deluge of Pension Papers — Caring For a Million Pensioners — Disbursing $132,000,000 a Year — The "Alarm Act" — Pension Laws and Regulations — Who Are Entitled to Pensions — Method of Procedure — How Claims Are Filed and Examined — Guarding the Rolls Against Fraud — Medical Examinations — Disgruntled Applicants — Suspicious Cases and "Irregular" Claims — "Widows" — Doctors Who Disagree — An Indignant Captain — Living on "Corn-bread and Sour Milk" — Why Decisions Are Delayed — Special Examinations — Guarding Against Swindlers, Imposters, and Frauds — Claim Agents and Their Ways — Forging Evidence and Affidavits — Pension Attorneys and Their Tricks — "Swapping" Papers — Mean and Petty Swindlers — Whom To Avoid — Pawning Pension Certificates — The Disabled Veteran's Best Friend — His Real Enemies — General Harrison's Views.

NEXT to the Patent-Office, the Pension Bureau is the most important branch in the Department of the Interior. The expansion of its business during the past few years compelled the erection of a special building of large proportions to accommodate the deluge of pension papers and the army of 1,800 busy men and women through whose hands they must pass. Most of its interior consists of an immense court broken by two rows of columns, which sustain the central part of the great roof of glass, while encircling galleries lead to the numerous offices on every side. Inside, therefore, the building has the appearance of more space than contents. The size of the court may be judged from the fact that fully

20,000 people crowd into it upon the occasion of the inaugural balls which are now held there,—a purpose not in the mind of the designer of the structure, but a fortunate accident that made a permanent and unequaled place for functions that have become attractive features of every inauguration.

The building is not a work of art. When General Sheridan was looking it over, and his guide proudly told him that the structure was perfectly fire proof, he exclaimed: "What a pity!" Neither is it an expensive building as compared with others devoted to government purposes, plenty of room and suitable conveniences being the objects desired. There is one distinctively artistic thing about it, however, — the ornamental terra-cotta frieze over the first-story windows, portraying a spirited procession of soldiers, infantry, cavalry, and artillery; and many a veteran feels his pulse quicken as he beholds the details of the frieze, reviving never-to-be-forgotten scenes in the great Civil War.

The Pension Roll of 1901 carries over a million pensioners, involving an expenditure of over $132,000,000. A month after the Declaration of Independence, the Congress of the Confederation passed an act promising pensions to those disabled in the war, cases being adjudged by the State legislatures and pensions paid by the states, which were afterwards reimbursed by the Federal government. In 1818 a law was passed pensioning indigent men who had served in the Revolution, but the applications became so numerous that Congress quickly passed the "alarm act," requiring all pensioners on the roll to furnish a schedule of the amount of property then in their possession. Pensioners were dropped who owned as small an amount as 150 dollars worth of property.

During the development of the Pension Bureau so many pension laws have been enacted that pension legislation has become an extremely difficult thing to master. It may be

divided into four general classes: — (1) That on account of the old wars prior to 1861; (2) the so-called general laws since 1861; (3) the act of June 27, 1890; (4) that on account of the War with Spain. The last survivor of the Revolution died over thirty years ago, but in 1900 there still remained on the pension roll four widows and seven daughters of Revolutionary soldiers, the average age of the latter exceeding that of the widows. Only one soldier of the War of 1812 was living in 1900, but the rolls still contained the names of over 1,700 widows of pensioned soldiers of that war. The survivors of the Mexican War in 1900 numbered 8,352 and widows 8,151. As the pensioned soldiers, widows, daughters, and minors on account of the Civil War number nearly a million, it will be seen that the pension business on account of previous wars is of relatively small importance.

Under the so-called general laws passed since 1861, any soldier, sailor, or marine, disabled by reason of wound received or disease contracted in the service of the United States, and in the line of duty, may be pensioned for such disability during its continuance, and in case of his death from the above causes, his widow, or his child or children under 16 years of age, become entitled to a pension; while, if he left no widow or minor, his dependent father, mother, or orphan sisters and brothers become entitled in the order named. This is but a general statement of the effect of a series of laws which have had many provisos and intricacies added from time to time.

Under this act the number of survivors entitled to pensions became well exhausted in 1890, and Congress was strongly importuned to make provision for the growing army of survivors, who, though in no way disabled during service, were becoming for various reasons incapacitated and dependent largely as a result of the service.

The result was the law of 1890 under which any soldier, sailor, or marine who served ninety days or more in the mili-

tary or naval service, was honorably discharged, and who became a sufferer from disabilities of a permanent character, not the result of vicious habits, thus rendering him unable to earn his support, should be entitled to a pension of not less than six dollars and not more than twelve dollars a month. Widows are entitled to like pension, provided they had not remarried before the passage of the act, or if left without means except their daily labor. Army nurses who were enrolled in the service and served six months and have become unable to earn a support are also pensioned. Besides these, Congress yearly passes a large number of private pension bills for those who for various reasons cannot be included under the liberal pension laws. Such pensions are granted by special act, and are not adjudicated by the Pension Bureau.

The pension rates for certain disabilities are specified by law in a general way and are more particularly fixed by the Commissioner of Pensions. They range from two dollars for the loss of any one of the smaller toes to a total disability calling for one hundred dollars a month. In fixing the rate of pensions, the aggregate of the rates for particular disabilities is taken as the pension rate, and under the law any one who is pensionable at all shall receive at least six dollars a month.

Upon these general features a most complicated and careful procedure has been built up for the examination of claims, which is often much more painful to the impatient veteran than his disabilities, but which is absolutely essential to guard the rolls against fraud. The organization of the bureau consists of a commissioner, two deputy commissioners, a chief clerk and his assistant, a medical referee and assistant, a law clerk, a board of review and thirteen divisions, each with a chief. When a claim is filed it is stamped in the Mail Division, the date being important because, if a pension is granted, under recent laws, it dates from the time it was

filed. The Mail Division handles on the average 200,000 applications a year, and the number of letters written exceeds 2,000,000 a year.

All claims based upon service prior to 1861, and all navy claims, are sent to different divisions in accordance with their character. The first step taken is to determine whether the allegations of the claim are sufficient, if sustained, to warrant a pension under the law, and if they are, a call is made upon the War Department for the soldier's record, all such records being carefully systematized and kept in the old Ford's Theater building. Upon the receipt and examination of this record the claimant's attorney is notified of any necessary evidence to complete the claim, while the claimant is ordered for medical examination, the date of every step in the procedure being endorsed upon the "jacket," the envelope in which all papers relating to the claim are kept.

The medical examination forms the basis of the whole system. It is performed by boards of examining surgeons in various parts of the country, under the supervision of the medical referee, the claimant usually being ordered before the nearest one. The object of the examination is to obtain a complete description of the disabilities for which pensions are claimed, whether mentioned by the claimant or not, and the pathological relationship to prior diseases or injuries must be closely inquired into, and the conclusions of the board must be fully recorded. It often happens that a disability is alleged which does not exist at all, and also that a different disability from that alleged is proven, much to the claimant's surprise. The compensation of medical examiners is small, and thus, while many may be skilled enough in medicine, they may devote only a superficial attention to the pension business, getting through with it as quickly as possible, so as to obtain the fee. Their work is often a source of great uncertainty to the officials at Washington, and when unsatisfactory, test examinations may follow.

A recent example will illustrate this. A pensioner who claimed several disabilities was ordered before a medical board which found no ratable disability at all. To be sure that no injustice was being done, he was ordered before a different board, which found disabilities and rated them at eight dollars per month. The discrepancy was so great that he was ordered before a third board, which found and carefully described disabilities which it rated at seventeen dollars a month. As this only added to the uncertainty, he was ordered before a fourth board, which found disabilities which it rated at twenty-four dollars a month. Same man, same conditions, same instructions, and all within a few days! The physicians were each and all reputable practitioners, and all of the boards were under the classified service of the bureau. Each board, which consisted of three members, found unanimously. This disagreement of doctors is so common an occurrence that the bureau long since despaired of obtaining the same ratings for the same disabilities. In all, nearly 5,000 physicians are employed for this work throughout the country.

When the evidence is complete the examiner prepares it for submission to the Board of Review, whose sole function is to treat cases judicially upon the papers as submitted. After a time, if the claim is allowed, a proper record is made, the last requisite filled, the pension is granted, and the much-indorsed "jacket" with its contents passes to its resting-place in one of the many great receptacles provided for the thousands of "cases" allowed and disallowed. Only about one-half of the claims presented pass successfully through the intricate mill of the Pension Bureau.

The pension officials do not sit upon beds of roses — or, if they do, they are full of thorns. So various and minute are the provisions of law applicable to the cases under their consideration, and so numerous are the rulings of the bureau, that each claim demands the most exhaustive examination,

the keenest discrimination, and the wisest judgment, to reach a final just conclusion.

Indignant letters are often received from disappointed claimants. Some years ago a Captain B. of Havre-de-Grace, Maryland, a claimant for pension under the act of 1871, for services in the War of 1812, had his claim rejected, it appearing that he had served less than sixty days as required by that act; whereupon the Captain grew wrathful and wrote as follows:

"N. B. — Any man that will say that I was not a Private soldier in Capt. Paca Smith's company before the attack of the British on the City of Baltimore, and during the attack on said city in Sept. 1814, and after the British dropped down to Cape Henry, I say he is a dastard, a liar, and a coward, and no gentleman, or any man that will say that I got my Land-Warrant from the Hon. Geo. O. Whiting, for 160 acres of Land, for 14 days' services in Capt. Paca Smith's company, is the same, as stated above, and I hold myself responsible for the contents of this letter; and if their dignity should be touched, a note of honor directed to Capt. Wm. B——, Havre-de-Grace, Harford Co., Md., shall be punctually attended to.

"Wm. B——."

Once upon a time an aged claimant for a pension, who served in the War of 1812, wrote the following touching letter to the bureau: "Oh! can it be true that I am going to get $100? That news is too good! I'm so hungry, and I love coffee so, but I can't get any! All I have to eat is cornbread and sour milk. I can't believe that I am to get so much money, but I pray God it may be true."

The Special Examination Division is one to which only cases requiring special examinations are referred. Special examiners are stationed at various points in the country, and are usually graduates from the clerical force of the bureau, and therefore well acquainted with the law and modes of procedure. They investigate the different agencies and look out for violations of the pension laws as well as frauds

in the prosecution of claims. It is often found that widows continue to draw pensions in violation of the law after remarriage, and in many cases every year it is found that the pensions of deceased soldiers are being regularly drawn by imposters. Evidence of forged endorsements is commonly found, and various frauds which are more often the work of claim agents than of claimants come to light.

The claim agent is a necessary evil. The average veteran, while he may know all about his disabilities, is as ignorant as a babe of that great and complex fabric of legislation called the pension laws. Many a poor fellow who lost his leg or arm, or carries a bullet in him, received in his country's battles, knows all about the minus members, the battles, and the bullet, and not an atom about "the provisions of the law," or the intricacies of official red-tape. Because his knowledge is of so one-sided a character, he finds it no easy matter to get the governmental reward for that buried leg or arm; and by the time all "the requirements of the law" have been slowly beaten into his brains, the greater portion of his pension is pocketed by the claim agent who showed him how to get it.

Not one veteran in a thousand could prepare his own case so that it would meet the requirements of the Pension Bureau, and the interminable correspondence which would arise in the effort to prepare the case in legal and regular form would be painful to both the veteran and the officials. The result is, unfortunately, that a pension attorney is essential to a fair degree of success. If all attorneys were honest and took up only such cases as came to them legitimately and considered only such cases as were deserving, there would be no difficulty.

There is absolutely no bar to the admission of any man or woman of any color to practice as a claim agent, who can furnish a certificate from a Judge of the United States or Territorial courts that he or she "is of good moral char-

acter and of good repute and competent to assist claimants in the prosecution of their claims." The agent may know little of law or of anything else; he may be a man who would shun fraudulent methods in ordinary business, but he seems to fall easily into the habit of thinking that anything to get a claim through the Pension Office is justifiable. Every year the bureau discovers that "some leading man in his community," or a "man of first-class reputation," is fabricating papers, and changing affidavits, and the swindler generally sets up as a defense that his clients were justly entitled to pensions according to the altered papers.

In 1897 it was discovered that a notary public and pension attorney of Providence, Rhode Island, having a large practice, was in the habit of keeping the certificates of clients in his office and of executing the quarterly vouchers for the pensioner. When a pensioner died he continued to execute the vouchers and drew the money for himself upon a dozen different cases. The government had paid out $20,000 on such forgeries before they were detected.

In 1899 a well-organized gang of pension swindlers was discovered by special examiners in one of the Southern cities. It was their practice to forge whatever papers were necessary to make out a proper claim, to select the name of a soldier upon which to base a claim for a widow's pension from the stones in soldiers' cemeteries, and to "swap" papers purporting to be affidavits. One member acted as notary and signed and sealed papers without swearing or seeing witnesses. Others signed to papers any name they were told to sign. It was found that over one hundred claims thus pending were without any foundation whatever. The leader of this gang was a pension attorney who had been disbarred for forgery.

Some attempt has been made to purge the roster of attorneys, and the number entitled to practice before the bureau has been reduced from some 60,000 to about 20,000.

They are always on the lookout for new pension legislation. After the law of 1890 was passed, opening the way for many veterans to prove disabilities which could not be proven under the general laws, claims poured in at the rate of a thousand a day. Pension attorneys grew rich. Soldiers were appealed to to fill out their applications, and the agents received a ten-dollar fee on each claim filed. It was impossible for the bureau to keep the work up to date, and many meritorious claims under the general law had to wait. Most of the pensions now granted to veterans of the Civil War are under the new law, which does not materially increase the expenditure, because the rates are less and the old pensioners are dying off.

It can not be wondered at that the processes within the bureau are slow and careful when the business is hedged about with so many dangers. While the agent may be necessary to the claimant, the bureau is much more his sincere friend. The real enemy of the deserving veteran is the unscrupulous attorney who takes up the time of the bureau by necessitating special examination of his suspicious cases.

The work of the Pension Bureau is conscientious and thorough, and the criticism which has been heaped upon it on the one hand by the veterans who could not prove their rights to pensions, and on the other by people who regard only the size of the pension roll without any thought of the obligations of the government to survivors of the war, is wholly undeserved. As the late ex-President Harrison once said: "There are two views of the pension question — one from the 'Little Round Top' at Gettysburg, looking over a field sown thickly with the dead, and around upon bloody, blackened, and maimed men, cheering the shot-torn banner of their country; the other from an office desk on a busy street, or from an endowed chair in a university, looking only upon a statistical table."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CENSUS BUREAU—COUNTING THE NOSES OF EIGHTY MILLION PEOPLE—HOW AND WHY IT IS DONE.

Why the Census Is Taken Every Ten Years — Some Pointed Questions — Tribulations of Enumerators — "None of Your Business" — Beginning of the Process — The Scramble for Positions — Pulling Wires To Secure Office — How the Census Is Taken — Starting 50,000 Canvassers in One Day — Disagreeable Experiences — Meeting Shotguns and Savage Dogs — "What Is Your Age?" — Irate Females — How the Question Is Answered by Certain Persons — "Sweet Sixteen" — "Fibbing" a Little — Keeping Tabs on the Enumerators — Enormous Amount of Detail — The Punching Machine — Cost of the Census of 1900 — The Land Office and Its Work — Settlers and Homeseekers — The Geological Survey — Its Interesting Work — The Indian Bureau — How Poor "Lo" Is Cared For — Indian Delegations in Washington — The Bureau of Education.

IT was ordained at the beginning of the constitutional government that Uncle Sam should count every man, woman, and child every ten years, for population is made the basis of representation in the House of Representatives, the number of members from each state being in proportion to the population found at each decennial count. Like almost everything else connected with the government, the taking of this census has developed from a small affair to an undertaking of mighty proportions, partly because of the immense growth of the country in area and in population, but more especially because the census was gradually made

to embrace a multitude of inquiries concerning the wealth, health, infirmities, occupations, and education of the people.

Every person is not simply counted, but Uncle Sam insists upon asking every man how he is and what he does, how much he earns and how much he owes, how old he is and where he was born, whether he can read and write, and whether he is sound in mind and body, and a great many other things to which now and then a person retorts angrily to the census taker that "it is none of Uncle Sam's business." But Uncle Sam has a way of demonstrating to such people that it *is* his business, and he generally succeeds in obtaining answers to his questions, even if they are not always "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

So extensive has become the work that one census is hardly completed before it is time to prepare for the next; thus the Census Bureau has practically become a permanent one, and a building was erected for its purposes in 1899. It is a two-story structure with a vaulted skylight over the center, which is one mammoth room, where the clerks sit at small desks so arranged that one general superintendent can overlook the force of hundreds of men and women.

For two years before the enumerators are set to work, the census is the talk of a large portion of the people of Washington. There is always a small army of men and women in the city who have failed to secure positions in other departments, and as a last resort they make strenuous effort to obtain employment in the Census Bureau. The unemployed sons and daughters of regular office-holders join the throng in large numbers, putting in their applications as residents of states from which their fathers originally came. Senators and Representatives are allotted a certain number of appointments, and there is always fierce competition to secure a place on a member's allotment. Influential constituents of members are appealed to, and the Congressional mail rises to great proportions.

The head of the bureau is a Superintendent of the Census, who is appointed by the President, and who generally installs a few of the more important officers in their places early in the year before the census is taken. Their time is occupied in preparing the schedules for the enumerators and in filing applications for appointment. When the time comes for appointments, examinations are held, their character being fixed by the census officials, for the bureau is independent of the Civil Service Commission. The applicants are summoned for examination in detachments, and every day brings an army of would-be appointees with anxious faces and palpitating hearts. About one-half usually fail to pass the rigid test, and thus there is another increase in the aggregate of blasted hopes, one of the few things which Uncle Sam never attempts to enumerate. Not all who pass secure appointments, but by the time the reports begin to arrive at the bureau, it is usually equipped with a force of over 2,500 people, many of them young and middle-aged women.

The work of taking the census must be begun on the same day all over the country and completed, so far as enumeration goes, within a few weeks. To do this, it is essential to divide the whole country into about 300 districts, each with a supervisor, and these districts are sub-divided into much smaller districts, each of which is given to an enumerator, or canvasser. Thus on the same day Uncle Sam starts out over 50,000 of these canvassers, each with a schedule of questions he is to ask at every house, and each is paid according to the number of names he obtains. In thickly-settled districts, an enumerator usually has from 3,500 to 4,000 names, while in sparsely-settled parts of the country an enumerator will have all he can do within the required time to pick up a hundred names.

The schedule contains spaces for questions as to the number of families in each house, the number of persons in each family, their names, relationship, age, color, sex, birthplace,

vocations, whether any are attendants at school, if of school age, and whether they speak English and can read and write. The enumerator must also find out who are paupers and who are pensioners; also whether a house is owned or rented, mortgaged or not, and if so for how much; and there are also a great number of special questions relating especially to farms, and factories, and business offices. When the enumerators have completed their work to the satisfaction of the supervisor of their districts, the schedules are sent to Washington.

Although there is little difficulty in finding 50,000 men ready to become enumerators, the task is not always delightful or profitable. Doors are slammed in their faces, and sometimes they have been pursued by irate mountaineers armed with shotguns. Many consider them fit game for savage watchdogs. People who are not disposed to tell the truth about themselves when under oath, could hardly be expected to make reputations for veracity before a census enumerator. Furthermore, people who flatter themselves that they have a strict regard for the truth, are not above a little "fibbing" along certain lines. It is a curious fact that the number of females between the ages of fifteen and nineteen is always out of proportion to the number at other ages. Girls below fifteen are apt to "stretch it" a little, and those above nineteen have an inclination in the other direction. Often the enumerator resides in the neighborhood, and there will always be a few young ladies who are sensitive about their age, and who have a fear that the enumerator will reveal it if they tell the exact truth. In the case of young men the number of those who are shown to be twenty-one is far in excess of what it should be, in proportion to those above and under that age.

The statisticians in the Census Bureau at Washington generally find a certain ratio running through all returns, and it is from a comparison with these that they judge

somewhat of the accuracy of the enumerators' work. For example, they find that in any district the proportion of deaths to the number of people will present few variations, and when a marked variation is noticed they notify the enumerator of the fact before paying him. If he insists upon the correctness of his count, it is set down as an exception, though if an inaccuracy is very apparent the supervisor may be required to make another enumeration. The schedules are generally all in and the enumerators paid within four months from the time the count was begun.

But this is the simplest part of the work. When the schedules from the 50,000 and more enumerators arrive they must be counted, not simply for their number but for the number of those who are male, female, black, white, married, single, and so on, all through the long series of answered questions. They must be counted and tabulated for each district, for each town, for each county, and for each state, and it must be done within three months, for Congress meets in December and will, on the basis of the population shown, rearrange the congressional districts. Now if 2,000 men and women were set to work counting on these schedules by hand, they could not possibly complete them by the time another census had to be taken. So mechanical genius has devised means for counting and adding up all the various features of the schedules.

In the large room which is really the court of the census building covered by skylights, during the hot summer months following the enumeration are hundreds of women, each sitting at her little table and working with amazing rapidity at what is known as a punching machine. As we enter we look upon an army of women working as if their lives depended upon it; but, as a matter of fact, nothing depends upon it but an increase in salary. The bureau wishes to establish a reputation for completing the work in the shortest possible time, and those who can punch 600

cards a day will have seventy-five dollars a month instead of sixty. So these women work at break-neck speed, knowing the while that the sooner they complete their task the soòner they will be out of employment. But they must comply with the requirements of the superintendents or give way to the hundreds who would gladly take their places. During some of the hot summer days of 1900, as many as twenty girls fainted at their tables, for the fierce sun beating upon the glass roof above them made the temperature of the great room painfully oppressive.

The punching machines have a diagram made up of small irregular spaces, each containing in regular order certain figures or letters, or combinations of figures or letters, some 300 in all. This diagram is just the size of the card to be punched, and each letter or figure is a symbol for some fact, like male or female, black or white, English-speaking or not, etc. In one of the spaces not two inches square are grouped the capitals of the alphabet, and in another the small letters. By using various combinations of these capitals and lower-case letters every known occupation of men can be "punched"; for example, Gl stands for accountants, Cn for almshouse keepers, etc., the index of these symbols making a closely-printed book of nearly forty pages, which the machine operator must master.

Slipping a card under the machine she looks at her schedule, and brings the small lever bearing the punch over the letter or figures in the diagram indicating the facts to be recorded. The cards are about three inches by six and all are numbered. The punch makes a hole about the size of a small pea, and by the time a single schedule is finished a card will have from fifteen to twenty holes in it. In other words, that number of punches must be made in about 600 cards a day. If any girl is tempted to slight her task she quickly recovers from it, for a force of clerks each night goes over the work to see that it is done correctly.

The cards are then fed into an adding machine so constructed that it registers in the proper place for every hole in the card. For example, when all the cards from the City of New York have been run through, the register will reveal at a glance what the population is, how many are males and how many females, how many speak English and how many do not, and so on through the long catechism of the enumerator.

As soon as tabulations begin to be made, the results are turned over to expert statisticians who map out lines for special investigations, and the printing department of the bureau begins the publication of bulletins giving the results of the count as it progresses. The bureau employs several special agents for gathering specific statistics concerning manufactures and finance, and their returns are handled after the returns of the enumerators are out of the way. At the end of three years it is possible to publish a compendium of the census. At the same time the complete work, usually consisting of twenty or more large volumes all devoted to tables, is in course of publication. The cost of taking the census of 1900 was about $10,000,000.

There are in the United States, as counted by the twelfth census, 76,295,220 people. But this does not include the total under the American flag. To it should be added 953,243 of the population of Porto Rico, counted by the War Department, and about 7,000,000 as a conservative estimate of the population in the Philippine Islands.

At the end of the nineteenth century, therefore, the United States included over 84,000,000 people, while at the beginning it had about 5,250,000. Between 1800 and 1900 it has increased fifteen fold, and it is now, after the Chinese, British, and Russian Empires, the most populous country in the world.

No single law of growth will enable us to forecast the population of the United States 100 years hence with any

confidence in the results. But it is believed that we shall have in the year 2000 A. D. a population of at least 200,000,000.

No departmental office in the government has, in the past forty years, been so directly concerned in the development of the vast reserves of the West as the General Land Office.

All attempts to pass a suitable homestead law were baffled till 1862. From that date to the present, millions of acres have been divided into farms which have developed into the great agricultural regions of the West. Under this law actual settlers are given 160 acres where the land is rated at $1.25 an acre, and eighty acres where rated at $2.50. The settler is required to make affidavit that the land is entered for his own use as a homestead, and the patent does not issue to him till he has resided upon and cultivated the land for five years. Soldiers and sailors have this period reduced by the time they served in the army or navy, but must reside on the land at least one year.

Intending homestead seekers make entry for lands at some one of the land offices in the West. These entries are sent to the General Land Office, and each one is assigned to an experienced clerk, who examines all the proof submitted. If it is found that the entryman has made a substantial compliance with the law in good faith, the case is marked "approved" and sent to the Recorder's division of the office for patenting. Here the patent is written up and recorded, and in time transmitted to the entryman.

The discovery of gold in California, and later of other minerals in other new states and territories, required a special provision differing from those relating to agricultural lands. But this was not made till 1866, and during the long period when discoveries of mineral wealth were made in the West there was little regulation by law. Prospectors roamed over the hills and dug out wealth wherever they could find

it without any title to the land from the United States. The miners made their own laws and in general got along very well, and their regulations were so fair that when Congress came to legislate, it recognized the claims taken up under them; but the claims on a mining lode or vein were limited to 1,500 feet in length along the vein or lode, and 300 feet in width.

The system of rectangular land surveys was adopted as early as 1785, and it is the established policy that all lands must be surveyed by the government before sale. Formerly this was done by surveyors hired for the purpose, but some years ago the surveyors were organized into a regular bureau called the Geological Survey. It occupies extensive offices in a rented building, and, with its rare collection of pictures of famous Western scenery, is one of the most interesting bureaus of the Department of the Interior. Every summer, parties of expert surveyors from this office leave Washington equipped for a season's work in various sections of the West, now chiefly in the Rocky Mountains.

Each party makes it a business to thoroughly survey a certain section of the country. They fix their camps and from them operate in all directions, traversing difficult trails and laying them down on paper, and either sketching or photographing the hills and valleys from different points of view. Each surveyor is provided not only with his instruments, but with a mule, to which he sometimes becomes much attached, as the companion of his lonely wanderings. Returning to Washington in the fall, the various parties work up their surveys into permanent form, and thus Uncle Sam is able from his archives to tell you the physical qualities of most of the great mountains of the West, and to show a large collection of beautiful colored photographs of these regions.

As the public lands have become the private property of the constantly-advancing army of settlers, the Indians have

"read their doom in the setting sun." What to do with them has ever been a troublesome question to the government. It has tried to be good to bad Indians, but has quite often been bad to good ones. It has tried to help them to help themselves, but too often the government agents have "helped themselves" to much that should have gone to the Indians, who have unfortunately taken more kindly to our rum than to our educational methods. But the question is almost settled; there are only about 250,000 red men left within the United States, and they are separated into small groups.

An Indian delegation is a frequent sight on the streets of Washington. They arrive dressed in their best buckskin trousers and their brightest feathers, and, in a picturesque group, solemnly take their way to the Indian Bureau in the Interior Department, where, through their interpreter, they lay their troubles or their plans before the Commissioner. They are leading men from their reservations, and they return to their tribes as they came, without a smile upon their stolid features.

Of the other bureaus of the Interior Department the most important is the Bureau of Education. It was established in 1867 to collect and publish statistics showing the condition and progress of education in the various states and territories, and to diffuse such information as shall promote education everywhere. This bureau is a storehouse of a vast amount of literature showing the experience of teachers, and is a place of common exchange of ideas between the teachers of our own country and those of foreign lands. It seeks to measure yearly the advance or decline of the educational spirit, and it provides a source of valuable information to Congress when the latter feels disposed to encourage the education of the people through better public schools.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A DAY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE — THE FARMER'S FRIEND AND CO-WORKER — FREE DISTRIBUTION OF CHOICE AND PURE SEEDS — HOW THEY MAY BE HAD FOR THE ASKING.

The Farmer's Real Friend — The Bureau of Agriculture — What It Has Done and Is Now Doing for Farmers — Investigating Diseases of Domestic Live Stock — How It Promotes Dairy Interests — Experiment Stations — Valuable Free Publications for Farmers — Interesting Facts About Mosquitoes — How To Kill Insect Pests — Facts for Fruit Growers — Examining 15,000 Birds' Stomachs — Vindicating the Much-Maligned Crow — Controlling the Spread of Weeds — Poisonous Plants — Adulterated Seeds — Seeds of New and Choice Varieties — Testing the Purity of Seeds — Free Distribution of Seeds — How the Finest and Purest Seeds May Be Had for Nothing — Great Opposition of Private Seedsmen — Diseases of Plants — Something About Grasses — The Agricultural Museum.

WHATEVER attention the government paid to the great agricultural interests of the country previous to 1862 emanated from the Patent-Office, where the commissioners distributed, free of charge, such seeds as they could on a yearly appropriation of $1,000. In 1862 a Department of Agriculture was organized, but it was regarded as an independent bureau merely, and there was no thought of making the Commissioner of Agriculture a member of the Cabinet. It was the action of the German government that raised the Commissioner to the dignity of a member of the President's official family.

During the '80's Germany adopted the policy of excluding American imports so far as possible, for the German people were always buying more of the United States, especially in the way of meats, than we were buying of Germany, with the result that the latter country was compelled to pay us annually a large amount of gold at the very time it was straining its credit to buy the precious metal to establish a gold standard. A great hue and cry arose in Germany against American meat, on the ground that it was diseased, and regulations were adopted which practically excluded it. The only way for Uncle Sam to meet this underhanded discrimination was to institute a rigid inspection of all meats exported, and to retaliate, if Germany persisted in the fictitious objection, by excluding from this country some of her products. To provide for such inspection of exports, it was necessary to perfect an extensive organization for the purpose, and it was placed in the hands of the Commissioner of Agriculture, who, by a law passed in 1889, was made the Secretary of a Department and invited into the President's councils. Since that time it has become one of the most active and beneficial departments of the government.

The offices of the Secretary of Agriculture are in a commodious building enjoying the advantage of being the best situated of any government building in Washington. It looks over spacious terraced gardens which in the season are a blaze of color. About the extensive grounds can be found nearly every plant indigenous to our country, from the luxuriant vegetations of the tropics to the dwarfed and hardy foliage of our Northern borders. Near by are spacious conservatories containing horticultural specimens from all over the world, and the collection of palms is unequaled. In the grounds back of the building are various other buildings devoted to special divisions of the department and to experimental laboratories.

The department is divided into two bureaus and fifteen divisions, each devoted to some special line of scientific or experimental work related to agricultural interests. The Bureau of Animal Industry makes investigations as to the conditions of pleuro-pneumonia and other dangerous communicable diseases of live stock, superintends the measures for their extirpation, and reports on the conditions and means of improving all the animal industries of the country. It has charge of the inspection of meat or live stock for export, of the inspection of vessels for the export of cattle, and of the quarantine stations of imported neat cattle. The bureau is divided into five divisions — Inspection, Pathological, Biochemic, Dairy, and Miscellaneous, each in charge of specialists. Its agents conduct their inspection in about fifty different cities and in 150 abattoirs, and in a single year the *ante-mortem* inspections of animals number about 60,000,000. The dairy division of this bureau, which occupies a special building on the grounds of the department, labors constantly to promote the dairy interests of the country by introducing advanced methods. The annual value of the dairy products of the country is now over $500,000,000.

The Division of Statistics collects information as to the condition, prospects, and harvest of the principal crops, and of the number, condition, and value of the farm animals, through 100,000 volunteer correspondents in all the counties of agricultural importance in the country, and through state agents, each of whom is assisted by local correspondents. It obtains similar information from European countries through consular and agricultural authorities, and it collects and tabulates a great variety of statistics regarding all branches of agriculture. Its monthly crop reports are looked forward to in every market in the world. The bureau makes a special point of keeping the producers informed for their protection against combination and extortion.

The office of Experiment Stations in this division represents the department in its relations to the experiment stations now in operation in all the states and territories, and publishes accounts of agricultural investigations at home and abroad. The most important of its many publications, the *Experiment Station Record*, is issued in volumes of twelve numbers each. It also issues over a million copies of the *Farmers' Bulletin* every year.

The Division of Chemistry makes investigation of the methods proposed for the analysis of soils, fertilizers, and agricultural products, and such analyses as pertain to the interests of agriculture. Much of the activity of this division in recent years has been directed to a study of the adulteration of foods and to vegetable nutrition. It is through this division that Uncle Sam is trying to learn the "tricks" of the microbes which supply nitrogen nutrition. There is a class of microbes that draws nitrogen from the air and works it into nitrates for plants in the soil, but this beneficial variety is not allowed to carry on its work undisturbed. In fact, the ways of humanity seem to prevail even among micro-organisms, for there is another class of microbes which decomposes the nitrates and returns it to the air before the plants can get it. Uncle Sam proposes to find out and tell the farmers how they can care for the useful microbes and at the same time make it unpleasant for the undesirable ones.

But what Uncle Sam has been able to accomplish along these lines is as yet small compared with his success in the drastic treatment of imported bugs, through the Division of Entomology. Others may have antedated him in making smokeless powder for killing men, but he has reason to flatter himself that he has told the farmers how kerosene emulsions and hydrocyanic acid gas will kill foreign insect pests. One of these foreign bugs can create more commotion in the country than a shipload of Chinamen.

Late in the '70's a new insect made its appearance in California from some foreign clime, and under the name of the San José scale became a deadly enemy of the fruit growers. Two innocent nursery men carried a few specimens East in some nursery stock, and in less than three years there was a literature of several hundred volumes on the pest. It became the exciting cause of national conventions of farmers and fruit growers, was the subject of legislation in eighteen states, and several bills were laid before Congress. But Uncle Sam learned all about its life history and how to cut it short. Of late the division has been investigating the ability of mosquitoes to carry disease, and has been greatly assisted by some rare and bloodthirsty specimens from Alaska. A bulletin recently issued conveys the reassuring intelligence that while there are 250 species of mosquitoes, only thirty are found in the United States. It also explains that the reason why mosquitoes are making their appearance in mountain regions is that they are carried inland on the cars from shore resorts and marshy places near the coast, and as there is no way of stopping this unauthorized traffic it informs us that the best thing to do is to burn pyrethrum powder in the house.

The work of the entomologists is not merely scientific amusement, but produces marked economic results, an example of which is shown in the prospects of fig culture in the United States. There have been a large number of Smyrna fig trees in California that never matured fruit because the flowers were never fertilized. Uncle Sam's entomologist knew of a very small insect with a very long name, which, in the Mediterranean countries, fertilizes this fig, and he suggested the importation of a few specimens. The foreigners were accordingly brought over and set to work in the California orchards. They multiplied rapidly and many of the figs have matured. The growers have been taught the habits of these insects through the Agricultural Department,

and this may in time add millions of dollars to the productive capacity of the country. Hundreds of specimens of curious insects are brought to the entomological division, where they are skillfully mounted and arranged in the museum. Very queer-looking things most of them are, but Uncle Sam's entomologists can tell you where they originally came from, what they eat, and how long they live if nothing is done to cut short their existence.

The ways and means for doing this are made an especial study, to a large extent through the Division of Biological Survey, which maps the natural life zones of the country and determines what species are useful to the farmers and what are not. Birds are great eaters of insects, and thus to cut short the existence of injurious varieties it becomes important to find out the favorite insect diets of different species of birds. In this work Uncle Sam has examined about 15,000 birds' stomachs. Parties from the Biological Survey spend the summer season in various sections of the country, and bring back a winter's supply of stomachs for examination. It is the study of birds from the standpoint of dollars and cents, and the result has been the overthrow of many popular notions.

Every species of bird goes before the Biological Survey like a suspect before the court. The evidence is examined with great care. In the case of the crow, for instance, Uncle Sam examined a thousand stomachs before he ventured a decision. The charges of pulling up sprouting corn, of injuring corn in the milk, and of destroying fruit and the eggs of poultry, were all sustained; but it was also found — on rebuttal as it were — that the corn in the milk formed only three per cent. of the total food, that most of the corn destroyed was waste grain, that the destruction of fruit and eggs was trivial, while many noxious insects and mice were eaten; and the final verdict was in favor of the crow, as he seemed to do more good than harm. Of fifty birds thus far

critically examined, only one has been condemned. This was the English sparrow, which is, as everybody knows, an unmitigated and ever-increasing nuisance.

The Division of Forestry investigates methods and trees for planting in the treeless sections of the country, giving practical assistance to farmers and lumbermen in handling forest lands; it also studies all forest questions. As the matter now stands the General Land Office is charged with the administration and protection of the forest reserves, and the United States Geological Survey maps and describes them; but all the trained foresters in Uncle Sam's service are in the Division of Forestry, the work of which is assigned to four sections,— working plans; economic tree planting; special investigations, and office work.

The investigation of botanical agricultural problems, including the purity and value of seeds; methods of controlling the spread of weeds; the dangers and effects of poisonous plants, their antidotes; and the native plant resources of the country, is the work of the Division of Botany. One of its most interesting and important operations is the testing of seeds, for which Uncle Sam has provided extensive laboratory and greenhouse facilities. When a purity test of seeds is made the sample is first poured into a bowl and thoroughly mixed. A small portion is then weighed and spread upon a sheet of white paper. Here it is examined under magnifying glasses and all foreign matter removed and placed on one side and weighed. The percentage of each kind of impurity is thus determined. It is thus often found that what passes as garden seed is sometimes largely made up of seeds of weeds.

The free distribution of seeds, which is one of the most popular of Uncle Sam's queer enterprises, is conducted by another office — the Division of Seeds. They are purchased and distributed in allotments to senators, representatives, and Agricultural Experiment Stations, the annual appropriation

for the purpose being about $130,000. The original intention of Congress in providing for this distribution undoubtedly was to do for the producers work they could not do for themselves — to search the various localities of the Old World for seeds and plants and distribute them in the United States to the several regions where they would be most likely to thrive; but for a long time the prevailing practice was mainly to distribute American seeds which had been tested for purity. Of late, however, a large proportion of the appropriation is spent in importing rare seeds and plants, and making special investigations as to the localities in this country best adapted for their growth.

As might be supposed, this branch of agricultural work is not looked upon with favor by the private seedsmen, who are constantly urging the government to discontinue it. But the farmers, and indeed a great many people who are not farmers but have only a small back yard in the city, take too kindly to this gratuitous distribution to allow of its discontinuance. Besides, it is one of the perquisites of members of Congress, who are always interested in the rural vote; and when they wish to keep on good terms with a farmer all they have to do is to send his name over to the Division of Seeds with a request that he be sent a lot of seeds of some kind best adapted to his purposes. The farmer receives the package franked to him by his congressman, whom he immediately concludes must be a pretty good fellow after all. There is no question that the seeds sent out are of the purest and best quality, but to the Congressman their value lies not so much in their purity as in their vote-winning capacity. A special building is required for the packing of the seeds after testing by the Division of Botany, and they are shipped in immense quantities all over the country, about $75,000 worth being sent annually on the allotment of Congressmen.

Plants, like people, have their diseases, and through the

Division of Vegetable Physiology and Pathology, Uncle Sam endeavors to discover what they are and what remedies can be administered to the plants for them. These same plant-doctors also investigate plant-breeding. In 1895 the Division of Agrostology was established to investigate the natural history and distribution of various grasses, and in one part of the grounds of the department can be seen a series of small squares devoted to the growth of rare grasses. An herbarium contains a collection of about 35,000 mounted specimens of different grasses. The Division of Pomology collects and distributes information as to the fruit interests of the United States and foreign countries; the Division of Soils makes extensive investigations into the nature and treatment of different soils; and the Division of Gardens and Grounds has charge of the ornamentation of the part surrounding the department building, and the care of the conservatories and propagating grounds.

The publications of the Department of Agriculture have a circulation that would turn the average newspaper and magazine publisher green with envy. This is managed by the Division of Publications, which occupies a large building in the back of the grounds, and which is always packed full of printed matter, with here and there just enough room for the young men and women who are kept busy directing the wrappers and preparing the publications for the mail. These publications are all printed at the government printing office, which can always depend upon a supply of "copy" from the Department of Agriculture when it runs low from other sources. The different divisions together issue about 1,000 different publications during a year, aggregating something over 25,000 pages, and the total number of copies distributed exceeds 7,000,000 a year. Of the 2,500,000 of the *Farmers' Bulletins* printed, the senators and representatives take nearly one-half. These pamphlets afford the best means of disseminating the results of

the department's investigations. These as well as the more scientific and technical publications are highly prized by the agricultural libraries in the various states.

The library of the department contains about 70,000 volumes, most of them of a strictly-agricultural character. Under proper regulations the books are free for reference to the public. One of the many buildings devoted to the work of the department is occupied by the Agricultural Museum, which possesses many unique features. Long cases contain thousands of delicious-looking fruits, which upon closer examination prove to be wonderfully-accurate wax models. The damage wrought by many kinds of insects upon trees and plants is fully illustrated, while there is an instructive exhibit of mounted birds, squirrels, and other animals in their natural surroundings, showing various stages in their development and life history, especially in their relation to agriculture. The processes of silk culture, the growth of hemp, and many other industries of like nature are fully and entertainingly shown.

While in this chapter we have investigated some of the many lines of work in this the youngest of the government departments, we have left unnoticed the Weather Bureau, one of the most important activities of the Bureau of Agriculture, affecting not only the farmer but Uncle Sam's people generally. To that interesting subject we must devote a special chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WEATHER BUREAU — FORECASTING THE WEATHER — WONDERFUL INSTRUMENTS, KITES, AND WEATHER MAPS.

Forecasting the Weather — Old Theories of Storms — The Path of Storms — "Old Probabilities" at Home — General Principles of Storms — In the Forecasting-Room — A Curious Map and Its Little Tags — "Weather Sharps" at Work — How Weather Observations Are Made — Fair and Warmer" and "Partly Cloudy" — Noting the Direction of the Wind — Where Storms Are First Noticed — General Movement of Storms — Traveling 600 Miles a Day — "High" Pressure and "Low" Pressure — Winter Storms — Where They Originate — Where Hurricanes Are Bred — Hot Waves and Cold Waves — Importing Weather from Canada — Where Storms Disappear — Perplexing Problems for the Forecaster — Predicting Dangerous Storms — Warnings of Danger — Emergency Warnings — A Visit to the Instrument-Room — Interesting Experiments with Kites.

FEW persons have any exact knowledge of what the Weather Bureau does, or how it does it, but nearly every one is interested in the daily report of its important and extensive work, which is usually quite brief and occupies an inconspicuous though regular place in the daily papers.

The value of accurate scientific knowledge on a subject which affects, vitally, the vast agricultural and commercial interests of the world, as well as the physical health and spiritual happiness of mankind, cannot be overestimated. Think of the millions of anxious faces that have turned skyward since the earth began, to see "if it looks like rain." Think of the interrupted plans, of injured crops, of wrecks

that strew the coast, of disaster and death — of all that might have been prevented, in a measure at least, by some forewarning of the weather indications.

The Weather Bureau of the United States is the greatest institution of its kind in the world. While meteorology is as old as Egypt, practical meteorology is still in its swaddling clothes, for it required more than the thermometer of Galileo, and the barometer of Torricelli to make it useful in forecasting the weather. About the middle of the eighteenth century, Benjamin Franklin made observations of storms, and was surprised to find that a northeast storm, instead of running off in a southwesterly direction as it would be expected to do, actually moved in the direction from which it seemed to come. From this he formed a theory, which, thoguh very important, was soon forgotten, that certain storms had a rotary motion and moved in a northeasterly direction. Jefferson, also, was fond of observing the weather; and he recorded the reading of a thermometer four times a day, not omitting July 4, 1776, which, by his record, was a cold day for the season, the maximum temperature being 76 at 1 P. M.

The first Government daily weather map was constructed in 1853, by Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution. While giving no forecasts, he used his large map to demonstrate to a skeptical Congress the feasibility of organizing a Government weather service. It was not till 1870 that the skepticism of Congress was overcome and a resolution passed providing for a Government telegraph weather service, which was entrusted to the Signal Corps of the War Department. There it remained, constantly but slowly developing in efficiency, till 1891 when it was transferred to the Agricultural Department.

So clearly has the work of the bureau demonstrated its advantages for the farmer, the navigator, and the public in general, that Congress has made fair provision for its main-

tenance, and its present buildings were specially designed for its work. The main building presents a fine appearance, and its character is revealed at once by the signal flags which flutter above it, the whirling anemometers, and a superstructure for other curious instruments for measuring the precipitation, and so on, all of which devices are connected by wire with the most perfect registering instruments that can be designed. In this building are the offices of the bureau in which the expert work of forecasting the weather is done. The bureau costs over $1,000,000 a year.

The wide scope of the system of observation which centers here, is revealed by a glance at the immense map of the United States which hangs on one of the walls of the office of the Chief of the bureau. The surface of this big map is dotted with over 200 little tags, each indicating a weather station and containing data as to its working force. There are many similar weather stations throughout Canada and Mexico, having a system of exchanging reports with the Washington Bureau, as well as several stations in the West Indies,— that inveterate breeder of hurricanes.

The whole weather system covers an area extending 2,000 miles north and south, and 3,000 miles east and west. Each of these stations is fully equipped with the necessary instruments, not only for keeping a constant and permanent record of all weather changes but for taking special observations at any time. All are situated on telegraphic circuits, centering in the Washington Bureau. The telegraphic weather reports have the right of way over all other telegraphic business. Twice a day, precisely at 8 o'clock A. M. and 8 o'clock P. M. of Eastern time, the "weather sharps" in these two hundred and more stations, all do precisely the same thing — examine their barometers, thermometers, anemometers, etc., and they at once telegraph to Washington the details in their respective localities as to atmospheric pressure, temperature, wind velocity, and direction,

cloud conditions, and rainfall, if any. Then follows an interesting scene in the long forecasting-room of the bureau at Washington.

On high desks at one end of this well-appointed room are arranged a series of skeleton maps of the United States, each weather station being designated thereon by a little circle about the size of a pea. One of these maps — the one of chief value to the forecaster — is arranged to receive all the data; another shows the change in temperature, the maximum and minimum at each station with changes from the day before and changes from the normal; another shows changes in the barometer; another indicates the character, quantity, and movement of the clouds; and still another shows the dry-bulb and wet-bulb temperatures with differences between the two. It should be explained that the wet-bulb thermometer is covered with a moist surface, and the evaporation from this, if the air is not saturated with moisture, is more rapid than from the dry-bulb, in proportion to the relative amount of water in the air; the difference of temperature between the readings of these two instruments therefore suffices to compute the relative humidity of the atmosphere.

As the telegraphic returns come in, at each of the maps stands one of the forecasting force, pencil in hand. Near by stands the reader of the messages which to the uninitiated mean absolutely nothing. In order to save time and telegraph bills, the bureau has invented a simple though very effective cipher, whereby, through an arrangement of vowels and consonants, all the elaborate data of a weather-message is compressed into a sentence of a few words. For example, a message may read like this:

"*Paul nomen gessie enough surer ceiling.*"

This tells the temperature, high and low, the barometer, the wind direction and velocity, and other details about the

weather conditions at St. Paul station. As this message is read, the forecasters at their maps instantly refer to the state of Minnesota, and, in the St. Paul circle and about it, jot down the various figures.

Meantime, in an adjoining corner of the room, another interesting process is in progress. Three printers stand at their cases, which, instead of holding types, hold certain stereotyped words and phrases which the weather bureau is always using, like "fair and warmer," "partly cloudy," "rain," "snow," and so on, besides grouped figures which are in constant use. Thus, as fast as the messages are read, the printers are putting into type important data from them for a reference table which is to occupy one corner of the completed weather map of the entire country for this hour.

All reports having been read, the experts at the maps have under their trained eyes a complete synoptic panorama of the wind and weather of the greater part of North America. By noting the barometric returns, they observe great areas of high and low pressure of the atmosphere, and reference to the maps of preceding observations enables them at once to note the changes in these areas winding through the states. To define these areas the expert draws solid snake-like lines— called isobars — between the high and low areas. Similar lines called isotherms define the areas of differing temperature, and separate lines are drawn for each change of a tenth of an inch in the barometer and ten degrees in the thermometer. The direction of the wind at each station is indicated by an arrow flying with the wind. The state of the weather — whether clear, partly cloudy, cloudy, raining or snowing — is indicated by the strength of the shading in the little circles representing the various stations; and thus, to the trained eye, and even to the eye of the novice, there appear on the maps great areas of clouds, of sunshine, of rain or snow, and by comparison with previous maps it can be seen whither these storms are moving and how fast.

Thus, within a few minutes after the clocks in the Eastern time belt are striking the hour of eight, the weather of a great continent lies under the eyes of the forecasters at Washington.

These curious-looking maps would be of little value, however, in making forecasts without long experience in tracing the effects of such conditions, and repeatedly establishing the relation between them. A general knowledge of meteorological phenomena is essential. It is known that storms have a circular area, and generally advance in an easterly direction, bearing a low barometric pressure with them. Storms are first noticed in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and in front of them the air is warm and humid, and, in the rear, cool and dry. The general storm movement in the United States is similar to a series of atmospheric waves of which the crests are designated as "Highs" on the maps and the depressions as "Lows." These waves have an average easterly movement of about 600 miles per day.

As a rule the more general storms of the country can be detected during their inception in high altitudes of the far West and studied as they come down to sea level in the Mississippi valley and progress towards the Atlantic. The great winter storms originating somewhere near our new possessions, the Philippines, are detected when they reach the Pacific coast, whence, over the Rockies, they sweep across the country in three or four days and off over the Atlantic, to be heard from three or four days later in Europe. The great high pressure areas which constitute our cold waves are largely imported from the northwestern provinces of Canada, but, contrary to popular belief, they do not bring the cold air of Canada with them. Their frigidity is entirely a result of their motion; they are high-pressure eddies, and their vortical motion as they travel along is constantly bringing down the cold air from above.

These are some of the general principles in which the

expert forecaster is rooted and grounded; but he has also learned that the weather is too slippery an article to abide always by general principles. Storms often insist on having a striking individuality of their own, and the forecaster has learned to take into consideration special conditions which seem to account for these freaks. Forces not indicated on the surface will sometimes appear and the storm pursue a path divergent from the normal for the location and the season. This complicates the problem always, for the forecaster is expected to tell in what general direction a storm will move. It will not add to his reputation as a weather prophet to predict bad weather for a certain locality if the storm whirls off to another locality for which he has predicted fair weather. The barometric depression is always spread over a larger surface than the storm that accompanies it. The real problem in making local predictions is: Given the data on his map with indications of a storm approaching in a certain direction, with a knowledge of the special conditions attending it, to determine, not simply the probable area over which it will move, but the precise localities which will be reached, and which of them will escape. It is no wonder that mistakes are made in local predictions; the miracle is that they are so often correct.

But, after all, the real value of the Weather Bureau lies more in its predictions of really dangerous storms several hours in advance, predictions nearly always correct, than in foretelling the precise weather for specific localities under moderate conditions, in which the bureau is often wrong. Of the many West Indian hurricanes which have swept up the Atlantic coast in recent years not one has reached a single seaport without danger warnings having been sent well in advance of the storm, and the result has been a great decrease in marine disasters. Marine property owners have estimated that one of these storms in the absence of danger signals would leave not less than 3,000,000 dollars worth

of wreckage in its path. On two occasions a census was taken immediately after the passage of severe hurricanes to determine the value of property held in port by danger warnings of the bureau, and in one case the figure was placed at $34,000,000, and in another at $38,000,000.

The Weather Bureau employs persons at various points on the great river systems of the country, and particularly about the headwaters, in reporting any marked variation in the water level. The government is thus enabled to send timely warning of a threatened rise in the great rivers below headwaters, whereby much property has been saved, especially on the Mississippi system.

Formerly the local forecasts were made by the observer in his district from the reports taken off the wire on his circuit on their way to Washington. It was for a time supposed that the local observer would be better able to forecast the weather in his own vicinity than the Washington office. After an extensive trial, however, it was found that the Washington forecasts verified four or five per cent. better than the local forecasts, and the latter were accordingly discontinued, all being now prepared at Washington.

The bureau has its own plant for printing, and in less than two hours after the receipt of reports presses are busy striking off the maps with which the public is familiar. Obviously, to be of value, these maps must be distributed within a few hours after the observation. Hence plants for the prompt publication of maps identical with those produced at headquarters, are located at good distributing points in various sections of the country. No such center of distribution can have an effective radius of much more than 300 miles. The distribution of the morning forecast begins in less than two hours after the observations are made, first by telegraph and telephone to about 1,000 centers of distribu tion, thence by telephone, mail, and railway service to more than 75,000 addresses, the greater part being delivered in

the forenoon, and none later than 6 P. M. The forecasts are also telegraphed to about 1,000 additional places, to be communicated to the public by flags and sound signals.

There is also a system of distribution by which more than 8,000 stations are furnished with reports by telegraph at government expense, and, as occasion may justify, with the "emergency warnings" of hurricanes, cold waves, freshets, frosts, or local storms of unusual severity. With such a widespread and effective system there is scarcely a community in the United States which does not receive the benefit of the forecasts promptly, even if they are far beyond the reach of the daily paper. The maps are made only from the morning forecasts, which appear in the evening papers. The evening forecasts appear in the morning papers.

One of the most interesting rooms in the bureau office is that devoted to the instruments. Here on a long table are remarkable and extremely delicate self-registering instruments, each registering a peculiar line indicating a certain meteorological condition. All are in connection with apparatus outside, and indicate their measurement through combinations of clockwork and the electric current. One of these instruments registers on a sheet of paper no larger than a page of this book the pressure, temperature, humidity, wind velocity, and the condition of the sky for every moment of the twenty-four hours. The slightest change is indicated by a change in the tracing pens. A similar instrument is for use on kites, being exceedingly compact, most of its parts being made of aluminum, so that its weight, case and all, does not exceed two pounds. One of the bureau's enormous kites will always be found decorating the ceiling of the instrument-room. They are constructed with great nicety after the approved pattern.

Experimental work with kites was begun in 1898, in the hopes of discovering in the conditions of the upper regions of the atmosphere principles whereby forecasts may be more

FORECASTING THE WEATHER IN THE INSTRUMENT ROOM OF THE WEATHER BUREAU.

The United States Weather Bureau is in close communication with over 200 sub-stations scattered throughout the United States, Canada, Mexico, and the West Indies. Weather telegrams have the right of way over all other telegraphic business. The illustration shows "weather sharps" at work forecasting the weather. One of the Bureau's weather kites, which has been known to rise to a height of nearly three miles, is seen decorating the ceiling at the farther end of the room. The yearly cost of maintaining the Bureau is over $1,000,000. Its telegraphic service costs over $180,000 a year.

accurately made, and for a longer period in advance. The scientists of the Weather Bureau realize that with the present appliances for forecasting, the limits for further development are narrow. New discoveries must be made and new realms invaded before the present character of the forecasts can be much improved.

It was in the hope of new discoveries that the bureau perfected instruments to be carried by kites into the upper regions of air. In some of its experiments, which are usually conducted at Fort Meyer across the Potomac, a single kite has ascended to 8,000 feet, and several kites in series have risen to 14,000 feet; and the records of the delicate meteorographs carried to these high altitudes have suggested important possibilities which may result in new wonders any day. Among other things which these experiments have shown is that in our summer season we live in an extremely thin stratum of warm air. In the hottest day the thermometer on a kite indicates that it is delightfully cool 1,000 feet above us. Moreover, the changes in wind and temperature always begin at high levels sooner than on the surface of the earth, and it is one of the practical dreams of the weather experts to some day have kites at important stations, so as always to be in touch with the upper regions of the atmosphere.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE — THE PRESIDENT'S LAWYER — THE SUPREME COURT AND ITS BLACK-ROBED DIGNITARIES — THE HEAVEN OF LEGAL AMBITION.

The Majesty of the Law — The Department of Justice — Duties of the Attorney-General — The President's Lawyer — Claims Involving Millions of Dollars — The Highest Legal Tribunal of the Nation — The Supreme Court-Room — Giants of the Past — The Battle Ground of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun — Wise and Silent Judges — Where Silence and Dignity Reign — The Technical "Bench" — Illustrious Names — Why the Bust of Chief-Justice Taney Was Long Excluded from the Supreme Court-Room — The Famous Dred Scott Decision — Its Far-Reaching Effect — A Sad Figure — Death Comes to His Relief — Sumner's Relentless Opposition — Black-Robed Dignitaries — Ceremonious Opening of the Court — An Antique Little Speech — Gowns or Wigs? — Jefferson's Comical Protest — The Robing and Consultation-Rooms — Salaries of the Justices — A Great Law Library — Suggestions of a Tragedy.

RUNNING through everything pertaining to the government is the inevitable network of Law. In every department the executive head acts strictly by Law; the work of every division is mapped out to conform to the Law; soldiers are recruited, sailors are instructed, patents and pensions are granted, money is printed, birds are dissected, and seeds are distributed by Law. On the desk of every official of importance lies a digest of the Law, and he works with one eye ever upon it. If you suggest that in any particular case the end can be accomplished much sooner and better in a cer-

tain way, he opens his book and points to the Law which says it must be done so and so, and that settles the process even if it never settles the case. The Law is the warp and woof of everything, and naturally the Department of Justice has operated from the first.

The Supreme Court was provided for in the Constitution, but the same act which established and defined the jurisdiction of the courts of the United States provided for an Attorney-General, who from the first became a member of the President's Cabinet. But while thus ranking fourth in that official body, his duties were few during the first years of the government; he attended to his private practice, and it was not till 1814 that he was required by law to reside at Washington, and not till 1870 that the Department of Justice in its present form was established, with the Attorney-General as its chief officer.

His duties are best summed up by saying that he is the President's lawyer. The President is charged with executing all laws, and the Attorney-General gives his advice and opinion, when asked, either to the President or to the head of any executive department. He represents the government where questions of land or rents are concerned, and determines the validity of titles to real estate purchased by the government. Either House of Congress may call upon him for information on any matter within the scope of his office. While it is always understood that neither the President nor his Secretaries are necessarily guided by his opinions, in practice they are. It is a settled rule that he has no right to give an opinion in any other cases than those in which the statutes make it his duty to give it. He is as much controlled as anyone by the laws he interprets.

His official force consists of a Solicitor-General who is next in rank, and in his absence the acting head of the department; four Assistant Attorney-Generals and ten assistant attorneys, all having their offices in the Department of

Justice building. In addition, there are the following officers who, though belonging to the Department of Justice, serve also in other departments: — A Solicitor and Assistant-Solicitor of the Treasury, a Solicitor of Internal Revenue, a Solicitor of the State Department, an Assistant Attorney-General of the Post-Office Department, and one for the Interior Department.

Much of the work of the department is before the Court of Claims, which was instituted in 1855 to hear and determine claims against the government and to report the facts to Congress. In 1863 this court was authorized to render final judgment with right of appeal to the Supreme Court. It has five judges, and there are always pending before it claims involving millions of dollars. In all these cases the government is represented by the Attorney-General.

The Department of Justice is but a section of the executive branch of the government, but the Judiciary ranks with the President and with Congress as one of the great branches of the government, and unlike them it is removed as far as men can be from the influence of human and political passions and prejudices.

The Supreme Court is the highest legal tribunal of the nation. After the completion of the Senate wing of the Capitol, the old Senate Chamber was converted into the present Supreme Court-room; one of the few rooms in the Capitol wherein harmony and beauty meet and mingle. Here Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, and other giants of the past, once held high conclave. Defiance and defeat, battle and triumph, argument and oratory, wisdom and folly once held here their court. It is now the chamber of peace. Tangled questions concerning life, liberty, and the pursuit of personal happiness are still argued within these walls, but never in tones that would drown the sound of a dropping pin. Every thought is weighed, every word measured, that is uttered here. The Judges who sit in silence to listen and

decide have outlived the tumult of youth and the summer of manhood's fiercer battles. They have earned fruition; they have won their gowns — which they can wear until they reach the age of 70, when they become eligible for retirement, a wise provision for their comfort after the infirmity of age unfits them for the weighty responsibilities of this high tribunal.

In the court-room itself we seem to have reached an atmosphere where it is always afternoon. The door swings to and fro noiselessly at the gentle touch of the usher's hand. With soundless tread the spectators move to their cushioned seats ranged against the inner wall over the rich, well-padded, crimson carpet which covers the tiled floor of this august chamber. A single lawyer arguing some constitutional question drones on within the railed inclosure of the court; or a single judge in measured tones mumbles over the pages of his learned decision in some case long drawn out. Unless you are deeply interested in it you will not stay long. The atmosphere is too soporific; one wearies of the oppressive silence and absolute decorum.

The chamber itself is semi-circular, with windows crimson-curtained. It has a domed ceiling studded with stuccoed mouldings and skylights. The technical "Bench" of the Supreme Court is a row of leather-backed arm-chairs ranged in a row on a low dais. The chair of the Chief Justice is in the center; those of the eight Associate Justices are on each side. Over the chair of the Chief Justice a gilt eagle perches upon a golden rod. Over this eagle and parallel with the bench below, runs a shallow gallery, from which many fine ladies of successive administrations have looked down on the Solons below. At intervals around the walls are brackets on which are placed marble busts of former Chief Justices: John Jay of New York, 1789–1795; John Rutledge of South Carolina, 1795–1796; Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, 1796–1800; John Marshall of Vir-

ginia, 1801–1835; Roger B. Taney of Maryland, 1836–1864; Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, 1864–1873; Morrison R. Waite of Ohio, 1874–1888. Chief Justice Taney's bust for years was left out in the cold on a pedestal within a recess of one of the windows of the Senate wing. It was voted in the Senate that it should there wait a certain number of expiatory years until in the fulness of time it should be sufficiently absolved to enter the historic heaven of its brethren.

Roger Brooke Taney was a prominent Maryland lawyer and an active democratic politician, and was Attorney-General in Jackson's administration. In 1835 Jackson, who was extremely friendly to Taney, nominated him as an Associate-Justice of the Supreme Court, but his nomination was opposed by the Senate. On the death of Chief Justice Marshall, in the same year, Taney was confirmed, but by a very small majority of votes. For twenty-eight years he sat in the Chief Justice's chair and proved himself to be a jurist of learning and ability. Indeed, it has been asserted that he would rank next to the great jurist Marshall in the pages of history but for his decision, in 1857, in the "Dred Scott Case," a decision that shocked the humanity of the civilized world.

Dred Scott was a negro slave then living in Missouri, and was owned by an army officer. On one occasion his owner had taken him into a Free State, which act, it was claimed, entitled the slave to his liberty. Subsequently Scott was taken back to Missouri, and he thereupon sued for his freedom. The case created intense interest, was desperately fought in the lower courts, and finally carried up to the Supreme Court, then presided over by Taney, who was himself a slaveholder. In his decision, which was adverse to Scott, Taney declared that persons of African blood were not regarded by the Constitution as anything but mere property; that they had no status as citizens, and could not be sued in any court; that prior to the Declara-

tion of Independence, negroes were regarded as "so far inferior that they had no rights a white man was bound to respect." After this cruel decision the Abolition party grew with amazing rapidity, and three years later the Civil War followed.

"There was no sadder figure to be seen in Washington during the years of the Civil War than that of the aged Chief Justice. His form was bent by the weight of years, and his thin, nervous, and deeply-furrowed face was shaded by long, gray locks, and lighted up by large, melancholy eyes that looked wearily out from under shaggy brows, which gave him a weird, wizard-like expression. He had outlived his epoch, and was shunned and hated by the men of the new time of storm and struggle for the principles of freedom and nationality. He died poor, and two of his daughters supported themselves for years by working in the Treasury Department. After his death, and during the years that his bust was excluded from its place among the Chief Justices on the wall of the Court-room, Charles Sumner watched every appropriation bill to prevent an item being included to authorize its purchase. When Sumner died, there was no further opposition to paying for it and giving it its proper place."

During the session of the Supreme Court, the hour of meeting is at noon. Precisely at that hour a procession of black-silk-robed dignitaries may be seen wending their way from the robing-room to the Supreme Court-room. They are preceded by the Marshal, who, entering by a side-door, leads directly to the Judge's stand, and, pausing before the desk, exclaims:

"The Honorable the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States."

With these words all present rise and stand to receive the Justices filing in. Each Justice passes to his chair. The Judges bow to the lawyers; the lawyers bow to the

Judges; then all sit down. The Crier then opens the Court with these words:

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! All persons having business with the Honorable the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attendance, as the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this Honorable Court."

At the close of this antique little speech, the Chief Justice motions to the lawyer whose case is to be argued, and that gentleman rises, advances to the front, and begins his argument.

The chairs of the Judges are all placed in the order of their date of appointment. On either side of the Chief Justice sit the senior Associate Justices, while the last appointed sit at the farther ends of each row. In the robing-room, their robes and coats and hats hang in the same order. In the consultation-room, where the Justices meet on Saturdays to consult together over important cases presented, their chairs around the table are arranged in the same order, the Chief Justice presiding at the head. Both rooms command beautiful views from their windows of the city, the Potomac, and the hills of Virginia. In the robing-room, the Justices exhange their civic dress for the high robes of office.

The selection of a court-dress agitated the minds of public men when the first Justices of the court had been named by Washington. Sentiment was divided; and whether the Justices should wear gowns, and, if so, whether they should be those of the scholar, the Roman senator, or the priest, and also whether they should wear the wig of the English Judges, became burning questions. Jefferson protested against any unnecessary court-dress, and especially against wearing a wig. He said: "For Heaven's sake, discard the monstrous wig, which makes the English Judges look like rats peeping through bunches of oakum." Hamilton advocated both wig and gown. Finally, after much debate, the

gown alone was adopted, as tending "to preserve in the Court-room that decorum and sense of solemnity which should always characterize the place of Judgment." The gowns are made of black silk or satin, and are almost identical with the silk robe of an Episcopal clergyman. The gown worn by Justice McLean still hangs upon its hook as when he hung it there for the last time — years and years ago.

Nine Justices now compose the Supreme Court, all appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. The Chief Justice presides in court, and receives a salary of $10,500 per annum. Melville Weston Fuller, of Illinois, appointed in 1888 to succeed Chief Justice Waite, is the present incumbent of the office. The Associate Justices receive $10,000 each per annum. The Constitution distinctly says that the Justices of the Supreme Court, as well as all the Judges of the lower United States courts, "shall hold their offices during good behavior." But it is commonly understood that they shall hold them for life unless removed from office by impeachment. But inasmuch as old age does incapacitate, and a judge might hold on to his office after he was unable to perform his duties, Congress passed a law providing that any justice or judge who has served ten years and has reached the age of 70, may voluntarily retire, and in that event shall receive the full salary of his office during the remainder of his life.

The consultation-room is across the hall from the Law Library, whose books are in constant demand by the lawyers and Judges of the Supreme Court. The Law Library consists of 85,000 volumes. It contains every volume of English, Irish, and Scotch reports, besides the American; an immense collection of case law, a complete collection of the statutes of all civilized countries since 1649, filling one hundred quarto volumes. It includes the first edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, an original edition of the report

of the trial of Cagliostro, Rohan, and La Motte, for the theft of Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace — that luckless bauble which fanned to such fury the fatal flames of the Revolution. The nucleus of this Library, conceded to be the finest in the world, was the Jefferson collection of a little more than 600 volumes.

The quarters of the Law Library are in the basement-room of the Capitol, a beautiful room, of which the arches of the ceiling rest upon immense Doric columns. The spandrels of the arches are filled in with solid masonry — blocks of sandstone, strong enough to support the whole Capitol, fill the space between the arches. There is the suggestion of tragedy in their strength, when we are told that the arch above fell once, burying and killing beneath it its designer, Mr. Lenthal. The plan of his arch in proportion to its height was pronounced unsafe by all who examined the drawing. He insisted that it was sufficiently strong, and to prove his faith in his theory he tore away the scaffolding before the ceiling was dry. It fell, and he was taken out hours after, dead and mangled, from its fallen ruins.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS — ONE OF THE COSTLIEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD — ITS MAGNIFICENT MURAL PAINTINGS AND WONDERFUL MOSAICS.

A Library for the People — Costly Books and Priceless Treasures of Art Free to All — A Marvelously Beautiful Building — How It Was Planned — Its Great Cost — Approaches to the Building — The Mammoth Bronze Doors — Entering Into Another World — A Stroll Through Beautiful Marble Halls and Corridors — Marvels in Mosaic — How the Mosaic Ceilings Were Constructed — The Mural Paintings and Wall Decorations — A Fairy Scene by Night — Countless Electric Lights — Famous Mosaic of Minerva — A Marvelous Achievement — The Lantern at the Top of the Dome — Architectural Splendors — Ingenious Apparatus for Carrying Books — How the Library Is Connected With the Capitol — An Underground Tunnel — The Alcoves — Forty-five Miles of Strips of Steel.

AT the threshold of one century rose the Capitol, slowly unfolding in its majesty and grandeur, growing as the nation grew, out of weakness, often painfully, into strength, till at last its mighty dome was lifted against the sky, the symbol of a great and a united people. At the threshold of another century rose another building, unfolding quickly, easily, and in beauty, like a lily —

> "— blossoming in stone —
> A vision, a delight, and a desire —
> The builder's perfect and centennial flower."

The new Library of Congress is a monument of a nation

which has emerged from the darkness of doubts and dangers into the full glory of conscious power. Every stone in the Capitol was the promise of a nation yet to be; every stone in the Library of Congress is the symbol of fulfillment. It is peculiarly fitting that the two great structures should stand near each other; that in the sunlight, from the time it breaks over the eastern hills till it lingers faintly in the west, the gleam of the great white dome and the glistening of the gilded one should mingle in a single setting of foliage. Together they are emblematic of the people. They belong to the people. It is the people's Capitol, and it is the people's Library, though originally designed simply as a Library of Congress. It is more freely open to the people of the whole country than are any of the great libraries of the world. They may not take away its books and its treasures of art, but they may come from any town or hamlet in the Union, simply ask for them, and they will be placed before them. They could have no better place in which to read or to study these treasures of art and literature than this, the largest and costliest library building in the world.

When visiting the Capitol and wandering through its massive corridors and stately chambers, our attention is divided between the building and its associations. Within its many great rooms we inevitably think of the scenes witnessed in them, rather than of the rooms themselves, their decorations, or their furnishings. Uppermost in the mind always is not the building, marvelous as it is, but what has been done, what is done, within its venerable walls. It is so in the White House, in the Treasury, and in all the public buildings — save only this one. We look upon the Library building without a thought at first of its treasures; and then, if we are so fortunate as to have the opportunity of examining them, we forget for the time the beautiful building. What it is, is one thing; what it holds, another. But always what it is, comes first. No one should

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, AS SEEN FROM THE CAPITOL.

The most beautiful and the costliest library building in the world. Completed in 1897 at a cost of nearly $7,000,000, including the land. It contains about 1,000,000 books and forty-five miles of shelving. It is connected with the Capitol by an underground book tunnel, through which books can be delivered to Senators and Congressmen in three minutes. The library service requires a force of 341 persons.

look within without looking through this magnificent building and its priceless treasures of literature and art.

In his report for 1872, Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford urged upon Congress the absolute necessity for a separate building for the accommodation of the vast number of valuable books which had from time to time accumulated in the small quarters assigned the Library of Congress in the Capitol. Fourteen years subsequently the first decided action was taken. Eleven years more had expired before the grand structure was completed.

Long disputes arose over the site; but it was at last decided to purchase three city blocks, containing about ten acres, just east of the Capitol grounds. The year 1886 was occupied in appraising and taking possession of this tract, for which the government paid $585,000, on which stood some seventy houses, and another year passed in clearing the ground. Plans had already been adopted, but in 1888 a timid and somewhat economical Congress became alarmed over the cost and magnitude of the proposed structure, and by another act limited its cost to $4,000,000. At the same time it placed the work under the sole charge of the Chief of Engineers of the Army.

Another year was consumed in the endeavor to reduce the initial plans so that the building might fall within the diminished appropriation. But meantime another plan was submitted to another Congress, modifying the architectural features and increasing the size, beauty, and expense of the proposed building, though providing for its completion within eight years. This proved to be acceptable to a more generous and progressive Congress, which by a new law raised the limit of cost to about $6,500,000. The building was completed in 1897, within the time set by Congress, and at a cost of $6,347,000, exclusive of the cost of the land. The building thus stands as a model, not simply of careful and conscientious artistic work, but of honest construction.

When approaching the new building, one is not deeply impressed with the exterior. It might be otherwise if the Capitol were not so near. The new edifice seems at first to lack the indefinable artistic spirit of the Capitol. It is 470 feet long and 340 feet deep, but only three stories high, and its large dome appears very modest beside the lofty dome of the Capitol, which it was never intended to rival. The walls are constructed entirely of granite, so close-grained and light in tone that in the sunshine it is as brilliant as marble. Left in the rough in the basement story, it is much more finely dressed in the story above, and in the third brought down to a perfectly-smooth surface.

The key-stones of the window arches in the first story are sculptured with a series of heads illustrating the chief ethnological types of mankind, the first instance of a comprehensive attempt of this kind in a public building. The idea was carried out by the Department of Ethnology in the National Museum, which contains an unsurpassed collection of carefully-prepared models of different types of men. In preparing these, each head was subjected to a strict test of measurement, the distance between the eyes and between the cheek bones being the most valuable criterion of racial differences; but as the architect required the heads to be of uniform size, each face had to be more or less in line with the block it ornamented. This difficulty was met by using or not using the distinctive head-dress, whichever best met the conditions, and in one case, that of the Plains Indian, whose feathers could not well be discarded, the difficulty was overcome by laying them down flat upon his head, giving "poor Lo" a mild and almost dejected look, which, after all, may be quite in accordance with his present feelings. There are thirty-three of these heads in all, each about a foot and a half in height and chiseled with the greatest attention to detail. Even the tattooing appears in the Maori type.

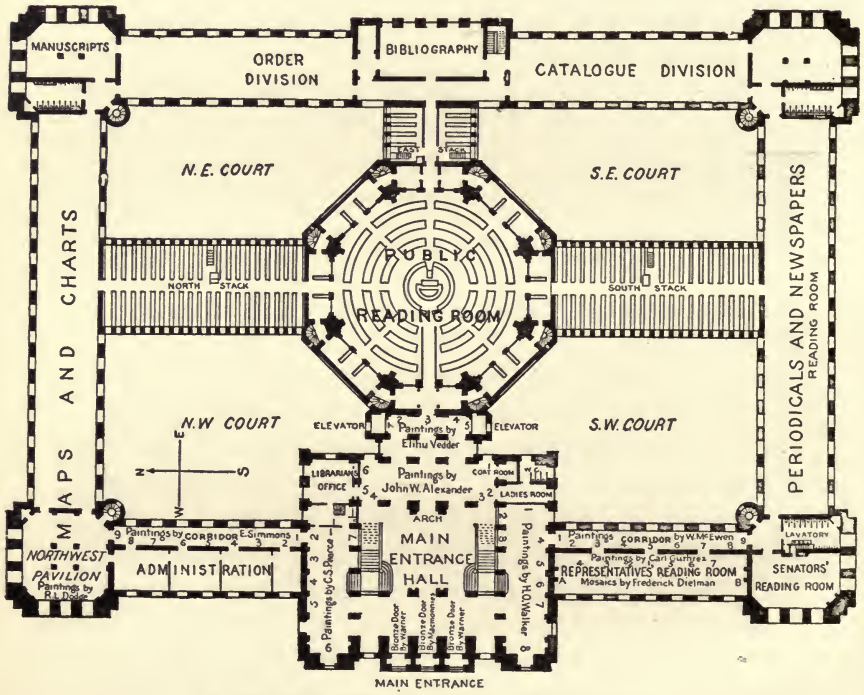
The main entrance pavilion occupies a third of the total front of the building and its approaches are extensive and imposing. In front of the granite steps which ascend from each side to the central landing, is an elaborate fountain ornamented with large bronze figures representing the court of Neptune in a grotto of the sea. Placid turtles and frogs and writhing serpents are spurting glistening jets of water upon spirited sea-horses, with fair Nereids astride, while high in the center upon a massive rock sits his imperturbable majesty, the Ruler of the Deep.

The posts of the granite railing of the steps to the entrance landing bear aloft clusters of electric lamps that at night give the massive structure the air of an enchanted palace. About the entrance are many sculptured details — large female figures representing Literature, Science, and Art, and busts of men eminent in these fields; children reclining upon sloping pediments that are ornamented with massive garlands of fruits and flowers. All demonstrate the readiness with which the intractable granite yields to the touch of the master-hand, for in the sculpture and in all the decorations within and without this great building the best artists in the United States were employed. Here their genius has been given undying form in many a detail — so many, that their individual values are not fully appreciated and still less adequately described.

In the early days of the Capitol, American art had no representatives. Imported Italians wrought there, and often failed to catch the spirit of national life. Often they failed to harmonize with each other. But in the Library, famous sculptors and painters of America have together blended the best expressions of their genius under a single plan and with a common artistic purpose, and they have made it, what no other building in the country is, a Temple of American Art.

We are hardly prepared for the vision that bursts upon

us when we have passed the mammoth bronze doors, covered with designs of rich sculptural ornament in relief. It is like entering into another world to step inside. Stand here any day for a few minutes, beside the blue-coated official who warns people to check their umbrellas and their canes — not because there is any danger of losing them, but because some proud American might like to punch the mar-



FIRST STORY PLAN, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

ble, the mosaic, and the mural paintings, to ascertain if they are real or only a dream; listen to the expressions of strangers as they enter, and note their invariable exclamations of surprise and delight; then see them wandering on in dumb amazement, as with uplifted eyes they seek to comprehend the beauty and the grandeur that pervade the place.

Here indeed and in reality is a "poem in marble." At once it dawns upon us why this is the most beautiful building in the United States. It is not because of its exterior, but because of its interior; the unique arrangement and ornamentation of marble piers and columns; ceilings in white and gold and arcades in mosaic of mellow tones; galleries of massive white marble from between whose shining columns come visions of mural paintings and ornamental stucco; vistas of long corridors with marble floors; walls and ceilings of mosaic art, on which are mingled colors of ivory and gold, across which fall at regular intervals floods of light; massive stairways of purest marble delicately carved; hundreds of artistic details over which famous artists wrought, each a melody and yet blended into grand and perfect harmony.

The greatest care has been taken to eliminate every jarring element. It has been said that in no other building in the country has so much pains been taken to make the designs of the floor consistent with those of the architecture and the general decorative scheme. This phase appears throughout the building wherever marble or mosaic are used.

The mosaic arches constitute one of the marvels of this marvelous building. Names of distinguished men of literature, art, and science are used in the ornamentation. Most people form the impression that this mosaic must have been laid "bottom side up" before the arches were constructed and wonder how the workmen could have fitted each piece so exactly. The real process, though quite as interesting, was very different. The artist first drew the designs, full size and in the exact colors desired, in sections which were transferred to very thick paper. These sections were then one by one covered by a thin coating of glue, and on them the workmen laid each little stone in its proper place, smooth side down. The section completed, it was taken to

the vaulted ceiling, previously covered with cement, and was rolled and pounded in as smoothly as possible. The paper was afterwards soaked off. Thus these wide mosaic ceilings with their rich and various ornamentations grew, section by section, into beautiful patterns, leaving no trace of where a section began or ended.

The paintings in the large tympanums at the ends of the various corridors, and the smaller ones along the sides above the marble panels, were not executed, as some have supposed, by artists standing upon scaffolding or step-ladders, but were painted in the quiet of their studios upon canvas which was afterwards firmly and smoothly affixed to the walls by a composition of white lead. By many ingenious devices such as these the best art of America was brought into its proper place in various parts of the building.

In the Library, idealism reigns supreme. Free rein has been given to the fancies of the artists, and this is well illustrated in the mural paintings of the entrance corridors. Those on the north side illustrate The Family. They show people living in idyllic simplicity, yet possessing the arts and habits of refined cultivation. This idealism is summed up in the large painting, where the head of the family is returning after a day spent in hunting with primitive weapons. His aged mother, her hands clasped over a rough staff, is sitting on a still rougher rock, and the gray-bearded father lays aside a scroll that he has been reading and which seems somewhat out of place in such surroundings. The wife, with the face of a Roman matron, baby in arms, is welcoming the returning sire, the little daughter clings to his robe, while a graceful maiden with a countenance beaming with intelligence, is leaning against one of the trees. All are dressed in the garb of the halcyon days of Greece or Rome, yet the whole scene is amid trees and rocks with a view beyond into primeval forests and over rugged mountains.

The paintings in the smaller tympanums illustrate different phases of a well-ordered, simple, and happy life. They embody such ideas as poets like to sing about and artists love to paint. "Recreation" shows two girls in a forest glade, one playing on a pipe and the other on a tambourine. In "Study" a girl is instructing her pupil with the aid of a book and compasses and tablet; in "Labor" two youths are at work in a field. In "Religion" a young man and a girl are devoutly kneeling before a blazing altar composed of two rough stones. There is a charm in this idealism which defies criticism and pleases every eye.

The general subject of the mural paintings in the corresponding corridor on the south is Lyric Poetry, and they have an exquisite charm for those who can recall the lines they represent, though they are a little bewildering to the average constituent of Senators and Members in yonder Capitol. A thorough patriot, he is proud of the American eagle — the bird of Freedom — and as he beholds in one of these paintings a naked boy riding on the back of the glorious bird, it strikes him as queer, even after he is told that it refers to the lines in Tennyson's "Palace of Art."

> "Flushed Ganymede, his rosy thigh
> Half buried in the Eagle's down,
> Sole as a flying star shot through the sky
> Above the pillared town."

The names of the great lyric poets are neatly set in the mosaic of this corridor, as the names of the great educators of the world are used in the corridor on the north. In a similar manner, in various parts of the building appear hundreds of names of men who were famous in various lines of literature, art, and invention. In the decoration of the east corridor, the names are all of Americans, some eminent in the arts and sciences, and others in the leading professions, these being represented in the mosaic by various trophies.

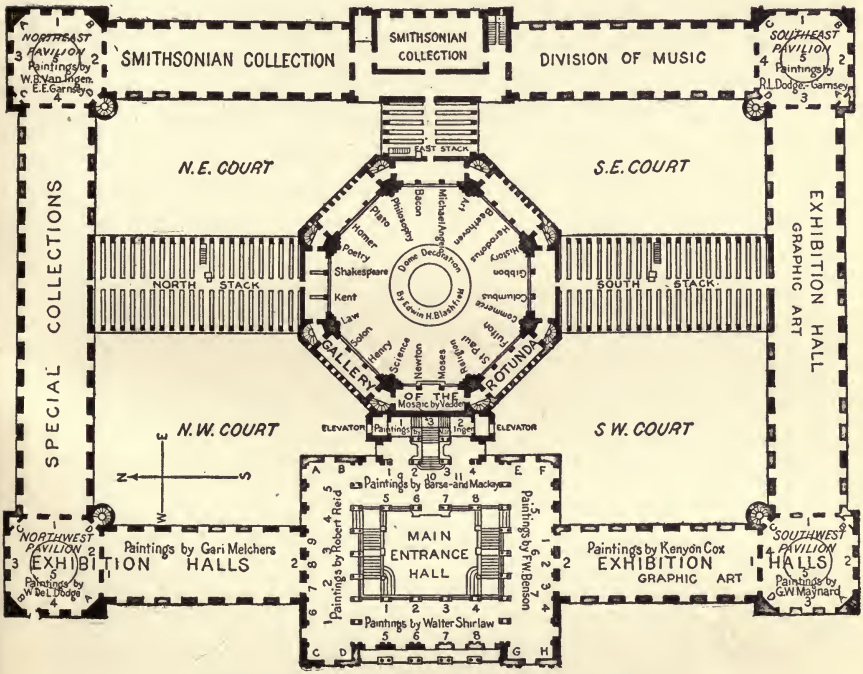
From the east corridor, marble arcades lead to the Rotunda or reading-room. The mural paintings over the entrance illustrate various phases of government in an artistic symbolism worthy of long study. The figures have a nobility and strength which give to the conceptions in the pictures admirable clearness and force.

In our little journey thus far we have walked about the four sides of the entrance pavilion, and these beautiful corridors are only the anterooms to the lofty staircase hall in the center. Inlaid in the marble floor are patterns of brass, the one in the center being a large rayed disk or conventional sun, on which are indicated the points of the compass. From this as a center proceeds a scale pattern of alternately red and yellow Italian marbles, terminating in dark red French marble, in which are other brass inlays representing the twelve signs of the zodiac. In the white marble towering above us on every side are wonderfully-sculptured details, the most conspicuous being the figures of the staircases. These, in massive marble of purest white, rise along the northern and southern sides. Upon each of the heavy newel-posts is a bronze female figure upholding twenty feet above us a torch of clusters of electric lamps.

When the golden sunlight streams in from above, through the six skylight designs in blues and yellows, bringing into bright relief the sculptured figures, and shading off into the recesses of the upper and lower corridors on every side, the scene is enchanting; but there is another scene which surpasses it, coming when, in the dusk of evening, a button is touched, and countless electric lights together leap forth in splendor, and flood every nook and corner with brilliant yet mellow light.

Ascending one of the grand staircases, we stand in the corridors of the second floor, decorated like others with a profusion of details, all of which combine to produce an exquisite general effect. Each corridor has a distinct accent

of color and design. Among the more interesting and appropriate decorations is the series of "Printers' Marks" used by the old printers, and by many modern publishers, on the title pages of their books. The earliest is that of Fust and Schoeffer, employed for the first time in 1457. They are fifty-six in number and run through all the corridors.



SECOND STORY PLAN, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

From the broad passage-way on the east, with its bright colors, its garlands and ribbons, its symbolic medallions and trophies, rises a marble stairway, dividing half way up to the right and left. Directly in front on the wall at the landing is one of the most striking decorations of the building — Vedder's mosaic of Minerva. It is a marvelous achievement of color and design produced by thousands of minute

pieces of colored marble. At a little distance it has the appearance of a finely-executed painting in oils. So great is the inquisitiveness of the average American, so overpowering the temptation to touch it and make sure that it is really mosaic, that, notwithstanding the heavy railing about it, and a sign bearing a clearly-stated request not to touch it, the government has to pay a blue-coated official to stand constantly at the foot of the steps, with a warning ever ready to fall from his lips.

Reaching the top of the stairs, we pass at once out upon the gallery, which affords a spacious and uninterrupted view of the great reading-room, the central and most important portion of the building, and as such, marked by a magnificence of decoration and architecture surpassing every other part of the edifice. Here is an octagonal room, one hundred feet in diameter and reaching from the main floor 160 feet to the apex of the dome. Paneled with the rarest of colored marbles in great profusion and in massive proportions, it reveals everywhere in the sculpture and paintings the harmony of the great architectural design which is carried down to the smallest of the countless details. Eight immense piers support the heavy arches around the room, and between them are marble screens, arcaded in two stories, thus dividing the octagon into eight deep alcoves. Above these are the galleries, forming a continuous promenade from which the spacious interior may be viewed from all sides. The light streams in from great semi-circular windows set in the eight massive arches that support the dome. The lantern is thirty-five feet in height and has eight windows.

On the mosaic floor of this lofty rotunda are three circles of double desks of polished mahogany, providing seats for over 200 readers, while from every alternate side of the octagon are exits into the alcoves and into the large interior portions of the building containing the book-stacks. The

THE PUBLIC READING ROOM IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

The central and most important part of the building. It is marked by a magnificence of decoration and splendor of architecture surpassing every other part of the edifice. It is paneled with the rarest of colored marbles in great profusion and massive proportions. The room is 100 feet in diameter and 160 feet from the main floor to the apex of the dome. Seats are provided for over two hundred readers.

lighting is so arranged that at the press of a button it flashes from hundreds of lamps, set in rosettes in the screens of the alcoves and in rows at the base and at the top of the dome. The whole vast apartment is thus flooded with mellow light, and no shadows are anywhere cast.

If one wonders how, amid all these decorative details and various marbles, there can arise such a perfect harmony in color, he has but to study the evidences of the care with which the architects have designed. From the red and yellow marbles at the base, to the pure white, the bright greens and the violets of the paintings of the upper dome, there is no discordant note.

As one stands enraptured with the beauty of the whole, he has no thought of the masterpieces of art in the details about him. The great symbolical statues surmounting the piers are unnoticed, while the bronze statues, modeled by the best sculptors in the land and placed upon the heavy marble rail of the gallery, fail for the moment to attract the attention they deserve. These sixteen bronze statues are of men famous in the different forms of thought symbolized in the statues above the piers. On one side of the statue of Religion, for instance, is the bronze figure of Moses, on the other side, that of St. Paul; beside the statue of Poetry are Homer and Shakespeare.

We must break from the spell into which we are thrown by such architectural splendors, to look for a moment to the more practical matter of the provision made for readers and students. In the center of the floor is a great distributing desk, surrounded by a circular counter for the attendants delivering and receiving books. In a high station on the east side of this desk sits the Superintendent, who is thus in touch with all that is going on in the vast room. On the other side is a cabinet containing the terminus of the book-carrying apparatus connecting with the stacks. Along another side is a row of twenty-four pneumatic tubes, connect-

ing with every floor of each of the stacks, while one goes to the Librarian's room and another to the Capitol. Thus the half-dozen attendants at the desk are within easy reach of nearly 1,000,000 books, and are equally accessible to the possibly 200 readers in the room, besides those demanding books at the Capitol, nearly a quarter of a mile away.

You may fill out your card for a book, quietly settle yourself in one of the elegant chairs at the circular desks, and shortly the book will appear. If it is a work of fiction you desire, a certain pneumatic tube whisks your card away to the proper floor of the proper stack; if some work of history, it goes in another direction. The attendants at the desk do not simply know the location of the book you call for, but if you are desirous of reading up some subject and have no idea as to what particular book you wish, they can tell you. It is their business to know.

The book-carrying apparatus is a marvel of ingenuity. It is in two parts, each separately operated, one connecting with the great north stack, the other with that in the south. Each section consists of a pair of endless chains kept constantly in motion by an electric dynamo, at the rate of about a hundred feet a minute. These chains run from the terminal cabinet in the reading-room down to the basement, thence on a level to the stacks, and thence directly up a small well to the top floor, where they turn and descend. They carry eighteen trays at regular intervals, each capable of containing a large book or a number of small ones, and each so constructed with brass teeth, operating with corresponding teeth in the apparatus at the receiving or distributing stations, that they take in or deliver a book, as the case may be.

When an attendant in the stacks, taking the card you filled out, and which was sent to him through the pneumatic tubes, has found the book you wish, he places it upon a slide which he sets so that it will operate with the first tray that

arrives. Being caught up by this tray, it is carried on till it reaches the padded basket at the delivery desk, and into this it is dropped with hardly a sound to break the stillness of the vast room. When the book is to be returned, the attendant at the distributing desk sets a little lever on a dial at the number of the stack in which the book belongs, and when the tray approaches the proper floor, the slide is automatically pushed out to receive the load. Thus every day and every evening, hundreds of books are noiselessly traveling to and fro, north and south, up and down, from stack to reader and from reader to stack.

But convenient as is this mechanical contrivance for connecting the various portions of the vast building, it is of much greater importance in connecting the Library with the Capitol; for when Congress is in session, members are constantly drawing books for immediate use in debate and in committee work. It was this fact which so long delayed Congress in consenting to housing the Library in a separate building. The Capitol and the Library, which are nearly a quarter of a mile apart, are connected by a tunnel with one terminus immediately beneath the distributing desk in the Library and the other in the Capitol, about midway between the Senate and the House. The tunnel is of brick, six feet high and four feet wide, and through this an endless cable, similar to those already described, but larger, continuously runs, the speed in this case being 600 feet a minute. By this means a book is delivered at the Capitol within three minutes after it has left the Library.

Within the tunnel, also, are the necessary pneumatic tubes and telephone wires for the exchange of messages. It is stated that a Congressman or Senator can obtain a volume now in less time than he could when the books were in their old quarters in the Capitol. If in the midst of a speech it occurs to a Senator that he needs a certain book or the file of a certain newspaper, he has but to call a page, whisper

his wish, and before he has delivered many more sentences, the page returns with the book or file.

When passing from the Rotunda to the book-stacks one goes from the region of art to a region in which practical considerations chiefly obtain. It is no longer a question of beauty but of solidity, compactness, security, convenience, light, and ventilation. The chief requirement to be met here was such an arrangement as would hold the greatest number of books in the smallest possible space, each volume to be perfectly accessible and every shelf to be well lighted, day or night. Of the three stacks, those of the north and south are the largest, each having a length of one hundred and twelve feet, a width of forty-five feet, and a height of sixty-three feet. They are divided into nine stories of tiers, each seven feet high, so that every book can be reached or its title read from one of the floors. The whole construction is of iron and steel, except the flooring, which runs down the central corridors and into each of the shelves, and which consists of slabs of marble laid in iron frame work, with a little space between it and the stack. Thus for the purposes of heat, light, and ventilation the nine stories are practically one.

The book-shelves are composed of strips of steel, the total number in the three stacks being 69,100 shelves. They can be adjusted to any height, and being of uniform size any shelf is available anywhere. There are no rough edges to wear the books. The strips are rounded and as highly polished as glass. These amount to 231,680 running feet, or about forty-five miles, which will accommodate 2,085,120 volumes of books, reckoning nine to the foot. The capacity of the additional shelving, which may be placed in the first and second stories of the northeast and south fronts, is about 2,500,000 volumes, and the ultimate capacity of the building for books, without encroaching on the pavilions, reading-rooms, museum halls, or other parts of the west

front, or any part of the basement story or cellar, is therefore upward of 4,500,000 volumes, or nearly one hundred miles of shelving.

The problem of lighting this immense storehouse of books presented some difficulties, which were, however, successfully solved. The inner walls are honeycombed with windows opening into the courts, and are so located between the cases and at the ends of passage-ways as to diffuse light into two tiers at once. Upper and lower shelves are as well lighted as those in the center. The windows are of polished plate-glass, and are permanently sealed, so that no dust or moisture can penetrate. The walls of the inner courts are constructed of light-colored enameled brick, making admirable reflectors, and the marble floors within are pure white. Evenings, until ten o'clock, the light is furnished by an abundance of electric lamps in every passage-way and recess. Books must have air, but dust must be excluded, and thus there is a ventilating arrangement whereby air is constantly taken from the courts through filters of cotton cloth. In winter the stacks are heated by warm air ascending through the spaces between the cases and the flooring, and passing out through ventilating flues.

No apartments of the building are more lavishly and sumptuously furnished and decorated than the reading-rooms of the House and of the Senate. They have an air of magnificence with their dark and massive wood furnishings, and their ceilings paneled and finished in gold and colors of somber character.

The effect of the decorations in the Senate room is more restful than in the House apartment, thus according with the distinctive differences between the two houses. As a matter of fact these rooms are used very little by members of either house. If they are making studies of any subject, they more frequently order the desired books sent to their residences, where they may use them in seclusion. They,

like the President or heads of departments, are privileged to draw from the Library to any extent. Some members of Congress, however, make large use of these Library reading-rooms for more extended research.

One room on this floor we should not fail to enter, even at the risk of disturbing for a moment the scholarly gentleman at the massive oak desk in the center — the Librarian of Congress. The room is divided into two apartments by a broad and open arch, leaving the office proper on one side and a smaller and more private office on the other. The fittings are of massive oak; the gallery has a groined ceiling, and over the main office is a shallow dome with beautiful stucco decorations, showing Grecian girls and garlands. The color-scheme is chiefly green, softened by the light which pours in from the northwest court. It is a sanctum at once refined and magnificent.

The Library service requires a force of 341 persons; the Library proper 185; copyist division 45; disbursement and care of buildings and grounds 111.

We need not leave the beautiful building without satisfying the cravings of the inner man. An elevator takes us from any floor to the "attic" of the central pavilion, where there is a café befitting the elegance of the edifice, and a bill of fare that will satisfy the most exacting appetite. Here we can sit and refresh ourselves and marvel at the glory and beauty our eyes have seen, and the priceless literary treasures of which we have had but a glance in passing.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CONTINUED — AMONG ITS BOOKS AND PRICELESS TREASURES.

Early Struggles of the Library — Starting with 1,000 Books and Nine Maps — Thomas Jefferson's Contribution — Destroyed by Fire — A Famous Librarian — Marvelous Growth of the Library — Nearly a Million Volumes — Some Priceless Old Books — A Unique Collection of Political Handbills — Some Remarkable Volumes and Still More Remarkable Illustrations — The "Breeches Bible" — The "Bug Bible" — Eliot's Indian Bible — A Book Which No One Can Read Valued at $1,500 — Valuable Manuscripts and Papers of Early Presidents — A Collection of 300,000 Pieces of Music — The Music-Room — The Periodical Reading-Room — The Map-Room — A Wonderful Collection of Maps and Atlases — A Tour Through the Basement — Reading-Room for the Blind — A Unique Institution — The Intellectual Center of the Nation — A Wonderful Storehouse of Knowledge Free to All.

FEEBLE, indeed, was the beginning of the Library of Congress, that great institution which now so thoroughly represents the intellectual achievements of the American people, and to a large extent of the people of the whole world. It was established in 1800, or at about the time that the government left Philadelphia and came to "the city in the woods" to abide. While Congress was still sitting in the Quaker city, it appropriated $5,000 for books, but, just as happens now, whenever the government endeavors to take a step in advance, strict constructionists of the Constitution strongly opposed such an enterprise — because, forsooth, that document said nothing about libraries. Jefferson,

however, though the leader of the party from which the opposition chiefly came, strongly favored the idea, but he preferred to call it "the Library of the United States."

At the beginning the Library was shelved in the Capitol. The first catalogue was issued in April, 1802, from which it appears that it contained 1,064 volumes and nine maps. This slender acquisition, grown to 3,000 volumes in 1814, served as convenient kindlings for the flames with which the British destroyed the Capitol in that year, though most of the books were subsequently replaced. A few weeks after this disaster, a letter was read in the Senate from Thomas Jefferson, who was then living in retirement at Monticello and laboring under some financial difficulties. He offered the government the largest portion of his library, and Congress purchased of him 6,760 volumes for $23,950. This collection had been the delight of Jefferson's life, and, long before, he had written of it as "the best chosen collection of its size, probably, in America." Some members of Congress had their suspicions about Jefferson's tastes, however, and they sought to have a provision made for the rejection of books "of an atheistical, irreligious, and immoral tendency," but these objections did not prevail.

With Jefferson's books as a nucleus, the Library of Congress began to make substantial gains, and in 1850 it contained about 55,000 volumes. But on December 24, 1851, a fire broke out in the rooms in which the books were shelved, and before it could be extinguished had consumed about 35,000 volumes, or about three-fourths of the collection. Congress liberally appropriated money to replace the books so far as possible, and, from that time, the growth of the Library has been unchecked. Its real growth, however, began with the administration of Ainsworth R. Spofford, who was appointed Librarian by President Lincoln in December, 1864, and who for nearly thirty-seven years was Librarian of Congress. His accomplishments amounted to

INSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

No one is prepared for the vision that bursts upon him when he has passed through the mammoth bronze doors. It is like entering into another world. Visitors gaze in dumb amazement, as with uplifted eyes they seek to comprehend the beauty and the grandeur that pervade the place. The massive stairway is of white marble delicately carved.

a genius, not only for increasing the size of the Library, but for developing its efficiency. He has been credited with absorbing, by some mysterious mental process, the contents of every book in order to aid the inquiries of Congress and the public, and he has been, and still is, the best catalogue and index of what the mammoth collection contains.

In the gallery of the Smithsonian Institution, upon a simple plaster column, may be seen the bust of a man who in one way rendered a very important service to the nation. It is that of Peter Force, who did more than any one American to rescue from oblivion the early documentary history of the United States. He was born in 1790, became a prominent printer in New York, and settled in Washington as a printer in 1812. In 1820 he began the publication of an annual volume of national statistics. In 1833 the government entered into a contract with Mr. Force to prepare and publish a "Documentary History of the American Colonies." Nine volumes subsequently appeared under the title of "American Archives." In preparing this work, Mr Force amassed a collection of books, manuscripts, periodi cals, pamphlets, and papers relating to American History, unequaled by any private collection then in the world. At the request of the Joint Library Committee of the Thirty-ninth Congress, Mr. Spofford entered into a thorough examination of the Force Library. He presented to Congress a classified report of its treasures, which resulted in the purchase of the entire collection through the Joint Library Committee for the sum of $100,000, the same amount which had been offered by the New York Historical Society.

Under Mr. Spofford's fostering care and by moderate appropriations for securing the best works in every field of intellectual activity, the Library grew with great rapidity, so that in less than fifteen years after his appointment the capacity of its quarters in the Capitol became greatly overtaxed. Many of the volumes were packed away where they

were practically inaccessible, either to members of Congress or to students. Then came the agitation for a new building, which finally resulted in the present beautiful and eminently-practical structure and provided space for a growth to at least 4,000,000 volumes.

The number of volumes in the Library has already nearly reached the million mark. There are besides half a million of pamphlets, nearly half a million separate pieces of music, over 30,000 maps, and more than 300,000 engravings, photographs, etchings, and pictorial illustrations in general.

A large number of scientific publications are issued each year by the Smithsonian Institution and these it distributes throughout the world, receiving in exchange a great body of scientific literature which practically comprehends most works of value issued by the various scientific societies of Christendom. This splendid collection of material is regularly deposited in the Library of Congress and forms one of the best scientific libraries in the world. Many contribu tions of foreign literature are also secured through the various departments of the government. Occasionally valuable private collections find their ultimate home here.

Being, in a sense, a national Library, it has been one of the foremost aims of the management to secure all books, pamphlets, maps, and periodicals relating to our own country — everything illustrating the discovery, settlement, history, biography, and natural resources of the continent. In addition to the many valuable books secured by the purchase of the Force Library, most of the earlier and very rare works have been picked up in Europe and in auction sales of books at home and abroad. The whole includes many of the earliest-printed books and papers from American presses.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of this collection of "Americana," for it contains many fugitive fragments which, though lightly esteemed in their day, have become almost priceless with age and rarity. One such feature, for

example, is composed of a large number of old engravings, cartoons, and handbills, showing the peculiar or characteristic qualities of our long-forgotten political campaigns. Being the ephemeral products of their day, they were rarely saved, but those which have been rescued and deposited here afford a glimpse of the real political life of olden days, not to be gained from the pages of our written histories.

In the popular mind the forms and features of the Presidents of earlier decades take on a sort of majesty with time, but we are disillusioned when we look upon some of the remarkable caricatures of the campaigns of Jackson, and of the "log-cabin" campaign of William Henry Harrison. Crude and coarse was the political art of those days, but there was a ruggedness in its humor that still lingers in the more refined examples of these later times. This collection includes various contemporary engravings of the Presidents from Washington down, and many old handbills, calls for political meetings, earnest appeals to the "citizens" to turn out and do something to save the country from destruction. It requires but a glance at these old relics to convince us that modern politics is no new thing.

In the collection of rare and early books pertaining to America are found, not simply those printed in this country, and the files of early American newspapers, like that published by Franklin, but some exceedingly-quaint and curious works published in England and Spain during the period of settlement. Many of these antiques can be seen in the exhibition cases under glass. Yellow with age, and never things of beauty from a modern printer's point of view, are these works with their remarkable title-pages and still more remarkable illustrations. Here are scores of small volumes, purporting in their titles to describe the condition of various colonies, and particularly of the religious disturbances which seemed to be affecting them. Older still are some of the works describing the early settlement of some of the West

Indian Islands, and containing grewsome pictures of Caribbee Indians roasting Spanish arms and legs over the fire, or calmly gnawing the flesh from the bones of their victims.

In various ways many books of great rarity and age, in no way relating to America, have come into the possession of the government. Here is a copy of the first edition of Paradise Lost; copies of the first, second, third, and fourth folio editions of Shakespeare's plays, and a large array of early editions of the Bible. One of these is the famous "Breeches Bible"; another a copy of the so-called "Bug Bible," in which the more stately rendering of the psalmist: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night," is translated "afrayed of anye bugges by nyghte."

Among the treasures acquired through the Force Library is a perfect copy of the first Bible printed in this country — Eliot's Indian Bible — a copy of which once sold for $1,500, although it is a book which no one can read. It is in a tongue utterly dead and which was famous for long words. It required thirty-four letters in a single word to render a phrase in the gospel of Mark. We can imagine the type-setters of that day following the strange, long-drawn-out words, and Eliot reading and revising the proofs in consultation with one of his Indian preachers. Cotton Mather says that Eliot wrote the whole translation with one quill, which leads us to believe that Cotton Mather was not always so truthful as George Washington — or else it was a miraculous quill.

One of the Bibles on exhibition is a copy of the Vulgate, in two great folio volumes, a Latin manuscript of the thirteenth century, written on vellum, with 150 large illuminations and 1,200 miniatures. It is a curious work of art, over which some old monk must have spent his life. A long scroll containing the entire Koran, in beautiful Arabic writing of the fourteenth century, is another of the many priceless treasures.

The Library furnishes an appropriate repository for old manuscripts of eminent men of America, and while Congress has made no special provision for securing such treasures by purchase, in various ways many have come into the possession of the Library. They include some manuscript papers of four of the early Presidents. Among them also are the originals of the articles of association of the First Continental Congress, many of the orders and letters of John Paul Jones, many letters and papers in the handwriting of Franklin, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, and of the generals of the Revolutionary War. Among the older manuscripts are the original records of the Virginia Company in early colonial days, and of several old Indian treaties. One of the most curious relics is a manuscript volume of the drawings of the United States Lottery of 1779, instituted to raise funds to carry on the War of Independence.

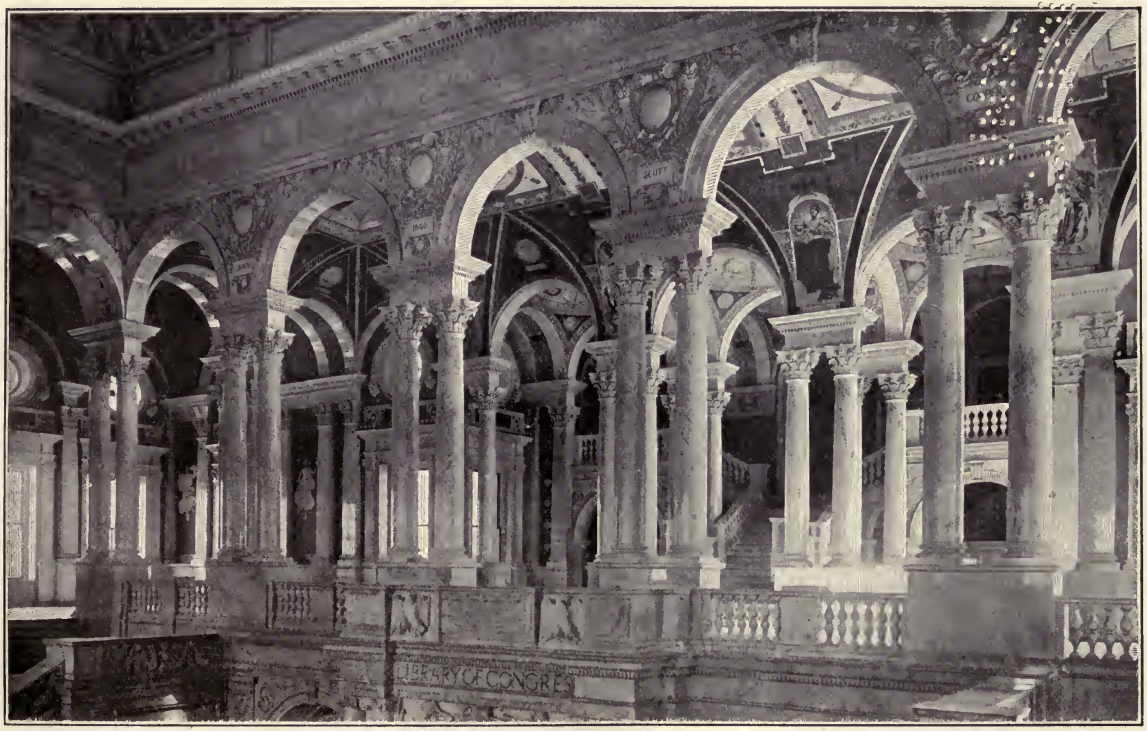
In addition to its great collection of books, the Library has acquired a rich accumulation of works of the fine arts, many of them very costly and valuable. A multitude of these are arranged in cases, and form a most instructive exhibit of the progress of the arts of design. Here can be found, not only the best etchings of our own artists, but etchings and drawings of foreign artists. Adjoining the art department are the music-rooms, containing over 300,000 pieces of music. All nations are represented. From the Turkish minister has been secured an old Turkish cradle-song seldom heard outside the harem. Other ministers at Washington have presented folk-songs and native ballads which have never before been known outside of their own countries. Here too are Hindoo and Armenian airs and Hawaiian songs in the melodious Kanaka language.

All operas, symphonies, and other musical productions, from stately oratorios to "rag-time" two-steps come here to be copyrighted and are here filed away. One advantage of the musical department is that copies of new compositions

can usually be seen here earlier than in the music stores, and can be tried in the music-room of the Library, a large and lofty apartment, in which are placed a grand piano and other musical instruments, for the use of the musical public under proper regulations. As a rule none but musicians are admitted to the department. But as nearly every one is willing to claim that he has more or less music in his soul, admittance is not difficult, and you may happen to drop in at a time when a real artist is trying some new composition.

The periodical reading-room is a vast apartment running the entire length of the building on the south. Here, upon polished oak racks, classified by states or countries, are files of the leading daily papers of the country and many of the leading journals of the world. Easy chairs and tables are placed between the racks, and, no matter from what part of the country you come, you may sit here by the window and read the local news. Farther on is a longer series of racks containing hundreds of the weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies of this country, and the leading magazines and reviews of the world. The long array is thoroughly classified. If you wish to read the religious, the philosophical, the medical, the military, the theosophic, the financial magazines, trade journals, or reviews of any branch of human activity, you have but to walk to the proper rack, select the magazine or review you wish, seat yourself in a comfortable arm-chair, and read. If you tire of one, there are hundreds of others. From nine o'clock in the morning till ten in the evening the Library is open to the public. No department of this great storehouse of knowledge more clearly shows that it is "the library of the people." Nowhere else in all the world is the periodical literature spread out so completely and so freely as in this magnificent reading-hall.

In another wing of the building is the hall of maps and charts, containing a collection of maps which is not surpassed in the world, all arranged in cases and so classified,



THE FOREST OF MARBLE PILLARS ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

These massive white marble columns rise in majestic splendor. Through them are seen glimpses of mural paintings and marvels of mosaic art, and hundreds of decorative details wrought by famous artists.

both as to time and place, as to make reference convenient and easy. You may go to this place and study the geographical details of almost every spot on the earth that has ever been surveyed. Here also are maps in various languages, including great Chinese maps, and an enormous native map of Japan held in an immense bamboo frame. The lettering is all in large Japanese characters, and while revealing the artistic precision of the Japanese, it presents a queer appearance to the American. The Library has a complete collection of the great atlases of the world, as well as of most early books of travel and discovery. Thus the student can trace the development of human conceptions of the earth's surface from the earliest days.

The basement is reached by marble stairways from the main entrance hall. One would naturally expect to find here a cheapening in the design and finish, and a resort to imitations of the rich and costly materials of the upper floors. But everything is real — there is no imitation here. The walls are wainscoted in marble, and all from American quarries, on this, the ground floor, and show the substantial character of the whole structure. It is absolutely fire-proof, not because of any ingenious construction, but because of the very nature of the material used.

This basement, which is really the ground floor, and which is well lighted, besides providing room for the extension of the Library, furnishes ample quarters for the Copyright Department, which employs a large clerical force and possesses extensive archives. To the Registrar of Copyrights are made all applications for the copyright protection of publications of every character — books, periodicals, music, photographs, etc. Hundreds of such applications are examined and passed every day. It has become the custom of many of the large newspapers to copyright every issue of their paper, as it compels others using their articles of news or information to give credit for them. Copyrights

are granted for twenty-eight years, with the privilege of extension for fourteen years more.

One room in the basement is devoted to a reading-room for the blind, one of the most interesting features of the Library. Here almost any day one may see blind people slowly passing their fingers over the raised letters of standard works of literature. The number of such works is, of course, limited, but additions are constantly being made. The volumes also are necessarily bulky, the Bible making several large volumes. But this room affords advantages to poor blind people which otherwise are not readily secured. Daily during the season readings are given, often by prominent authors who are visiting or resident in Washington, and are quite willing to read to an audience of people who listen with the most earnest attention, albeit with closed eyes. These entertainments are often varied with music.

The Library of Congress is unique among the institutions of the government. It is the intellectual center of the nation. In time, with the continuous growth of the Library in all its various departments, it is certain to make the Capital city the literary and artistic center of the country. Nowhere else can be found such a storehouse of knowledge open to the people. Here students of history can find the chronicles of every period in any language; artists can study the models and history of art of every age and clime; the architect and engineer can find the designs of the great buildings and public works of every country; the musician can find the music of every tongue; here, more complete than anywhere else, can be found by those who seek them religious commentaries and homilies, works of medicine and surgery, poetry and drama, biography and memoir, essay and criticism, metaphysics and ethics, genealogy and heraldry, law and finance, in short, the printed record of the achievements of the Old World and the New in every line of intellectual activity and human progress.

MAIN FLOOR OF THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART.

This beautiful marble building contains over 4,000 works of art, including casts of the most noted works of ancient sculpture, many original marbles, a large collection of famous bronzes, 250 valuable paintings, portraits of all the Presidents, etc. The value of the collection is over $2,000,000.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT — THE MOST IMPOSING MONUMENT EVER ERECTED IN HONOR OF ONE MAN — THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART.

The Greatest Monument in the World — It Bears No Inscription and Needs None — Piercing the Sky — A Sublime Picture — First Steps to Erect a Monument to the Memory of Washington — A Request that the Remains of Washington Be Interred in the Capitol — The Request Refused — How the Money Was Raised for a Monument — Vexatious Delays — Its Completion and Cost — The Highest Structure of Stone in the World — Its Dimensions and Height — Struck by Lightning — The Ascent to the Top in an Elevator — What It Costs Uncle Sam To Carry Visitors Up and Down — The Corcoran Gallery of Art — A Beautiful Building — Its Treasures of Art — Its Galleries of Paintings — Its Famous Bronzes — A Wonderful Collection — Its Great Value.

WASHINGTON is a city of monuments erected to the memory of the nation's great men of the the past, and foremost among them stands the Washington Monument, towering in majestic simplicity, dignity, and grandeur, so well illustrating a nation's conception of the Father of His Country. Towering nearly 600 feet above the waters of the Potomac which flows close by, the great white shaft is seen for miles around, marking the city's site, and on its top the first rays of morning fall and the last tinge of sunset lingers. It bears no inscription to the memory of Washington. It needs none. It could stand for no one else.

Sometimes it is half hidden in heavy hanging clouds which envelop and conceal its top, and sometimes its base lies hidden in the mists, while the sun glitters upon its apex.

But it never presents a sublimer picture than when its grand proportions stand out against a sky of purest azure, flecked here and there by fleecy white clouds. One never tires of beholding it. It loses nothing by familiarity. Though we may pass it day after day, it never becomes commonplace. Every time one looks at it its grandeur seems more impressive.

The first steps for a monument to Washington were taken by the Continental Congress in 1783, when it was resolved that an equestrian statue should be erected at the place where the residence of Congress should finally be established. On December 19, 1799, the day after his mortal remains had been committed to the little tomb at Mount Vernon, a committee of both Houses of Congress was appointed "to report measures suitable to the occasion and expression of the profound sorrow with which Congress is penetrated on the loss of a citizen first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." A few days later Congress resolved that a marble monument be erected by the United States in the Capitol, and that the family be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it. To this Martha Washington consented.

But Congress became absorbed in other matters, nothing further was done about the proposed monument, and the wife followed the husband into the little tomb at Mount Vernon. Occasionally the subject of a monument was discussed, but without results. In 1832 Congress made application to the proprietors of Mount Vernon for the transfer of the remains of Washington to the Capitol in conformity with the resolution of over thirty years before, but Virginia protested and John A. Washington declined. Congress having again dropped the matter, the people of the Capital city took it up and in 1833, at a public meeting, the Washington National Monument Society was formed with Chief Justice John Marshall, then in his seventy-eighth

year, as president. Artists were invited to submit designs which should "harmoniously blend durability, simplicity, and grandeur."

The design originally accepted was submitted by Robert Mills. It provided for an obelisk rising 600 feet from the center. Funds were solicited, but the money came in slowly. The site was selected in 1848, and the corner-stone was laid on Independence Day that year, the plan meantime having been modified so as to provide for an obelisk 500 feet high. The work then went on until 1854, when the shaft had reached to a height of 156 feet. Then the funds of the society gave out. The cost thus far had been $300,000. Congress was asked to appropriate $200,000, but there were too many political complications then to permit that troubled body to attend to the matter.

Then came the Civil War and nothing more could be done. The society presented memorials to Congress and asked for subscriptions from the people, but it was not till 1876 that Congress appropriated $200,000 for continuing the work. It also assumed the responsibility for its completion. A commission was appointed and found that the foundation was insufficient to sustain the shaft proposed, and thus about $100,000 were at first spent in enlarging and deepening the foundations, a rather difficult work as the part already built had to be undermined. On the sixth of December, 1884, the capstone, which completed the shaft, was set, and on February 12, 1885, it was dedicated — "the most imposing, costly, and appropriate monument ever erected in the honor of one man." The total cost has been about $2,000,000.

The square of about forty acres, in the center of which the monument stands, was approved by Washington himself. The total height of the shaft above ground is 555 feet and six inches, thus making it the highest structure of stone in the world. The foundations, which bear a weight of over 80,000 tons, are 147 feet square and thirty-seven feet deep.

At the base the shaft is fifty-five feet square and the walls are fifteen feet thick, but it gradually tapers till, where the pyramidal top begins, it is only thirty-five feet square and the walls are eighteen inches thick. The inside of the walls, as far as constructed before the government took hold of the matter, is of blue granite roughly laid, but from this point the granite is laid in courses to correspond with the outer courses of marble. The blocks were all cut and dressed in the most careful manner and the work has been declared to be the best piece of masonry in the world. By a plumb line suspended from the top inside, not three-eighths of an inch deflection has been noticed. Lightning has struck the apex many times, but so solid and massive is the shaft that it has thus far defied the elements.

An immense iron frame work supports the machinery of the elevator, while winding about it are the stairs of fifty flights containing eighteen steps each, 900 in all. The staircase is wide and of easy ascent. Every fifty feet there is a platform which extends to the elevator, so that visitors can get on or off the elevator at many different places. Twenty minutes are required to walk to the top, while the elevator will carry you up in seven minutes. The interior of the elevator is lighted by electricity, as there are no openings in the shaft except the entrance door and small windows at the top. It costs the government about $20,000 a year to take visitors up and down. The lookout platform is a large chamber with an area of over 1,000 square feet and there are two windows on each face of the monument. It is so high that we seem to have cut loose from the world, and the city below appears like a model in miniature.

In the rubble-stone masonry in the lower interior walls are set a number of memorial stones, sent to the Washington Monument Society by States, corporations, and foreign governments to be inserted in the monument; but in the upper walls no such stones were set, as they would have weakened

the shaft. Many of them are elaborately carved and cost a great deal of money. They are of marble, fine granite, and brown stone, and among them is one block of pure copper. There are stones from America's battle-fields, and from the classic temples of the old world; some are rich in historic associations, others are the expression of the friendly interest of older nations. The little republic, Switzerland, sent to the younger, greater republic a block of sandstone, eloquent in its suggestions of the long struggle for liberty. The inscription reads:

"This block of stone is from the original chapel built to William Tell in 1338 on Lake Lucerne, Switzerland, at the spot where he escaped from Gessler."

The keystone that binds the interior ribs of stone that support the marble facing of the pyramidal cap of the obelisk weighs nearly five tons. On the cap was placed a tip or point of aluminum, a composition metal which resembles polished silver, selected because of its lightness and freedom from oxidation, and because it will always remain bright. The tip is nine inches in height and weighs six and one-quarter pounds. On it are inscribed the words *Laus Deo*.

Many prominent residents of Washington have never been to the top of the monument or even within it, but strangers rarely fail to avail themselves of the opportunity. In 1900 there were over 165,000 visitors.

The Corcoran Gallery of Art is an enduring monument to the philanthropy of the late William Wilson Corcoran. He laid the foundation of an immense fortune during the Mexican War, and early decided to devote a portion of his wealth to the welfare of his fellow-men. His charities, exceeding altogether $5,000,000, have a leading place in many of the institutions of the city. The Gallery of Art was begun in 1859, but the Civil War interrupted its progress, and it was not until 1869 that Mr. Corcoran deeded it to the trustees for "the perpetual establishment and encourage-

ment of Painting, Sculpture, and the Fine Arts generally," with the condition that on two days of the week, at least, it should be open to visitors without any pecuniary charge. The present magnificent building was not completed and occupied until 1897. It is constructed of Georgia marble, and its solid white walls are broken only by open panels used for ventilating the galleries.

Broad marble steps lead from the entrance into the main atrium, which is 170 feet long and fifty feet wide. Forty fluted columns of stone support the ceiling, through which pours a flood of light upon the many beautiful white marble figures and the numerous busts which line the walls. Large rooms opening from this main atrium also contain casts of the more noted works of ancient sculpture, while others are devoted to original marbles, bronzes, and artistic curios.

In an adjoining room is a large collection of famous bronzes. Close by is a remarkable collection of works of Japanese art and of reproductions of unique metallic objects of art preserved in European museums.

From the western side of this atrium rises a white marble staircase, fifteen feet in width, leading to the second-story atrium, the ceiling of which, like that below, is supported by columns of stone. The walls of the room and of the galleries opening from it are devoted to a collection of paintings which in value and excellence is surpassed only by few. In all there are some 250 large paintings belonging to the institution, while there are a number which have been loaned from private collections and which cost thousands of dollars. Altogether the building contains over 4,000 works of art, all of real merit, for no space is sacrificed to anything but costly originals or reproductions of famous originals. The Corcoran donations amount to $1,600,000, while $350,000 more have been paid by the trustees for paintings and, as many valuable works have been given in private bequests, the whole value of the collection is over $2,000,000.

A SECTION OF THE MAIN FLOOR OF THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART.
Showing some of the beautiful and notable statues and bronzes now on permanent exhibition there.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CIVIL SERVICE AND ITS MYSTERIES — HOW GOVERNMENT POSITIONS ARE OBTAINED — WOMEN IN THE DEPARTMENTS — WOMAN'S INFLUENCE AT THE CAPITOL.

What Is the Civil Service? — How Heads of Bureaus Are Appointed — The "Spoils" System — Difficulty of Obtaining a Government Position — The Importance of Having a "Political Pull" — Attraction of Good Pay and Short Hours — Doing as Little as Possible — How To Obtain a Government Position — The Chances of Getting It — Influence of Local Politicians — The Government Blue Book — Complex Rules and Mysterious Injunctions — Taking an Examination — A Mysterious Marking Process — What Is "An Eligible"? — Bitter Disappointments and Shattered Hopes — Position Brokers — Mr. Parasite in Office — Abject Political Beggars — Arrogant Office-Holders — An Ignoble Side of Human Nature — Faithful, Courteous, and Earnest Office-Holders — Marvelous Growth of the Civil Army.

IN a world abounding in imperfect men and women it is needless to expect a perfect Civil Service. Almost every line of human activity offers abundant opportunities for the display of human frailties, and nowhere, probably, are more offered than in the bestowal of that vast patronage arising from the fact that Uncle Sam requires the help of thousands of human hands to do the work which he plans. There were abuses enough in the old days under "the spoils system," inaugurated by Jackson to satisfy the clamor of the unruly mob which poured into Washington after him. Yet these abuses did not cease with the passage of the Civil Service Act of 1883.

Refined theorists in their editorial sanctums and endowed college chairs, know exactly how the Civil Service could be reformed. How can it be otherwise than perfect, they argue, if every appointment depends upon examination as to qualifications, and promotion is conditional upon efficiency in the performance of duties? But it *is* otherwise, although the majority of people seem to have the impression that inasmuch as a Civil Service Law and a Civil Service Commission exist, the reform is fully accomplished.

The Civil Service may be divided into three general divisions. First, there are the heads of bureaus and divisions, with a considerable number of immediate subordinates who always were, and still are, appointed by the President or heads of departments. They come in with an administration, and, as a rule, go out with it. No one questions the justice of this, because, under the Constitution, the President is directly responsible for his administration, and to force upon him important executive agents out of sympathy with his policy might lead to disaster, or give him the opportunity of shifting the responsibility, if matters did not go well.

Second, there are those — not a large number comparatively — occupying positions of importance, whose services could not, without disadvantage, be dispensed with. When the head of a department enters upon his duties he is, until he has mastered the practical operations of the governmental machine, more or less dependent upon a certain small class of office-holders who, from long experience and study, have mastered the ordinary modes of procedure.

Third, there is that largest class, composed of all the clerks, copyists, stenographers, and laborers. Under the old "spoils" system, a large proportion of these were almost certain to be removed whenever a new administration came upon the scene. Many of these people perform duties of such a routine character that it is possible at any time to replace one with another without the least jar upon the

wheels of the government. About 100,000 of this class are now under what is known as the classified service; that is, in the elaborate system of the Civil Service Commission, their positions are classified under different branches — just as so many bugs in the Smithsonian Institution are classified under genus and species.

One of the evils attending the enforced exodus of many people every four years was that the just suffered too often with the unjust, and it is certain that government positions of this lower grade did not offer the inducements to men and women of good character and ability which are now offered, through a reasonable, although sometimes delusive expectation of permanency.

If you, our readers, should aspire to a government position, we will tell you how to get, or try to get one; premising that if you should be successful and should be so unfortunate as not to leave it shortly, voluntarily or otherwise, you will never be anything else but a plodding clerk, and in time will become one of the army of hopeless, incurable inmates of a government institution.

A Civil Service examination is something like vaccination. You "take" the latter, and may have small-pox and may not; probably not. You take the former and may get a government position and may not; probably not. The chances are about 999 to one that you will not, unless you have good endorsers or "backers," as they are called at the Capital. You must, therefore, secure the endorsement of your Senators, Congressmen, and those leading men in your locality whom your Senators and Congressmen recognize as influential at election times. If you know of a man who can control a hundred or more votes at a congressional election, get his name. No matter what his position, if he can marshal a few votes, his name is worth more than that of a man of world-wide reputation who can command no vote but his own. Certain endorsements must go in with your

application to the Civil Service Commission, but it is only a matter of form. Give them the names of well-known men who have no political influence. Send the endorsements of those who command votes to your Congressmen. With them it isn't a matter of form, but of business.

The average person who desires a government position has no particular choice except that he prefers one attended with a good salary. There is a so-called Blue Book, which now consists of two enormous volumes, enumerating all of the many government positions and the salary or fees attached to each. You may pore over these volumes, select any position you think you would like, and try for it. In the old days you might have "fired at random" and in several different directions; but now you must make application for some particular position in which, you are distinctly told, there is no vacancy; though there may be one — some time.

The various positions are enumerated by class in a Manual which the commission will send to you upon request. Folded into this Manual is the clearest thing about it — a large schedule of the times and places for holding examinations for the current year. At one of these particular times and places you must take a particular examination for a particular position, and this examination will cost you nothing. You are not permitted to double your chances by being examined for another position at any stage of the proceedings.

If, you are so fortunate as to be able to present your application papers according to the elaborate rules, regulations, and provisos, you will receive a card which entitles you to admission to the next examination in your section of the country. You are ushered into this ordeal very much as if on trial for your life, and the probabilities are that, after undergoing an undue strain of the nervous system for two days of six hours each, you will come out of it with the feeling that the evidence is all against you

Nevertheless the verdict does not come like a thunderclap. You are distinctly warned in the Manual not to expect a notification as to whether you passed or not within four months. This delay is because the process of marking is so intricate and so occult that the ultimate result can only come with time, and lots of it. The rule is:

"Mark every faulty answer according to its value on a scale of 100, as herein specially directed, and deduct the sum of the error marks of each answer from 100. The difference between the sum of the error marks of each answer and 100 will be the mark of the answer."

The transparency of this is completely destroyed by a vast number of special or supplementary regulations, more or less definite — not simply for fixing the gravity of errors, but for providing a large supply of possible errors over and above any that flesh is ordinarily heir to.

In arithmetic, for instance, 10 is deducted, according to rules, for "irrelevant work not canceled," the examiners, of course, being the judges of the irrelevancy, and they are human beings; 10 more is deducted "for complex statement, right results being produced"; there is another deduction for "failure to indicate the answer to a problem by the letters 'Ans.'" But the complications do not cease here. These examinations in Writing, Spelling, Arithmetic, and so forth, are called in Civil Service parlance "basic." They have three grades, and one of these grades is common to a bewildering variety of other examinations termed "auxiliary." These latter are supposed to be given with special reference to the position you have applied for, which, for the sake of convenience, we will suppose to be that of an elevator conductor. We will assume that you have had long experience in that line, and possess a perfect knowledge of requirements, and would be a most desirable man for the place.

In your auxiliary examination for this position, as for others, certain acquirements have certain "weights" in

determining your ultimate mark. This is really something of an occult process, though given the flavor of pure mathematics by the general rule of the commission, which is as follows:

"Multiply the average obtained on each subject by the relative weight of that subject; add the products; divide the sum of the products by the sum of the relative weights."

In your examination for an elevator conductor, Spelling, Arithmetic, Letter Writing, Penmanship, and Copying from Plain Copy, each have an arbitrary "weight" of 16, or 80 altogether, while experience has a weight of 20. Thus you might know more about running an elevator than all of the Civil Service Commissioners and examiners together, but fail to pass this examination for a conductor. And the applicant who sat next to you and who never saw an elevator in his life might receive a high mark. He might receive the appointment, moreover, not because he really surpassed you in Spelling, Arithmetic, etc., but because in the opinion of some examiner he had less "irrelevant work not canceled" and less "complex statements, right results being produced," and so on. Other things that you could by no means anticipate may influence the result.

But, if as a result of this mysterious marking process, you should emerge with an ultimate mark above 70, you would then be what is called "an eligible," and in about four months after the examination would be notified of the fact. "Eligibles" are simply those people whose names may be submitted to the appointive power in any particular department, in case there is a vacancy to be filled. If the appointive officer calls for eligibles, he is under no obligations whatsoever to appoint the one having the highest mark, which he knows is no index of real qualifications, under the circumstances. Now, as ever, the political endorsement determines results, and unless your Senator or Congressman insists upon your appointment you are likely to remain an

eligible for the period of one year. Then you cease to be even that unless you take another examination.

Washington is full of eligibles, and they are scattered all over the country. They take their examinations regularly as the time comes around, and are always eligible but are never appointed. They call on senators and representatives, receive promises, and go on for a month or two with increased expectations. Every time the postman rings they fly to the door expecting an envelope bearing a departmental mark. But it never comes. They may have passed splendid examinations, but they have not the "political pull."

One of the results of these highly-complex proceedings has been the institution of a class of people who stand, or seek to stand, in the position of attorney to applicants for government positions. At best they can only suggest to you how to become an "eligible." So-called Civil Service Schools have cropped up everywhere, and the only reason for their existence is that, even to citizens having education, honesty, energy, ability, and experience well fitted to make them good public servants, the processes of the system are opaque and delusive.

About one-fourth of the government employees are women. In passing through various departments, we have seen them busily at work and have noted how wonderfully well adapted to much of the government work are the nimble fingers and quick brains of women. Some have charged the government with injustice because the scale of wages to women is not so high as to men, but, as a matter of fact, if this be a sin, Uncle Sam is less a sinner than private corporations. Nowhere can women receive the wages Uncle Sam pays them. Stenographers that could not possibly receive over $8 a week in private offices are paid from $15 to $18 by the government. Some of the skilled counters or linguists receive handsome salaries, though $1,800 is the highest paid.

It was Milton who used the words "a fawning parasite," but it applies to many an official of to-day at Washington, who having secured some position in the service feels tolerably secure. Such a one quickly forgets that he was once a political beggar, that he pulled every wire, flattered, and cajoled, crawled in the dust, as it were, to get appointed. The sense of gratitude, rarely strong in any man, is with continued office sure to die out.

But the somewhat more secure tenure of government office resulting from the present Civil Service system does not make such creatures of all men. There is a great difference in men, to start with. Most of the classified officials are courteous, obliging, faithful, and earnest men who escape the corroding influence of their surroundings. But there will always be a generous supply of weak souls. It is the most abject political beggar who usually becomes the most arrogant office-holder.

The growth of the civil army has been marvelous. The first issue of the Blue Book in 1792 shows that there were only 134 employees of the government in all the departments. In 1841 there were only sixty-four employees in the Treasury Department, and the Pension Office was run by four clerks and one messenger, but now in these departments alone the employees number thousands. The government now gives employment to more than 20,000 persons in Washington, to whom is paid over $23,000,000 a year. This growth is sure to continue. Every Congress finds some new work for the government to do, as the federal government gradually increases and concentrates its power at Washington.

CHAPTER XXX.

OFFICE-SEEKERS AND OFFICE-SEEKING IN WASHINGTON — THEIR DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS — HOW PLACE AND POWER ARE WON.

Those to Whom Washington Is a Whited Sepulcher and a Sham — An Omnivorous Crowd of Place- and Fortune-Hunters — "Still They Come" — Chronic and Ubiquitous Office-Seekers — Slim Chances of the Average Applicant — Beguiled by Anticipation — "Placed on File and Favorably Considered" — Awakening From a Delusion — "No Vacancies as Yet" — Making Applicants "Feel Good" — Facing Want and Destitution — Dejected and Despairing Office-Seekers — Their Last Hope — Fresh Victims Every Year — A Pathetic Incident — Women in Quest for Office — Remarkable Story of a Young Lady Applicant — Lincoln's Aversion to Office-Seekers — An Interesting Story — A Humorous Incident — A Visit From a Long-Haired Backwoodsman — "I'd Like To See the Gineral."

FEW visitors to Washington, "on pleasure bent," could ever be persuaded that this beautiful city with its magnificent buildings, its splendid avenues, and beautiful public grounds, has proven to be to many only a whited sepulcher and a sham! Probably there is no other spot in the world less suited to fulfill the wants and expectations of the omnivorous crowd of place- and fortune-hunters that annually flocks to our national Capital, and yet the constant cry is, "Still they come!"

In this motley throng may be found the inevitable claimant, the pension applicant, the literary itinerant, the broken gentleman of fortune, the professional blackleg, third-rate lawyers, and last but not least, the chronic and

ubiquitous office-seeker. All these and many more — representatives of nearly every walk in life — periodically invade the city in droves, undismayed by the fate of those who have preceded them. Before the advent of "civil service reform," Washington, at the best, was a poor place for an office-seeker; but, under the present conditions, restricted and handicapped by favoritism and red tape, and practically debarred by the uncertainties of competitive examination, the chances of the average aspirant are one in a thousand.

To a novice seeking governmental employment, Washington at the start wears a rosy-hued tint. He is charmed by variety and beguiled by anticipation. His examination, under the rules of the "civil service," has been adjudged satisfactory, his application "placed on file and favorably considered," and the overjoyed novice, believing his appointment and installation only a question of time, contentedly strolls around the city, and in his elation imagines Washington to be a perfect Elysium! It sometimes takes weeks to awaken him from his delusion. A couple of months glide by and the mercury in his mental thermometer has steadily declined to zero; his lean pocketbook shows unmistakable signs of depletion; and in response to his anxious inquiry the stereotyped reply from the Rotation Bureau, "No vacancies as yet," wearies him by the monotony of its frequency and no longer lulls him into fancied security, for he is just beginning to understand that there are hundreds of other applicants besides himself, and that the chief of the bureau is a suave fellow who likes to make every one "feel good."

His hopes of obtaining a "position" are every day growing less, and anxious forebodings succeed his late sanguine anticipations. He would gladly shake off from his feet the dust of this disappointing city, but he has improvidently expended all his money and is fairly stranded in this modern Sodom! Sometimes he has recourse to the pawn shops —

but this precarious source of revenue is soon exhausted, and want and destitution stare him in the face! The session of Congress closes, his Congressman hurries home, and the summer breezes softly stir the foliage in the Capitol grounds where our half-starved office-seeker wanders, dejected and despairing. His only hope, now, lies in the approach of a new session of Congress, but that is too far away to be a solace to him. He even curses the unlucky hour that tempted him to leave home in quest of that elusive "office." This is no fancy sketch, for year after year the same scene is enacted; with dreary monotony fresh victims are added to the list of disappointed office-seekers who heedlessly, like the moth, destroy themselves in the incandescent flame.

Only a short time ago a little incident, trifling in itself, but yet pregnant with meaning, occurred one afternoon in front of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad depot. A hearse drove up and deposited on the platform a rough wooden box containing the coffined remains of one who was apparently a stranger in Washington. Accompanying it was a small battered trunk and an umbrella. There was something very touching and pathetic in this simple funeral cortege. It told a silent but impressive tale of blasted hopes and a lonely death far from home of a disappointed office-seeker.

Young, educated, refined women, who, in their eager quest for employment, have ventured into Washington, insufficiently provided with money, have encountered chilling disappointments and deep mortification.

During President Cleveland's administration, a young lady from a large city in the West came to Washington in search of office; she brought with her an octavo volume containing hundreds of recommendations from the leading citizens and the entire municipality of her native city. She had voluminous written testimonials from the most distinguished clergymen, urging her appointment. She had the

names of all the prominent business men, and the recommendation of the Governor of the State.

It was a remarkable and overwhelming exhibit of the strength and number of her friends. It demonstrated unquestionably her popularity and worth, yet she could not procure the smallest and most insignificant position in the gift of the government, and was finally compelled to borrow money of her Congressman to return home.

It used to be a common phrase that no one need apply for office; since "few die and none resign." This saying was illustrated by a little incident that happened during President Buchanan's administration. A clerk in the Quartermaster-General's department, while on a leave of absence, fell ill, and it was officially reported that he could not live. Straightway fifty applications for the impending vacancy were filed in the Quartermaster-General's office. The young man not only perversely got well, and thus disappointed the hopes of the fifty aspirants, but held on to his office for over forty years afterward.

It is not commonly known that for many years residents and natives of Washington have enjoyed a priority in the matter of distribution of office; notwithstanding the misleading statistical reports on the subject, more than three-fourths of the governmental employees at our national Capital, though ostensibly booked as coming from the States, are genuine, *bone fide* residents of the District of Columbia.

Office-seekers are by no means confined to that class who are in search of ordinary clerical work; there are a corresponding number of applicants for distinguished positions in the gift of the President or national Legislature, and ambitious aspirants often pursue President and Congress with the same degree of pertinacity that marks the contest for places of lesser note.

The collector of the port of Boston, General McNeil, who was a Democrat and an appointee of President Polk,

though in the last stages of consumption, risked a journey from Boston to Washington in the depth of winter expressly to secure a continuance of his office. The Whigs were decapitating their political opponents in every direction and an effort had been made to remove General McNeil.

When he appeared before the President, wasted almost to a shadow, and modestly asked for his family's sake, the privilege of retaining his office, the President was greatly affected.

"My dear General," he replied, feelingly, "you need not have gone to the trouble and inconvenience of taking this long journey in your delicate condition of health; I have not the slightest intention of making any change in the Boston collectorship, nor shall I, while you continue to remain there."

General McNeil returned to his hotel, gratified and touched by the cordial assurances of the President.

The next morning he was found ill in bed, scarcely able to breathe, and before a physician could be summoned he was dead.

President Lincoln had a marked dislike for office-seekers. Often his first salutation to a visitor was, "Well, sir, I am glad to know that you have not come after an office." One day a delegation of leading Republicans from one of the States called upon him to secure the appointment of a certain Colonel M——— as collector of the port. Lincoln received them very graciously, and kept up such a running fire of questions relative to the political situation that the delegation got no chance to introduce the all-important subject. At last the chairman, growing desperate, blurted out:

"Mr. President, we have come here to-day to present to your favorable consideration, as a candidate for the collectorship of our city, the name of our honored and distinguished townsman, Colonel M———. He is preëminently qualified for the position — not only for his administrative

ability, but his invincible loyalty and attachment to Republican principles. No honors, sir, could be showered on him that could elevate him higher in the estimation of his fellow-men."

Mr. Lincoln listened attentively to this panegyrical reference to their favorite, and then addressed the astonished deputation as follows:

"Gentlemen, it gives me much gratification to hear the praise bestowed upon Colonel M———. Such a man needs no office; it can confer on him no additional advantage, or add prestige to his well-earned fame. You are right, Mr. Chairman, 'no honors could be showered upon him that would elevate him higher in the estimation of his fellow-men.' To appoint so good and excellent a gentleman to a paltry place like this would be an act of injustice to him. I shall reserve the office for some poor politician who needs it."

And thus saying Mr. Lincoln politely dismissed the delegation.

Office-seeking has its humorous phases as well as its dark, silhouette shadows.

A young man, evidently a stranger in Washington, burst into the General Land Office one day in a state of great excitement.

"Say," he shouted to one of the clerks, "I hear there's a vacancy in this bureau — has any one applied for it yet?"

"None that I am aware of," was the clerk's suave reply.

"Then put me down as the first applicant; 'First come, first served,' you know."

The clerk gravely informed him that he would have to go before the Civil Service board for competitive examination.

The young man hurried off under great excitement, fully convinced that his early application had secured the desired appointment.

When General Cass was Secretary of State under James

Buchanan he was noted for his dignity and exclusiveness. It was very seldom he granted an interview to any one unless he had matters to discuss of great political weight.

Towards the close of a rather busy afternoon, a stalwart backwoodsman with a long, flowing gray beard presented himself before the chief clerk.

"I'd like to see the gineral."

"The Secretary is too much engaged to receive anyone," said the chief clerk. "Please state your business to me."

"I haint got no biz'ness," was the blunt reply. "I jis' come to ax him a question."

General Cass overheard him, and opening the door that led into his private office he abruptly accosted his visitor. "Here I am, my man, now what is the question?"

"Wall, gineral," said the old backwoodsman, "as I happened to be in Washington, I thought I'd call on you. Last fall you made a stump speech in my district and you said, as nigh as I kin recollect, 'the office should seek the man and not the man the office.' Didn't you say that?"

"Yes," responded Cass, approvingly. "I made use of some such language, I believe."

"And the fellows cheered and hollered, didn't they?"

"I think they did," rejoined the interested and now smiling Secretary.

"Wall, gineral," pursued the backwoodsman, "as I happened to be in Washington and knowing you've been after office every hour in your life — an' you've got a fat one now — the question I wanted to ax you was, 'why don't you practice what you preach?'"

CHAPTER XXXI.

INSIDE THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING-OFFICE — THE STORY OF A "PUB. DOC."— PRINTING SPEECHES THAT WERE NEVER SPOKEN.

Uncle Sam's "Print-Shop" — Using Twenty Tons of Printing-Ink a Year — Utilizing the Skins of 50,000 Sheep To Bind Books — Making a Book While You Wait — The Celebrated "Pub. Doc." — What Becomes of Them — Sending Out "Pub. Docs." to All the World — The Convenience of a "Frank" — The Omnipresent "Doc." — All Kinds of "Docs." — A Storehouse of Valuable Facts — The *Congressional Record* — Ready-Made Speeches — What "Leave To Print" Means — Printing Speeches that Were Never Spoken — Hoodwinking Dear Constituents — Scattering Fine Speeches Broadcast — "See What a Great Man Am I" — Speeches Written "by Somebody Else" — Printing-Office Secrets — Some Interesting Facts.

NO one in the world is so profuse a user of printer's ink as Uncle Sam; it takes twenty tons of it to enable him to print what he has to say every year, and he spreads it over 8,000 tons of paper. There is considerable room for doubt, especially in the minds of discriminating people, as to whether a great deal of what Uncle Sam is made to say is really worth the paper it is printed on; but the official opinion holds that it *is*, and, moreover, that it is worth binding into permanent form. Thus some 50,000 sheep have to surrender their skins every year to cover his books. Besides this he demands the sacrifice of some 13,000 goats for skins for his Turkish morocco, and the imitation Russia leather he uses every year would cover at least two acres of ground. He requires

linen, canvas, muslin, glue, and gold leaf in proportion, and so enormous and efficient is his great establishment, the Government Printing-Office, that he can set the type, print, illustrate, and bind a good-sized book, almost while you wait.

One or two examples will serve to portray the working of the marvelous facilities of the Government Printing-Office. In the spring of 1898 great excitement followed the blowing up of the *Maine* in Havana Harbor. Congress was impatient to declare war, but was prevailed upon to await the report of the naval Court of Inquiry and the message of the President accompanying it. On March 28th these were ready for the printer, and on account of the peculiar conditions of the situation it was desired that Congress should have them the next day. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 28th the originals for twenty-four full-page illustrations and for one lithograph in colors were sent to the Government Printing-Office and the force was at once set to work to have these illustrations made. The manuscript arrived at 6 P. M. and was immediately parceled out to hundreds of compositors, and when all in type it made 298 large pages — a good-sized book.

Complete printed and illustrated copies bound in paper covers were laid on the desks of the Senators and Representatives two hours before Congress assembled the next morning. All through the night busy fingers were setting up the type, making up the pages and stereotyping them; fast presses were dropping the printed and folded sheets at every tick of the watch; other busy hands were gathering them, stitching them and pasting on the covers, while others were sending complete books away in the mails.

But this feat was completely eclipsed in the publication of the testimony taken in the West Point Military Academy hazing case. This testimony, with the report of the committee making the investigation, was presented to the House

of Representatives on Saturday, Feb. 9th, 1901, and during the afternoon it was sent to the public printer. Work was begun on it at once, and on Monday morning, a little over thirty-six hours from the time it had been received, it was delivered, printed and bound, at the Capitol. The work completed and delivered made exactly 2,002 pages, but in addition to this a couple of hundred pages were set up ready to submit for approval before being paged and stitched. Meanwhile the usual work of the office was going on as if nothing unusual was occurring; the stream of *Congressional Records*, *Bureau Reports*, and public documents generally was in no way clogged.

The Government Printing-Office is run at an aggregate cost of $4,000,000 a year, and three-fourths of this expense is paid out in wages to its employees. It is the size of this army of workers under one roof and under one management that makes it the most remarkable feature of the government industries at Washington.

The original building devoted to government printing was erected in 1856 far beyond the outskirts of the city. It has been gradually enlarged from time to time, and the old building as it now stands is not only well within the city but covers about an acre, exclusive of adjoining branches, and affords floor space of about four acres. But for a long time the ever-increasing pressure of government work has overtaxed the accommodations of the building, and thus, after many shifts and makeshifts, the government has provided for the erection of a great structure on adjoining lots. This, when completed, will afford a floor space of over nine acres in addition to that already provided by the old building. It will cost $2,000,000 and will be one of the largest and most substantial public buildings in Washington.

The number of employees averages about 3,500, but, pending the completion of the new building, they are not under one roof. It has been found more convenient, and in

some respects necessary, to have branches in some of the executive departments.

Each division is in charge of a foreman or superintendent, and the arrangement is such that, if there is a sudden demand for work in one room, help may be summoned from rooms where work is for the time slack or not pressing. Thus some night, when the "matter" for the *Congressional Record* rises to large proportions, compositors are drawn from the main composing-room.

The "Pub. Doc." always demands attention. There is nothing so plenty in Washington, not even Congressmen or civil service eligibles. They are everywhere and in every shape. If Congress does nothing else, it is sure to provide a flood of "Pub. Docs." There are "Ex. Docs.," "Sen. Docs.," and "Mis. Docs." but they are all "Pub. Docs." The latter is the genus, the former some of the species. They multiply faster than ever did the Children of Israel in Egypt. Piles on piles of huge pamphlets cumber and crowd the lodging of the average Congressman. The new member always takes kindly to them at first; they give him, he is inclined to think, an air of importance. He even reads them for a time.

After a while they begin to cram every available nook "up stairs, down stairs, and in my ladies' chamber." They prove greedy receptacles of dust which defies extermination. His wife may appeal to him to give them away or send them to constituents, but he need not take the trouble to do the latter, for all that is necessary is to send the names of his dear constituents to the superintendent of the "Pub. Docs." and the pamphlets are franked to them without any more ado. The government pays for doing this tedious work. But, even so, the "Pub. Doc." rooms are always overflowing. They line the walls and racks from floor to floor, and are falling down and running over everything everywhere. Most of them have no covers, but thousands and

thousands are clad "in purple and fine linen" — law sheep and morocco.

Undoubtedly the average "Pub. Doc." is a weariness to the flesh and the spirit. They cover almost every conceivable subject that is of no possible interest to the average mortal. A commission is appointed to select wool for use in Custom houses; Congress asks the Secretary of the Interior if he has given any one permission to hold Sunday concerts in the Pension building; the President is asked for correspondence regarding the capture of a captain of a coast schooner by natives of Honduras; special agents have been sent to report upon the condition of the Seal Islands; a member from Texas desires information as to a fish hatchery in Texas; and so on and on every day, and these reports and answers with collateral matter eventually turn up as so many more "Pub. Docs."

Yet they have to be. Government is not a glittering generality. Precise information of its minutest ramifications is required for the intelligent action of committees, and these documents provide a vast storehouse of historical and political and scientific facts. If a question comes up, it is the business of some Congressman to look carefully into it. To do this he has but to consult the index of "Pub. Docs." and secure such as he needs. Moreover, there are "Pub. Docs." of the greatest value. The reports of some of the bureaus are highly prized by the best libraries and the leading scholars of the world. The government annually secures a vast amount of information which no individual could otherwise obtain.

The "Pub. Doc." first appears at the Government Printing-Office as a huge pile of manuscript, often accompanied with drawings, large maps, or photographs. Formerly such manuscript was written in many varieties of handwriting, much of it illegible except to expert compositors. But in these days of the typewriter the printer is relieved of the

necessity of solving difficult enigmas as he goes along. The manuscript is in the composing-room divided into small "takes," which are distributed in a long rack containing hundreds of pigeon-holes, each numbered for a certain compositor. So many hands are employed and so small are the "takes" that the largest "Pub. Doc." is usually in type in a few minutes, and each printer empties his "stick" in the proper place upon the long brass "galleys." These, as they are ready, are placed under the proof-presses, and proofs with the copy sent to the proofreaders.

There are altogether 130 presses in the Government Printing-Office, the average output of which is 1,000,000 impressions per day of eight hours. Some of the presses are marvels of mechanical genius. One is capable of printing cards on both sides from a web of Bristol board at the rate of 65,000 per hour. Each envelope press averages about 10,000 printed envelopes an hour. A "Pub. Doc." is usually "reeled off" at the rate of about 10,000 per hour, in forms of thirty-two pages each.

The "folding-room" always presents a busy scene. Here sit nearly 600 women, young and old, folding sheets of paper of various sizes from morning till night. Large maps several feet square must be folded with great nicety, so that they can be gathered into a book and sewed with it. The operations of binding are similar to those everywhere except as to the scale, the extensiveness of which may be judged from the fact that this department consumes in its work every year 37,000 pounds of glue, 4,000 packs of gold leaf, 7,000 pounds of thread, 900,000 pounds of binding-board, and the various leathers already mentioned.

Such is the history of "Pub. Docs." of every description. Through this greatest workshop of the government is ever running a stream of pamphlets and books. As fast as they are completed they are taken away to the various departments from which they originated as manuscript. Thence

they go out into the world, part of them to find a comfortable abode on library shelves, but most of them to meet with the neglect which is often enough deserved.

The evolution of the *Congressional Record*, while similar to the above process in general principles, presents some interesting variations. The *Record* is a daily publication while Congress is in session; but whereas the managers of great newspapers can plan the size of their issue some time in advance, the Government Printing-Office never knows till a couple of hours before the *Record* goes to press how large it will be. Its size depends largely upon how much talking is done in the Senate and House, but not altogether upon this, for members have the privilege of "withholding their remarks" occasionally, especially when they wish to revise them or polish them in places. Those speeches which are withheld may drop into the printing-office at any time. Then, too, members have a privilege which is known as "leave to print," which means that they can insert in the *Record* speeches which they never made, never could make, and which often are written for them by somebody else.

The main body of the *Record* is supplied by the Senate and House reporters. Each house has a corps of proficient stenographers, who operate under a perfect system whereby they "take turns" during debate. In exciting moments in the House, when members are jumping up and interjecting remarks from various places in the big chamber, these stenographers are stationed at convenient points and take whatever remarks are for the time made within their jurisdiction. Whenever necessary two reporters take the same debate so that it may be verified when written out. The force is sufficient to permit a portion to typewrite their notes, while others are continuing with the debate. There is one official who has charge of all matter for the *Record*, and the various notes are put in shape in his office, making one verbatim report of the whole proceedings.

The rule of the Government Printing-Office is that copy for the *Congressional Record* must be in before midnight, and always a greater portion of it can be, especially the copy of prepared speeches, for it should be said that when a Senator or Representative has a prepared speech, it is handed to the stenographers, and they make only such changes as occur within the delivery, like interruptions which may lead the speaker away from his manuscript. Usually, therefore, there are certain portions of the proceedings which can be placed in the printing-office early at night, and these are in type before the final copy arrives.

Between midnight and 4 o'clock it must not only be all put in type but read and re-read three or four times for errors, blocked into pages, stereotyped, and made ready for the presses. Often a member requests a proof in the interval, and this must be sent him, marked with the time within which it must be returned. As the type is set it is laid out in galleys running in regular order, and as fast as read, the "make-up" men prepare the pages, each of which is stereotyped. Sixteen of these pages are locked on each of two cylinders, so that when the press is started it prints, from a continuous roll of paper, forms of thirty-two pages each, cuts, folds, and delivers them counted in a case at one side at the rate of 20,000 an hour. The *Record* varies from twenty to 150 pages at an issue.

As soon as gathered and stitched, the issue goes to the mailing- and delivery-room, where over a hundred girls wrap it in covers which have been mechanically addressed to the various parties all over the country to whom members of Congress have asked to have it sent. Each member is allowed a certain number, and, as it costs him nothing and is apt to please the dear constituent, he usually fills out his quota.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM — A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF CURIOSITIES AND RELICS — THE ARMY MEDICAL MUSEUM — INTERESTING SPECIMENS OF THE RESULTS OF "WAR, DISEASE, AND HUMAN SKILL."

The Most Wonderful Collection of Curiosities and Relics in the World — Over 4,000,000 Interesting Specimens — Curious Story of How the Museum Was Started — Priceless Relics of Washington — Franklin's Printing-Press — Lincoln's Cravat and Threadbare Office Coat — General Grant's Presents — Relics From the *Maine* — A Wonderful Collection of Skeletons — Proving Man's Descent From Monkeys — The Army Medical Museum — A Grewsome Place — All that Remains Above Ground of the Assassin of Lincoln — A Collection of Skulls — Some "Interesting Cases" — The Spleen of Guiteau, the Assassin of Garfield — How Specimens Are Collected and Exchanged — Getting Back "Something Equally as Good" — What the X-Ray Photographs Show.

LATE in the '30's Commodore Elliott, then of the Mediterranean squadron of the United States Navy, returned to this country bringing with him an ancient sarcophagus that had contained the mortal remains of some Roman hero at Carthage. It was evidently a pretentious sarcophagus in its day, and had been tolerably well preserved from the ravages of time and of the vandals. Its massive stone was handsomely carved. The Commodore was a great admirer of Jackson, who had just delivered his farewell to the government and had retired to "The Hermitage"; and to him Elliott presented this relic of Roman greatness with the expectation

that the fiery general would allow his remains to be deposited in it.

But Jackson preferred something more modern, convenient, and American. So the great stone was deposited in the basement of the Patent-Office and curiously enough became the beginning of the National Museum, now the largest collection of curiosities and relics in the world, a collection numbering over 4,000,000 specimens of various kinds gathered from every part of the world and representing every age. The old sarcophagus now stands in the beautiful grounds in front of the building containing this remarkable collection, and shows few evidences of the twenty or more centuries that have rolled over it. It is sometimes mistaken for a monument to some dead statesman or benefactor of the government, but no mortal remains lie within or under it.

Begun in this small way, the museum remained for many years a small and heterogeneous collection stored within a few dusty cases in the basement of the Patent-Office; but in time it received substantial additions from the great exploring expeditions of Wilkes in the Pacific and of Perry in Japan. In 1846, Congress took steps for a more creditable arrangement by transferring to the Smithsonian Institution, then being organized, the custody of the collection, though the actual transfer was not made till 1858. Here, under more direct encouragement, the collection grew rapidly through gifts from foreign nations, and through the services of consuls and other government agents in foreign lands. Under the law it was made "the authorized place of deposit for all objects of art, archæology, ethnology, natural history, mineralogy, geology, etc." The operations of the government surveys, and the gifts resulting from various World's Fairs, so swelled the collection that a special building had to be provided in 1881

Every day brings in new specimens, so that now the

government is in possession of many more curiosities than are exhibited, which for want of room are packed away safe from the prying eyes and despoiling hands of the curious. It is the dream of those interested in this enterprise to have the government provide an immense building somewhere within the city and thus establish a standing exhibition of marvelous value and variety. The anthropological collections now in possession of the government, illustrating the development and progress of man and his works, if properly placed on exhibition, would occupy the entire space of the present museum building which twenty years ago was deemed adequate for all purposes.

The museum is in charge of the Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution but, unlike the latter, it is supported by government appropriations. The collections in both are practically one, though the exhibition-rooms in the Smithsonian are almost entirely given up to certain features of natural history. The main floor of the museum building is divided into seventeen halls which connect with each other by wide archways, and altogether they furnish nearly one hundred thousand square feet of space.

By the north or main doorway we enter a long hall devoted to a large collection of personal relics illustrative of different periods of American history. Priceless relics of Washington, many of which have been purchased from his heirs, fill many large cases. Displayed in one are his dress suit and dress uniform, the latter a great blue coat with trimmings of buff, and suspended with it are the curiously-contrived knee breeches. We can imagine that when the suit was new and before the moths began to ravage it, the Father of His Country must have presented a striking figure in it; but here it hangs limp and forlorn, though its great brass buttons are as bright as ever. We can imagine them glittering as Washington stood, the admired center of the gorgeously-clad groups at state receptions, or as his dig-

nified figure moved gracefully through the stately measures of the minuet.

Telling a sterner story are the various effects of Washington's camp life, including his camp chest, with its quaint knives and forks, bottles and pewter plates, and the broiler bearing the marks of many a camp fire. In the case devoted to Jefferson relics we see the favorite chair of the sage of Monticello, with its well-worn upholstered head-rest. From a much more remote past comes the hand printing-press owned by Benjamin Franklin when a journeyman printer, a mechanism which seems ridiculously crude, but it shows the signs of many an impression, and its rough, timbered sides are thickly plastered with age-dried ink.

In the case devoted to Lincoln are many interesting features, but perhaps none appeal to us more than the cravat which so often encircled his long neck, and the office coat which held his tall, slender figure; for years to come its threadbare buttons will tell their story of the patient toil and steady application of the beloved President to the affairs of his country during the most stupendous crisis in its history.

The most brilliant collection in this hall is formed of the swords, testimonials, and presents of various kinds given to General Grant during the Civil War and in his trip around the world.

Other cases are devoted to memorials of men whose achievements marked epochs in the history or development of the country, such as Morse, who solved the problem of the telegraph, and Field, the father of the Atlantic Cable. Here, too, are many late additions, like relics from the *Maine*, and many curious mementoes of the war in Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines.

In the Rotunda, towering above the basin of a fountain, stands the original plaster model of Crawford's Goddess of Liberty surmounting the dome of the Capitol, while about

the walls are many large and costly objects of interest. From this center you may pass through great halls in any direction and walk for hours amid countless "specimens" — pottery and porcelain from every country in the world; models of boats and vessels from Fitch's first steamboat to the great modern steamer; Indian canoes and Oriental junks; and hundreds of articles showing the various industrial arts of the world and the life of the people of every clime and in every state of barbarism and civilization.

Here are skeletons of existing and extinct animals; minerals, and ores, and fossils of every description; costumes and textile fabrics of every sort; figures, life-size, of Hindoos, Persians, Chinese, Japanese, Indians, and savages, all dressed in their characteristic garb and illustrating by their groups various peculiarities of their industrial or social life. Here, too, are wonderful baskets made of grass and roots; weapons from the most primitive to the most deadly, and musical instruments from the tam-tam of the South Sea Islands to the costliest piano.

All these collections are arranged with a view to making them instructive. For example, in the hall devoted to skeletons, and which is fairly overrun with bones, we may see mounted skeletons of various species of monkeys up to the chimpanzee, the ourang-outang, and gorilla, and beside the latter, skeletons of a native Australian, an American Indian, and the "homo sapiens." This is intended to show how our bones differ in characteristic ways from those of the monkeys, and even from man in lower stages of civilization. Our superiority is, after all, largely a matter of "brain cavity," if you may believe these experts. You may pass from this engrossing study to a hall containing half a million specimens of mollusks with very little evidence of brain cavity, but wonderful in the various forms they take, surpassing in texture the finest works of art. In another hall are half a million fossil invertebrates, and plants which in remote ages

were petrified in the rocks — pages from the geologic history of a million or more years ago.

In the spaces devoted to means of transportation you may see the oldest locomotive in America — a loose-jointed piece of mechanism, which looks as though it would fly to pieces if an attempt were made to run it. Close by is an old Mexican ox-cart without a piece of iron or a nail in it. The wheels are hewn from tree-trunks, and weigh over 200 pounds each. It is in strange contrast to the beautifully-ornamented Japanese palanquin near by.

Perhaps the most remarkable collection in the building is that illustrative of the American Indian. Life-sized groups represent various features of the domestic economy of the red man, while his utensils, implements of peace and war, and objects of worship abound on every side.

These are but a few of the very large number of varieties of this wonderful display. They indicate how wide is the range and how completely each branch is illustrated. Whatever be the subject one is interested in, he will here find arranged before him the very objects of his interest; and when one stops to think that the government has packed away as many more, and that it is constantly receiving numerous additions, we can but wonder what the museum will become years hence.

Close by the National Museum stands the large and handsome brick building now occupied by the Army Medical Museum, a grewsome place which, however much it may excite our interest and wonder, leaves a decidedly-unpleasant impression on the nerves of sensitive people. It may be a heaven of delight for physicians and surgeons, but the unscientific shrink from the close observation of such an extensive display in wax and preserved flesh of the effects of the ravages of various diseases and of gun-shot wounds.

Probably one of the least-disquieting features of the place is a regiment of human skeletons, a large number of

them drawn up in single file and extending the whole length of a gallery in the long hall. Grinning with frightful unanimity, they appear, because of the way in which they are thickly suspended and arranged, to be hurrying southward in a dancing lock-step. Some of these are skeletons of once fierce Indians, or South Sea Islanders; others are of well-behaved Americans, and still others are of criminals of the worst kind; but they all look alike now, as they seem to dance along without respect to former condition or color.

The Army Medical Museum is one of the results of the Civil War. In obedience to an order from the War Department, issued in 1862, thousands of pathological specimens, showing the results of gun-shots and amputations, quickly accumulated at Washington, and soon after the assassination of Lincoln, Ford's Theater was purchased by the government, refitted, and dedicated to this growing collection, together with the Record and Pension Division of the War Department. The collection increased so rapidly that soon a demand for a safer and more commodious building arose, and in 1887 the present building was erected, ample to contain not simply the museum, but the immense medical library, now the most complete collection of medical and surgical literature in the world. This library has been gathered since the Civil War, but now numbers over 200,000 volumes, and includes some of the rarest books in the world, dating back to the very beginning of printing. Physicians and scientific societies have greatly interested themselves in the growth of this institution, and have generously contributed both literature and specimens.

Of late years, or since the Civil War, the growth has been less in the direction of exhibits of fatalities of war than of the various diseases that human flesh is heir to, and a particularly-exhaustive exhibit of microscopic cell development, both in health and disease. If you are scientific, these will interest you more than the enlarged spleen of Guiteau,

the assassin of President Garfield, or the colorless fragments of the spinal column of John Wilkes Booth. If you are scientific, also, you will linger with breathless interest over the long array of tumors, evidences of tuberculosis, of leprosy, and so on; but if not scientific, you will have a curious feeling that your entire scalp is about to rise in revolt, and you will go away with a vague fear that you may have caught the diseases of the whole collection, and ought to hurry to the nearest doctor.

Guiteau's spleen looks very much like any of the other spleens arranged in glass jars; but you will be told that it is a little larger than it ought to be, not because of Guiteau's mental peculiarities, but because he was for a long time kept in a jail which held more malaria than prisoners. This is the only Guiteau specimen retained. The rest of his mortal remains that were considered worth preserving have been distributed; for a sort of altruistic spirit of exchange exists between the managers of the museum and medical people and societies all over the world, by which they give and receive presents in skeletons, wax tumors, and bottled human organs. For example, the person who presented the museum with a bottled baby, born with but one eye and that in the middle of its forehead, and hence officially labeled "Cyclops," might reasonably expect in return an "interesting specimen" — something "equally as good."

To the unscientific mind doubtless the most interesting and the least disagreeable specimens are those which have been in the museum for a long time and show the wonderful effects of rifle bullets and shrapnel fragments after entering the human body. Here are skulls pierced by arrow heads without being fractured, and others that have been broken by tiny bullets, that, after entering, plowed their way along in eccentric furrows. This is now more fully illustrated by a series of X-ray photographs.

Those who have seen General Sickles slowly making his

way on crutches can not fail to be interested in his leg, or rather, a strong white bone which was once a part of his anatomy, and which bears the following official description:

"The right tibia and fibula comminuted in three shafts by a round shell. Major-General D. E. S., United States Volunteers, Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, amputated in the lower third of the thigh by Surgeon T. Sim, United States Volunteers, on the field. Stump healed rapidly, and subject was able to ride in carriage July 16; completely healed, so that he mounted his horse, in September, 1863. Contributed by subject."

If the General in all these years ever found his memories of Gettysburg growing less vivid, he could at any time come to the Museum, and by observing the remains of the limb he parted with so many years ago, have them revived.

The specimens with an interesting history from a popular point of view are much less conspicuous now than a few years ago, as the medical history is alone supposed to be of value. Most of the descriptive labels have been removed. Thus some of the old specimens have little to show their connection with the events of the Civil War. Apparently insignificant among over 25,000 other specimens of various kinds may be seen three human vertebræ mounted on a stand, and beside it a glass vial with a thin line of white matter floating in alcohol.

There is nothing to show whose vertebræ these were, and even when official catalogues were printed they contained no information upon such unscientific points. They simply recorded in dry technical language that one of these three verterbæ was entered by a carbine ball and fractured longitudinally and separated from the spinal process. The missile passed directly through the canal, with a slight inclination downward and to the rear, emerging through the left bases of the fourth and fifth laminæ, which were comminuted, and from which fragments were embedded in the muscles of the neck. The bullet in its course avoided the large cervical vessels. The description closes with the unin-

teresting statement: "From a case where death occurred in a few hours after injury, April 26, 1865."

Of the small vial we are told that it shows a portion of the spinal cord from the cervical region, transversely perforated from right to left by a carbine bullet, which fractured the laminæ of the fourth and fifth vertebræ. This also closes with the remark that it is "from a case where death occurred a few hours after injury, April 26, 1865."

This is all very dry and technical, but to those who know all the facts there arises before the mind an exciting scene that occurred many years ago about a blazing barn across the Potomac and not many miles from Washington. The flames lit up the recesses of the great barn till every cobweb was luminous, and back of a barricade of hay, bathed in the weird illumination, stood a man with set teeth and gleaming eyes. A moment later he grasped his carbine and pushed for the door to face his enemies; but just then a sergeant, without orders, fired through a crevice and shot him in the neck. He was taken out, laid on the grass, and died four hours later. This is the case "where death occurred a few hours after injury,"—the case of John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of Lincoln.

In the eyes of the medical experts a "case" consists only of pathological peculiarities. These three vertebræ might have belonged to any one else and be just as "interesting," from the fact that the bullet took a certain course and the wound resulted in death in a few hours. It has been said that the fatal wounds of the assassin Booth and his victim were strikingly alike, "but the trifling difference made an immeasurable difference in the sufferings of the two. Mr. Lincoln was unconscious of all pain, while his assassin suffered as exquisite agony as if he had been broken on a wheel."

It will not be inappropriate at this place to speak of the Lincoln Museum—a miscellaneous collection of relics dis-

played in the old house opposite Ford's Theater to which the wounded Lincoln was carried and in which he died. It is a plain four-story brick house with a high stoop marked by a marble tablet. O. H. Oldroyd began to make this collection in 1860, and after the assassination purchased the house and fitted it for a permanent collection of them. It was entirely a private enterprise and remains so, a small admission fee being charged.

Among the relics are a stand made from logs of the house in which Lincoln lived from 1832 to 1836; the family Bible in which Lincoln wrote his name in boyhood; the chair he occupied at the theater on the night he was shot; a bill of the play, and many funeral sermons, and portraits. Still the most interesting thing about it all is the little room in which the great President died, a room which John Wilkes Booth had himself occupied not long before; for at that time the house was a boarding-place for people of the theatrical profession. The house will always stand as it is because of its associations, and some day the government will doubtless take it into its own hands and add to its value as a museum.

The proscenium pillar next to which Mr. Lincoln sat when assassinated has been preserved in its place in the Ford Theater building, in spite of the fact that the building has twice been remodeled. It survived the disaster of 1893, when the building collapsed, and killed and injured many clerks employed in the Record Division of the War Department.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION — STRANGE STORY OF ITS FOUNDER — ITS WONDERFUL TREASURES — THE NATIONAL ZOO AND THE FISH COMMISSION.

The Strange Story of James Smithson — A Most Singular Bequest — Making Good Use of His Money — His Will — "The Best Blood of England Flows in My Veins" — Plans of the Institution — Inside the Building — Its Intent and Object — Diffusion of Knowledge Among Men — Facilitating the Study of Natural History — Stimulating Talents for Original Investigations — A Wonderful Exhibit of Stuffed Birds — Insects of Every Size and Color — A Marvelous Collection of Birds' Eggs — The Delight of "Mr. Scientist" — What We "Think" We See — Weighing a Ray of Light — Doing Many Marvelous Things — The National Zoo — Among the Wild Animals — A Visit to the Fish Commission — Some Curious Specimens of the Finny Tribe — One of the Most Entertaining Exhibits in Washington.

THE Smithsonian Institution had a unique beginning, showing that a government may not be without sincere friends among those who at the time are regarded as natural enemies. James Smithson was an Englishman, a natural son of the third Duke of Northumberland and Mrs. Elizabeth Macie, a niece of Charles, Duke of Somerset. He was educated at Oxford and some time later took the name of Smithson. Of a scientific turn of mind, he wrote several treatises, which, however, attracted no great attention. Not having any fixed home, he appears to have lived at various places in lodgings, dying at last in Genoa in 1829.

In 1835 President Jackson announced that this English-

man, who so far as is known never visited America nor had friends here, had left all his property "to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Why he did not prefer to establish such an institution in his own country does not clearly appear. He had doubtless watched with interest the growth of the young republic, and, having no other use for his fortune, which, owing to his simple and retired life, had rapidly accumulated, he conceived the idea of bestowing it upon the government of the United States to further the increase of educational advantages, which at that time were more needed on this continent than in Europe.

Some have thought that the nature of his parentage is important, not only as explaining why he changed his name from Macie to Smithson, but why he conceived the idea of establishing an institution in this country to perpetuate his borrowed name. He once wrote: "The best blood of England flows in my veins; on my father's side I am a Northumberland, on my mother's side I am related to kings. But this avails me not. My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of Northumberland and the Percys are extinct and forgotten."

It would appear from this that he deliberately cast about for a means to make good this assertion and, if so, he certainly took a wise course.

The legacy became available in 1838, and was brought over in English sovereigns which, when recoined, netted a little over $508,000. The only unfortunate thing about the bequest was that Smithson did not specify the nature and precise objects of the proposed institution, for Congress immediately fell into a serious disagreement as to the methods by which the objects of the testator could be accomplished. One proposed a university of the highest possible grade; another an observatory "with the biggest spyglass in the

world;" another the cultivation of seeds and plants for distribution; another an institution for experimentation in physical science especially pertaining to the natural resources of the country; another an establishment for rearing sheep, horses, and silkworms. There were, besides, strong arguments against accepting the trust at all, the strict constructionists of the Constitution, as usual, finding no warrant for such a thing.

At last the trust was accepted, and in 1846 a law was passed organizing the institution, the government assuming to pay 6 per cent. on the fund semi-annually for its uses. A board of regents was established and the accumulation of interest devoted to the erection of a building, the site for which, consisting of fifty acres, was given by the government from the abundance of unoccupied and unpromising land within the city.

But while James Smithson provided the money, the institution was really founded by Joseph Henry, who was appointed its first secretary. In entering upon his duties he drew up for the regents a scheme for the operation of the institution that was adopted and that has since been maintained. Its leading principles are that, inasmuch as the testator's design was to increase and diffuse knowledge "among men," its work should not be local or even national, nor should it devote its resources and energies to anything which could be done as well by any other institution.

In accordance with these principles, its great library has been incorporated with the Library of Congress, its art treasures transferred to the Corcoran Gallery of Art, its meteorological observations to the Weather Bureau, and its herbarium to the Department of Agriculture. Besides, it has originated and still retains control of several governmental enterprises which are nevertheless provided for by Congress, such as the National Museum, the Bureau of Ethnology, and the National Zoölogical Park. It has thus been

the fountain head of many of the profitable functions of the government.

Having incidentally originated and developed these branches of scientific pursuit, the Smithsonian now largely devotes its energies and means to scientific experiments and to the issue of several publications. Papers presented for publication are submitted to competent committees for examination, first, as to their being real additions to the existing knowledge, and second, as to whether they are worthy of the institution. The design is to stimulate men who have talents for original investigations by offering to publish to the world an account of their discoveries. The author is presented with a few copies of the work, but beyond this receives no remuneration.

The "diffusion of knowledge" is specially promoted by a system for the interchange of American and foreign scientific thought and achievement. This work, which has attained great proportions, is in charge of the Bureau of International Exchanges, and through it the publications of the national government as well as those of the institution are regularly exchanged. Thousands of works, embracing the details of the latest inventions and discoveries, are brought to this country in this way, while, in turn, a knowledge of our achievements is diffused abroad. Over 2,000 foreign societies are now in correspondence with the institution.

The building is situated near the center of the grounds originally granted to the institution. The specimens now on exhibition in its main halls are but a fraction of those which the institution has collected. A large proportion of them are in the National Museum, and the Smithsonian has reserved for itself only a portion of the collections pertaining to Natural History, with a few miscellaneous specimens of ethnological significance. The main exhibit is one of the choicest collections of stuffed birds in the world. Case after case through one of its great halls is filled with birds of all

feathers, mounted so skillfully that they exhibit not only the characteristic poses of the birds but in many cases their habits in life. They vary in size from the smallest humming bird to the largest ostrich, and art has never yet imitated the marvelous variety and beauty of the colors and shades of color displayed by the plumage of these specimens from every clime.

Another large hall is devoted to insects collected from an equally-wide area and presenting as great a diversity in size and color. In one case, for example, we may behold the many varieties of the butterfly. Nothing can surpass the delicate markings and texture of the wings of some of these specimens. Here also is a marvelous collection of birds' eggs varying in size all the way from a homeopathic pellet to a football. The collection of shells, of sponges, of coral, and other curious organisms of the sea is enormous.

So many are the objects of lustrous beauty that we find ourselves constantly revising our opinion of the resources of Dame Nature, and we are amazed at the exquisite skill with which she works to secure the most delightful shades of color even in tiny little mollusks. "Mr. Scientist," however, smiles and says all this apparent color is only a difference in molecular motion, and the colors that we see, "or, rather, think we see," are only such components of light as are not absorbed by the organic molecules. Mr. Scientist stands ready to take all the romance out of our ideas wherever we stop to admire, but he experiences a delight of a different kind in his observations of the "mechanism" of nature.

It is only when we step from the exhibition halls to the offices and laboratories of the institution that we see it as it is — a great working establishment in the interest of science. If you have a theory on which you believe you can base an important discovery, you will be welcome here, if it is of value. The institution will assist you in your researches, guard your interests, and publish your discovery, if it proves

to be such, so that it may at once reach the whole scientific world. It is what its benefactor wished, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.

The scientific experts of the institution are constantly making some of the most remarkable experiments and devising instruments of the most intricate design and delicate machinery. Every sunshiny day men are endeavoring to wring from the rays of the sun their secrets, to discover how they differ, and how they affect the earth. One of the most remarkable instruments of all is a so-called bolometer, a device for determining the nature of the invisible rays of the sun, that is, those which do not reveal themselves as light. In the observatory is located a great mirror so controlled by clockwork that it always turns itself squarely to the sun. It reflects a sunbeam directly into a long metal tube which contains a lens, and this throws a slender ray into a building where is a delicate apparatus for separating it into all of its component parts, and which is designed to record the differing temperatures of the invisible rays below the red or above the violet of the spectrum.

This instrument is perhaps the most remarkable thing of its kind ever designed. It consists of a tiny balance, the beam of which is a thread of spun glass finer than the finest hair. In the middle of the beam is a concave glass mirror not larger than a common pin-head, and yet absolutely perfect in form. It weighs two and one-half milligrammes — just about as much as the leg of a fly — and the whole affair is suspended from a fiber of quartz crystal two feet long and so slender as to be almost invisible. The beam is so arranged by the aid of electric contrivances, too complicated to be briefly described, that it is inclined one way or the other by the slightest difference in temperature of a sun ray falling on the mirror. This mirror throws a small dot of light on a wall graduated like a thermometer, so that by watching this dot the variations in heat of invisible rays are determined.

The institution hopes some day to know so much about these invisible rays as to be able to predict weather conditions a year in advance, and do a great many other things equally marvelous.

In the course of its work the Smithsonian early collected many live animals and birds. As the government had made no provision for such specimens, it became necessary to confine them, not always with the most reassuring security, in grounds back of the institution building. Special pains were taken to secure good specimens of certain American animals that were threatened with extinction, and, in course of time, people living near the institution observed from their windows an ever-increasing herd of buffaloes and other wild beasts. Finally Congress was prevailed upon to do something for this growing menagerie in the midst of the city, and 167 acres of land were purchased on Rock Creek, a little above Georgetown. While maintaining as one of the chief objects of the "Zoo" thus provided for, the preservation of American animals threatened with extinction, the scope was enlarged so as to foster the collection of live animals from all climes for exhibition purposes.

The great park, consisting of rolling uplands broken by deep ravines, is beautifully adapted to its purpose. On cultivated portions are placed the various houses and enclosures for animals requiring protection in the winter season, while the hardier classes are quartered out of doors the year round in spacious wire-guarded enclosures about the ravines and hillsides. Herds of happy and healthy bison, elk, and deer occupy great paddocks, providing them with extensive pastures. Standing upon one of the elevated portions of the grounds, you may look down through the trees upon a herd of buffaloes grazing peacefully in the lowlands, while in the ravine upon the other side along the creek is a colony of beavers, burrowing in the banks, constructing dams and houses and cutting down trees in their ingenious and work-

man-like fashion. The bear dens are unsurpassed by those of any zoo, the rude caves being blasted out of cliffs, thus forming natural retreats for the different varieties.

The collection is growing rapidly through the instrumentality of various government agencies. Consuls in all parts of the world, and our army officers in far-off lands, are invited to secure live animals of rare types and send them to this country at the expense of the government. In time, with such advantages, the National Zoo will become the largest institution of its kind in the country and perhaps in the world. Being on the outskirts of the city, it is a favorite resort for children, and there is always some queer bird or animal stranger for them to pelt with goodies "to see him eat." Every bright Sunday the animals' quarters are surrounded by a delighted crowd of visitors.

The Fish Commission, established in 1861, occupies the old ante-bellum arsenal on Sixth street. While an independent organization, it is nevertheless largely an offshoot of the Smithsonian Institution. Its general work, as provided for by law, is to study the habits of fish and especially food fishes, and to devise measures for maintaining the supply. In pursuit of this object, hatcheries have been established in various parts of the country, and every year millions of the fry of the most valuable food fishes are placed in the rivers of the country best fitted for their existence.

One of these hatcheries is maintained in Washington, and if you visit the building at the right time you may observe the process in a series of tanks arranged in the basement of the building, and will note how, under good conditions, it requires little room for the hatching of many millions of fish, any one of which, when full grown, might give an angler all the sport he desired. It is safe to say that many of the salmon, shad, and other food fishes we eat were born at Washington, or in some of the other hatcheries.

Naturally, after the fish are born, the next problem is

how to convey them to the stream or lake best suited to their requirements. As this may be hundreds of miles distant, the commission provides specially-fitted cars, which can sometimes be seen side-tracked near its building. The arrangement of the cars is complete, and the infant fish not only travels with plenty of companions, but he is well attended, and his meals are furnished. He can disport himself in water to his heart's content and suffer none of the inconveniences of travel. The arrangement of the tanks is such that they can be supplied with fresh water, and when the cars reach their destination the fish are turned loose to take their chances among other fish and among the fishermen.

Among the most entertaining exhibits are the glass tanks of different kinds of live fish. These tanks are located along the walls of a sort of artificial grotto in the basement of the building, and are constantly supplied with running water and lighted from hidden windows above. Here we may study the habits of fish in their natural element, and note the perfect and graceful movement of their fins, and the exquisite coloring of their scales. Among those that attract by their beauty are mingled many that are curious, and even grotesque. Such is the flounder, which lies so flat in the sand as to be unnoticed until, after much flopping and floundering, — whence his name — he rises and darts about with great celerity. Here, too, one may watch the little sea-horse, most fantastic of marine creatures. At rest, he clings with his curving tail, ape-like, to the seaweeds and mosses of the tank, but when the fancy takes him for a swim he moves about erect, with as many antics as a playful pony, and most obsequious bowings of his crested head as he meets others of his kind, all equally polite and amusing.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FOREIGN LEGATIONS AND THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS—THE DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES IN WASHINGTON.

The Exposed Side of Diplomatic Life — Looking "Pleasant" — Social Status of Foreign Representatives — Daily Routine — Spies Upon Our Government — Social Lions — Aspiring to Diplomatic Honors — Glimpses of Foreign Home Life — Peculiar Dress and Queer Customs — Oddities in House Furnishings and Decorations — Social Etiquette — Who Pays the First Visit — Official Calls — The Ladies of the Diplomatic Corps — Why the President Never Crosses the Threshold of a Foreign Legation — Breaches of Etiquette — Topics That Are Never Discussed — Tactless Ministers — Giving Meddling Ambassadors Their Passports — Some Notable Examples — The Fate of Foreign Representatives Who Criticise or Abuse the President.

THE popular impression is that the life of a foreign diplomat at Washington is one of ease and pleasure. A natural inference from the society columns in newspapers, which are constantly furnishing glowing accounts of social events, is that a foreign representative has no mission save that of looking handsome, wearing gorgeous raiment, and feasting sumptuously every day, having no more care than a butterfly and no serious responsibilities to disturb his equanimity. This impression is heightened by the fact that in the summer season the diplomatic legations, with hardly an exception, are closed or left in charge of subordinates, while the ministers and ambassadors with their families enjoy themselves at fashionable seaside resorts, or visit their homes in their native land.

But this is only the exposed side of diplomatic life. It is one of the duties of a foreign diplomat in Washington, as it is one of the duties of our representatives abroad, to employ diplomacy and to be generally agreeable. So doing, he can better exercise the functions of a legitimate spy upon our operations as a government and a people. But the diplomat's real duties are largely of a strictly-private nature, and are generally known only to himself and his government. Thus our general information as to diplomatic actions and behavior is largely confined to the society columns of newspapers, and it may be added that to old and practiced diplomats there is nothing so tedious as the requirements of their social routine. To them it is usually a bore. They are not apt to accept invitations unless they feel that it is advisable for State reasons, or is required by etiquette; and thus the hostess who secures them at her social events is supposed to be highly honored. As to whether she is honored or not depends altogether upon the character of the diplomat.

The daily routine of each legation makes as peremptory a demand upon time as the routine of any department of the government. Each has its archives which are faithfully maintained; each is apt to have instructions from its government requiring constant attention, more often through correspondence but occasionally through a personal interview with the Secretary of State; each stands in a sort of paternal relation to the various foreign consuls at different commercial centers, and through them often executes the general orders of the home government. Each is attended by various attachés, the number dependent upon the character of the legation, who have special duties to perform. In the exercise of these duties, attachés are instructed in the principles of diplomacy, and in time they aspire to the dignity of some diplomatic post.

As a rule, diplomats are men who have resided in many

countries and have studied their characteristic differences. By knowing the peculiarities of various governments they can better appreciate the peculiarities of those to which they may be sent. Having seen so much from such advantageous positions, they are delightful talkers, if they wish to be, and usually are well educated and brilliant men.

There is no minister in the diplomatic service who has so wide a field of duty as the Chinese Minister. He is not only accredited at Washington and at Mexico, and at Spain and Portugal, but fully one-half of the Central and South American governments are under his care, so far as they relate to China. But his headquarters are at Washington, and the "Chinese Embassy" is one of the most beautiful houses in the city. Its fine granite exterior furnishes no indication of the Orientalism within, unless perchance as you pass you may happen to see a Chinaman taking a little exercise by walking back and forth on the great stone piazza. Or you may chance to see the minister himself, with his fine raiment, his mandarin's hat, his pig-tail, and a twinkle in his eyes.

While the exterior of the Chinese mission is so thoroughly American its interior abounds in Oriental surroundings. Beautiful Chinese hangings and curious works of art are among the decorations, though the Chinese and Western civilizations are strangely mingled. The embassy has never had a house of its own but has always rented, and doubtless for this reason its appearance partakes so largely of conventional furnishings. Occasional entertainments are held at the Chinese legation during the winter, and these social events are looked forward to with pleasant anticipation by Washington society, because they are invariably unique and enjoyable.

In point of size and elegance the British legation stands easily at the head. It is a large mansion elegantly furnished in English style. When alterations and repairs are made

the architect of the British Foreign Office comes over to design and supervise them.

Probably one of the most delightful and interesting embassies is that of Japan, but as that nation has of late become fully in touch with the ways of Western civilization, the legation is less conspicuous for its oddities than for that refined artistic sense which is characteristic of the Japanese.

The Russian and French legations are usually among the gayest of the social season, while those of the South American Republics are among the most charming.

The social etiquette of the city is largely conditioned by the presence of the Diplomatic Corps, which consists of six ambassadors and twenty-five ministers plenipotentiary. They are ranked strictly in the order of their seniority of commission, and arrival in Washington. The British Ambassador at present holds the position of dean of the corps, having been the first of the ambassadors appointed. Up to the time of the coming of ambassadors, as distinguished from ministers plenipotentiary, it was the custom of the foreign ministers, from the necessity of making themselves known, to pay the first visit to the representatives of the nation; but otherwise all persons, official or otherwise, pay the first call to the embassies. The ladies of the Diplomatic Corps have no special day on which to receive callers, each household making its own rules in this respect.

As the President and his wife may or not make calls, it is entirely at their option whether or not they accept invitations; but it is not proper for either the President or his wife to cross the threshold of any foreign legation, although other members of their family may do so. This is one of the rules which is supposed to conserve the dignity of the office of President, and also remove him from the dangers of too free contact with the representatives of scheming foreign powers. The President's dinners and receptions to the Diplomatic Corps, while the most brilliant events of the

season, are purely perfunctory and formal, and it is a breach of etiquette to touch in conversation upon subjects of international affairs or even of national politics.

The foreign minister is supposed to have nothing whatever to do with our national politics. It is a serious matter for him even to appear to influence opinion, even if he does not intend to do so. It was for such an alleged offense as this that a British minister was once given his passports. Lord Sackville West wrote an imprudent letter to a correspondent, criticising the administration, and President Cleveland at once handed him his passports.

All governments reserve the right to dismiss foreign ministers who may have rendered themselves obnoxious in any way. The first instance in which this right was exercised was in the administration of Washington. The French Minister, Genet, was given his passport but refused to leave the country, remaining here to be used by the political enemies of Washington until recalled at Washington's request by the French government.

Almost the first act of General Taylor on becoming President was to direct Mr. Clayton, the Secretary of State, to send Mr. Poussin, the French Minister, his passports for infringement of courtesy in his correspondence. He also directed him to inform the minister of foreign affairs of France, who had criticised some act of the government, that the President had neither asked nor desired his opinion on the matter. The most recent case was that of the Spanish Minister De Lome, who sometime prior to the outbreak of our war with Spain wrote a letter to a Cuban friend, grossly criticising and abusing President McKinley. The letter in some way falling into the hands of the government, De Lome was promptly dismissed; but instead of returning to Spain he simply crossed the border into Canada, where for a time he maintained an information bureau for his government.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE NEWS BUREAUS OF WASHINGTON—KEEPING AN EYE ON OTHER NATIONS—HOW NEWS IS INSTANTLY OBTAINED FROM ANY TRANSMITTED TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

The Washington Headquarters of a Hundred Newspaper Bureaus—Keen Newspaper Men—How the News Is Gathered—Transmitting It to All the World—The Ceaseless Click of the Telegraph—Operations Far Beneath the Surface—The Best-Posted Men in Washington—"Newspaper Sense"—How the Wires for News Are Laid—Anticipating Future Events—Secret Sources of Information—"Covering" Anything and Anybody—Receiving News "Tips"—Running Down Rumors—Officials Who "Leak"—How Great Secrets Are Unconsciously Divulged—Putting This and That Together—Reporters' Tactics—Keeping an Eye on the State Department—Scenting News—"Work Is Easy When Times Are Newsy"—Studying the Weak and Strong Points of Public Men—At the Mercy of Newspapers.

PASSING along the streets immediately east of the Treasury building, a glance at the windows and doorways on either side reveals numerous signs indicating that the great daily newspapers in the country meet and touch here. It is preëminently the vortex into which is ever being swept all the news of the government, and from here it is sent out all over the country, every hour of the day and for a greater part of the night. Into this teeming center run many wires. Here in the still hours of the night may be heard the ceaseless click of the telegraph, the constant pattering of many feet, and the almost continuous rolling of cabs. Here, both with thoroughness and dispatch is shaped the news, the gos-

sip, and the discussions of Washington affairs that are read at tens of thousands of breakfast-tables on the following morning, and here every day is also collected a similar grist for the evening papers.

The ordinary individual, accustomed to Washington life, may see little but a monotonous routine — the meeting and adjournment of Congress, long and dry debates, successive roll-calls, the never-ending grinding of the departmental mills. All this is quite as monotonous to a Washington news correspondent as to any one else. What inevitably happens every day is of little or no importance to him. As a rule his field of operations is beneath the surface of things. He must know the hidden motives underlying action, and the purposes and desires of members of Congress and important administrative officials, as far as possible, and be able to forecast with some accuracy, and at least in an interesting manner, what is likely to be the result of any unsettled condition of things or the conclusion of any disputed question.

A good journalistic correspondent is the best-posted man in Washington. Administrations and Congresses come and go, but he is here always. A new President may have much to learn, the heads of departments may be green at first — and a large part of Congress is ever thus — but the correspondent is never green. He could not be a newspaper correspondent if he were. He must not only have the "newspaper sense," but now-a-days he must have a carefully-constructed and well-equipped machine for collecting information. He must have his established connections with important sources of news either in official or social life. But he cares nothing for society except as a means to an end. He has neither time nor inclination to enter into the social whirl, but he must so lay his wires that any stray suggestion dropped amid social surroundings will find its way into his information department. Such information may not be of the slightest use to him at present, but the possi-

bility of its forming a connecting link in some important development later on may make it of the utmost value.

That part of the gallery in the Senate chamber directly back of and above the presiding officer's chair, is the press gallery, and a similar one is in like manner located in the House, but seldom more than one or two young men can ever be seen in either of them. Even when debates are warm and matters of great public interest are up for consideration, and all other galleries are crowded, the press gallery is generally deserted except for these one or two young men. None of the Washington correspondents are there. The two young men represent simply press associations, and report that part of debates which they believe to be of special interest; and their reports are available to all correspondents and to all newspapers which are members of the associations. Knowing that this service will furnish all that is needed of Congressional debates, no correspondent thinks of wasting his time over them.

We may best observe how he actually spends his time by going to his office and following him for a day. Each large newspaper maintains a bureau depending in size upon the standing of the journal. Smaller papers may have only a single representative, but the correspondents of larger papers have a considerable working force under them. Going to one of these bureaus about 9 o'clock in the morning, we find an extensive series of rooms, generally well carpeted and generously furnished with tables and desks. In the larger office sits the correspondent. He has looked over the morning paper and noted any suggestions of news which may be investigated by the young men of his force, who under his direction "cover" certain departments of the government, but who may "cover" anything and anybody if the emergency arises. They post the correspondent upon what they think may happen in their particular fields within the next few hours.

The reporter for the State Department may have received a tip that certain diplomatic correspondence is to be given out, or he may have learned that a foreign minister has received a communication from his government and is to convey it to the State Department before night. The reporter for the Treasury Department has received a tip that the Secretary of the Treasury is about to call in bonds, or that the Secret Service is deep in a new counterfeiting plot which it is trying to keep secret.

Another reporter possibly had a chat with a Congressman the night before, and had deftly drawn from him a rather important piece of information which the Congressman had no idea of giving away. He probably was unconscious that he did so, but the suave reporter knew, as regarding certain rumors, that one or the other must be true, and he knew by the way the Congressman answered a cleverly-put question exactly which was true. It was not necessary for him to press the matter further and thus give the Congressman the mortification of knowing that he had "leaked," as the correspondents express it.

A government official "leaks" when he unconsciously or otherwise drops a secret which he is supposed to hold and guard, and when there has been a leak somewhere a correspondent knows that it will generally be an easy matter to get the whole story. As a matter of business he has become familiar with the peculiarities of the men concerned, their conflicting opinions and cross purposes, and he is enough of an adept in his art to feel confident that when the man has made a statement in his own favor and detrimental to the position of an opponent, he has only to see the opponent to obtain another "leak." Thus little by little the whole story comes out, and possibly not one of the Congressmen or officials thinks that he contributed in any way to it. Each thinks that his opponent is responsible for the disclosure, but the correspondent has only put the "leaks" together.

Thus with his subordinates about him the correspondent, or chief of the bureau, lays out the preliminary work of the day, knowing full well that anything he has planned may have to yield to some sudden development from an unexpected quarter, requiring him and his men to hurry all over the city in search of various officials. To each bureau also come all the public documents, and these are examined every day by different members of the staff for hints as to possible articles. Very often a useful piece of information turns up in a dry consular report, or one of the scientific bureaus makes a discovery which may be written up in a popular manner for the Sunday issue, for which many articles of greater or less interest, but not exactly of a newsy character, are constantly reserved.

The correspondent and his subordinates must always keep in mind the local interests of the journal they represent. While matters of general interest must not be neglected, any action of the federal government in any of its departments relating to that particular city and state is of special importance. A friendly acquaintance with the Senators and Congressmen from that state is therefore essential, and as these officials are well aware that the prominence or favorable mention which the correspondent has it in his power to give them in the home journal is important to their political interests, they are seldom anything but cordial to the correspondent.

Having planned the operations of the day, as far as they can be planned, the chief of the bureau generally goes to the Capitol shortly before Congress meets. Back of the press gallery is the correspondent's waiting-room, in which are tables and all other conveniences for those who may desire to write. Here every Congressional day about noon can always be found a gathering of smartly-dressed and alert-looking correspondents, rivals, but always on good terms, and if need be they can work together.

For example, while they are waiting, the Senate may go into executive session, a session about which the world is supposed to know nothing. When it is over the correspondents make it their special business to find out all about it, especially if it were a session of considerable interest. Each knows the Senators with whom he can most confidently talk, and all Senators who are "leaky" are generally known. The correspondents may consider it necessary to throw Senators off their guard by approaching them upon some other subject, but at the proper time bringing them around to the real point and in such a manner as to take them by surprise. Often the subject of the session may be something about which some Senator feels deeply, and he can not disguise it. The secret proceedings may have been such that he would really prefer them to be made public. Furthermore, every Senator knows that if he were brought up for divulging the secret, the correspondents would never give him away.

Thus by adopting certain tactics towards those Senators who wish the world might know about the session, and by adopting other tactics towards those who are praying that the secret may not leak out, the correspondents, after comparing notes, are able to determine with accuracy and sufficiency its exact nature and details. The Senators all expect to see an account of it in the morning papers, although none of them are conscious of having revealed it.

But correspondents do not always need to seek sources of information. To a greater or less extent they are always seeking them. A Congressman has said or done something which he wishes his constituents to know about. Through his influence, the Appropriations Committee may have been persuaded to raise the appropriation for improving some creek in his district. It is not a subject of thrilling interest, but the correspondent is sure to treat it generously if on his part the Congressman will make it a point to keep him in-

formed of what is going on relating to other and more interesting topics. Thus every correspondent gradually constructs a web of influences, so that nothing of importance will happen without a "tip" reaching him.

When in the evening he has returned to his bureau and is comfortably seated in his office chair, he will expect, if his pipes are well laid, to be called up by Senators and Congressmen who volunteer information as a courtesy and in return for favors. His subordinates return from their special fields of duty with their gleanings and are busy at their desks, while dispatch after dispatch is laid on the correspondent's desk. Special wires connect his bureau with his journal. The latter always makes an arrangement with telegraph companies so that dispatches shall never be blocked. Thus from a hundred newspaper bureaus within the two blocks adjoining the Treasury is being flashed in every direction every day and night the news of the Capital city, and important news from foreign countries.

The correspondent himself generally writes a sort of editorial account of the trend of events. If a tariff discussion is raging, he discusses the chances of passage, the conflicting interests, the possibilities of amendment, always from the point of view of his paper. Being on the spot, he is supposed to be better acquainted with the possibilities regarding any legislation than outsiders; but even if he is, he does not forget the policy of his journal. His discussion of events does not always reveal his personal opinions. That is another matter and does not concern his paper so long as he knows how wisely to reflect its editor's opinions.

Often the most important foreign news reaches this country by the way of Washington. Important dispatches come to the State Department, and while regarded as secret, the keen newspaper men at once note the indications of something important, and proceed to run it down. More

often, however, foreign matters which are of particular interest in Washington come from the cables at New York, and the newspaper men are the first bearers of intelligence to the officials.

An illustration of this was in the report of the blowing up of the *Maine* in Havana harbor. The disaster occurred a little before midnight, and as soon as a brief dispatch announcing the disaster reached New York it was hurried to Washington. In a hundred bureaus the work of the day was just being closed up. The last dispatches were being put on the wire, but the moment the news of the disaster reached the correspondents the scene changed to one of bustling activity. Cabs were called, newspaper men were hurrying in them in various directions, bells were rung, the Secretary of the Navy and other important officials were called out of bed, the news was carried to the White House, and officials and correspondents waited breathlessly for the official dispatches. The air was surcharged with excitement everywhere and for days. This is what the correspondent likes. Work is easy when times are "newsy." He can, if necessary, make news which is tolerably interesting, but his delight is in handling in an interesting manner news that is a spontaneous product.

From the nature of things newspaper correspondents become thoroughly acquainted with all the peculiarities in the characters of public men. They know how to play upon their weakness, if necessary, but they also have an established rule that the private character of public men is not a legitimate subject for discussion. By violating this rule they could ruin the reputation of many a man, but they would also lose their own standing as correspondents. They consider as fit subjects for criticism only public acts of public officers. Public men know that their private secrets are in their hands, but they know also that they are safe, and this does not tend to diminish the num-

ber of favors they are willing to show to correspondents in the way of news.

Although rivals in the field of news, the correspondents constitute a body of men animated by a common purpose and infused with a certain *esprit de corps*, which is strongly manifested in the Gridiron Club, one of the famous institutions of the Capital. There is no public man who does not relish and hasten to accept an invitation to one of its dinners. The President himself can hardly be deemed an exception to this, for presidents and their cabinets have sat at its tables. The gravest statesmen accept invitations to the banquets of the club, knowing full well that public men and public policies are to be handled without gloves; but they also know that it is entirely in a spirit of fun, and that by an inexorable standing rule nothing concerning the "post-prandial capers" shall be printed or even mentioned outside. It is a place in which public men can "rub it in" to their fellows as deeply as they desire, knowing that it contributes to the enjoyment of everybody present and goes no farther. At the annual dinner in 1892 President Harrison and his Cabinet sat at the club's table, and the President spoke with as much ease as he would have spoken in his own parlor.

To-day no Washington correspondent has a national reputation. Few outside of Washington can tell who they are. They are as keen and active as the men of the old class, they know better what is going on, yet they are but parts of the great newspaper machine. It makes no difference to the public or to the editors what opinions they form of current events. The telegraphic details are so complete that the editors can form opinions for themselves, and the present tendency is for the editors simply to print the news and allow the people to form their own opinions. The personality of the Washington correspondent does not appear, but he is, nevertheless, exercising a potent influence by the manner in which he describes the happenings at the Capital.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WASHINGTON STREET LIFE — SOUTHERNERS, WESTERNERS AND NEW ENGLANDERS — LIFE AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE — INTERESTING SIGHTS AND SCENES.

A Unique City — Sights and Scenes on Washington Streets — Taking Life Easy — Living on Uncle Sam — Mingling With the Passing Throng — Life in Washington Boarding Houses — Politicians From the Breezy West — Politicians From "Way Down East" — The Ubiquitous "Colored Pusson" — The Negroes' Social Status in Washington — Negro Genteel Society — Negro Editors, Professors, and Teachers — The "Smart" Negro Set — Colored Congregations and Church Service — Whistling Darkies — Making Night Hideous — Life in Colored Settlements — Some Wealthy Negroes — How They Became Rich — "Bad Niggers" — The Paradise of Children — Morning Sights and Scenes at the Markets — Where Riches and Poverty Meet — Fair Women Who Carry Market Baskets — Getting Used to Washington Life.

A CITY without factories, without tenement houses, without many foreign-born citizens; a city without a mayor or aldermen, and in which no one votes; a government city without a city government; a city of streets without a curve and most of them without names, streets which, running their many miles of smooth asphalt, are a paradise for bicyclists and far better for pedestrians than its brick sidewalks; a city of Americans who come from every state in the Union, and yet a city in which the servants, coachmen, drivers, and many of the business men, even policemen, are Afro-Americans; a city in which the most famous men in the country are such familiar figures that they attract little

attention; a city in which the President can walk without creating the least excitement and yet be recognized by everybody; — a city unique in all these respects and in many others, is Washington.

The people who throng its streets impress one very differently from those seen on the streets of other cities. There is but little of that evident mixture of all classes, the very poor and the very rich, for however different may be their circumstances, in their outward appearance such diversities are not specially marked.

Fully two-thirds of the nearly 300,000 people of Washington are living upon assured incomes from the government. To those who read the exaggerated reports of the easy work and big salaries of employees of the government, it seems that they are to be envied their positions. There may have been a time in the history of the country when incapable and unscrupulous men, through influence of their party chiefs, occupied more of these positions than they should. But since the establishment of the Civil Service this is not the case. There are few to-day who do not earn every cent they receive, and who, manage as economically as they will, find it difficult to do more than provide a home and a living for their families.

Of the 80,000 negroes in the city quite a large proportion also derive their income from the government, and a large part of the remainder derive theirs from those who serve the government. Thus, in the last analysis, the government is providing for nearly all the people. The exceptions are the visitors who are always in evidence and always mingling with the passing throng. These are usually the well-to-do, though their dress and bearing often suggest intimate acquaintance with rural life. When all these classes are mingling in the streets the general effect is one of a holiday pleasure parade.

The proprietors of small stores, and those who keep

boarding houses, hotels, saloons, livery stables, and so on, prove no great exception to the rule. Small stores line many streets. Many of them are owned by Southern people, who have a constitutional objection to becoming excited over trade. In recent years hustling men from the North have entered into competition with them, and show an activity and a rivalry which is out of tune with the general harmony of things. Such influences as these are undoubtedly transforming the business life of Washington so that it shows less and less of those peculiar characteristics which for so many years made it a distinctively Southern city.

The Southern women maintain their strong hold upon the boarding houses, whose numbers are legion. Many of them are cultured women of proud extraction, daughters or descendants of old families ruined by the Civil War, and charming conversation prevails at their tables. On the streets Southern men are distinguished more readily than the men from other sections. Broad-brimmed felt hats are their distinctive badge, and if they aspire to greater conspicuousness they also affect Prince Albert coats, though often a little slouchy and somewhat worn. They add their share to the spicy flavor of Washington life.

But the predominating type is that of the Westerner. He affects nothing, but is usually just an earnest, self-contained person, quite apt to have a sharp eye and a long beard or heavy moustache. There is a natural swing and a dash to the Western element which promises to become the dominating characteristic of the nation. Their great states now make up most of the Union, and thus in official and social life the Western men and the Western women are becoming controlling influences. The New Yorker who has become accustomed to the doctrine that his habitat is the center of everything, finds himself here an inconsiderable element, and the New Englander discovers, sometimes with

dismay, that the tide of national life sweeps on utterly regardless of Boston. Yet the claims of each in contributing to the greatness of the nation are fully recognized.

But no matter where or when the scene may be in Washington, the ubiquitous negro colors it. Whether the humblest white man wishes to move his trunk from one boarding house to another, or whether the President wishes a state dinner, the darky is indispensable. If you call on the President you first encounter a well-dressed and intelligent-looking colored man who has been on duty in the White House since Lincoln's time. If you call upon any of the officials at the departments, a polite colored man receives your card and looks at it carefully before he takes it in. It is so everywhere.

The colored population may be divided generally into two classes. The first is made up of the elegant and ambitious who call themselves "colored people," though some are quite white; and the other of the lazy, happy, easy-going work-folk and loafers, "out at elbow, loose all over, and content whenever the sun shines on them."

Washington has a genteel colored society of its own. But no matter to what degree of affluence, education, or culture a colored man may rise, neither he nor his family have any social relations with white people. Some of these men and women have so little trace of African descent in their blood that they would readily pass as white people in any Northern city; but in the South generally they are as clearly ostracised as if they were coal-black. Nowhere but in Washington is this educated, well-to-do, light-colored class so numerous that it can form a society in distinction from the shiftless negroes. Even here the better class does not hold itself exclusive of the less fortunate, except in purely social relations, and exactly as the exclusive society set of white people of any large city would maintain itself towards the class not in "society."

The colored people in Washington have their editors, their university with its colored professors, so excellent in many of its departments that it is attended by white students; they have their great schools with colored teachers in every district; they have their doctors, dentists, clubs, saloons, summer resorts, river steamers, and churches. There are in this class people who are living on their incomes, people who have acquired wealth either here or elsewhere; if elsewhere they have come here to enjoy the pleasures of colored society such as is found nowhere else. They receive no social recognition from the whites, but with a society of their own that does not matter.

This class can best be seen of a Sunday at one of their two or three churches. It should be understood that it is small compared with the "common negro," and while there are many colored churches in the city with enormous memberships and an unwavering attendance, the upper-set churches do not number over three, and the membership is not large. The quality, however, is unmistakable. The people dress, look, and behave precisely like well-bred white people, only their color shades from almost white to dusky black. Well-dressed men with fashionably-trimmed beards, and stylish women with lorgnettes occupy the pews. Some of these women, just a shade off the white, are among the handsomest in the city.

At the church doors elegantly-dressed young colored men wait on the sidewalks for sweethearts, or drive up in carriages and traps. There is an air of refinement in this church, which is often tastefully decked with flowers, furnished with the softest of carpets, attended by polite ushers, and presided over by a clergyman who is generally a graduate from one of the great universities, and whose eloquence has nothing in common with the ranting, rambling talk which can be heard in some of the colored churches a few blocks away.

But whether attending one of these refined colored churches or one of the much more numerous of the other class, one will always find good music. There is a natural richness of quality in negro voices, a harmonious blending which is melodious to the ears and which at one time made the "Jubilee Singers" so popular.

In every walk of life the negro is a musician at heart. The tatterdemalion, happy-go-lucky negro is always singing when not laughing or whistling. Should you come across a hundred negroes opening a trench in the city streets, you may be sure that half a dozen good quartettes could be chosen from among them whose voices would delight you. There is a clear permeating richness even in the voice of the negro huckster; it fills the street and pours in at the windows. Nearer and nearer it comes, and finally a slouchy-looking negro appears, seated high up on a wagon full of watermelons, singing:

> "Red to de rine, and de rine red too,
> Better buy a watermillion while I's gwine thro'."

At night the streets, especially adjacent to colored settlements, are full of laughter, singing, and whistling. There is a bird-like clearness and versatility in a negro's whistling, and he can pour out any of the popular airs of the day with astonishing variations. You can no more deprive a negro of his whistle than of his laughter or the hue of his skin.

While the colored population is gradually being collected into settlements of their own in various portions of the city, as yet the negro and the white man frequently live side by side. Some of the finest mansions of the wealthy are less than a block from negro shanties, and this is one explanation of the wealth of so many colored families. They have made money in real estate in spite of themselves. Forty years ago a large part of the fashionable Northwest was occupied by tumble-down shanties of negro owners, but, when

the era of public improvements came, the land became more and more valuable, and gradually the shanties gave way to fine mansions. Still on many streets the mansion and the shanty yet stand side by side.

A certain portion of the lowest class of negroes is always making trouble. "Bad niggers" abound. They constitute the business of the police courts and a large proportion of the inmates of the jail and penitentiary. But there is a steady improvement under the influence of the schools and the churches, and especially under better family regulations. Up to a few years ago the civil law required nothing of them so far as marriage was concerned. Now the marriage license is required, and family life is upon a surer basis. Thus, little by little, the race problem is being worked out, and the negro does not lack encouragement so long as he makes no effort to "run things."

It is useless to deny the fact that the white people of the District of Columbia do not wish a political franchise. They would much prefer that Congress should govern the District, even if it is not always with justice. They decline to subject themselves to the dangers of the vote of so large a colored element in municipal elections. It does not take long for the Northerner who settles here to become used to this way of thinking.

The streets of Washington with their smooth asphalt pavements, their overhanging foliage and pretty little squares make a paradise for children. On bright afternoons the squares are full of nurses and their little charges, who toddle about the shady walks and tumble over the grass. Their great annual fête is Easter Monday, when occurs the "egg-rolling" on the White House grounds. Such an army of children of all sorts and conditions and of various shades of color can never be seen elsewhere. It is one of the unique spectacles of the Capital, when the south grounds of the President's house are wholly given over to the laughing,

romping little folks, — hundreds of daintily-dressed white children and laughing pickaninnies mixed up together.

On certain mornings and afternoons of the week the market basket is omnipresent. Women with market baskets fill the street cars and the sidewalks; elegant carriages with market baskets at the feet of fair occupants roll along the avenues; negroes carrying huge baskets follow portly women who are the keepers of boarding houses, and the Mecca of all is the great Central Market on Pennsylvania Avenue. This market is one of the most interesting sights of the Capital. The immense building covers two squares. Long passage-ways lined with stalls intersect each other and are densely packed with men and women carrying baskets. Turkeys, chickens, beef and mutton, rabbits and game, birds, oysters and turtles, masses of butter and cheese, cakes, pies, candies, flowers, everything in its season to make the table complete, cover the counters and dangle overhead. Fish from the Chesapeake, the Potomac, and the Maryland streams fill the stalls of one long passage-way, while pickles and preserves rise in huge pyramids from various points.

People of all walks of life jostle each other in the passage-ways. Senators' wives, and boarding house keepers, negro "mammies" and maids go about with their baskets from stall to stall; while chickens and cabbages, celery and sausages, and every other conceivable edible fill their baskets and fall over the edges. Every sunshiny day men whose names are known and honored throughout the world may be seen trudging toward the market in the dignified pursuit of exercise and dinner. Here, of old, were seen the forms of illustrious statesmen and heroes now departed, and scores of men and women whose names are household words. Chief Justice Marshall, Daniel Webster, and President William Henry Harrison, Attorney-General Holt, William Walter Phelps, and scores of other famous men were wont to come here in person to do their marketing.

But the picturesqueness of the scene is not confined to the stalls inside. Here in the early morning hours, in the open-air market behind it, along the railings of the Smithsonian grounds, the gaunt farmers of the Virginia and Maryland hills stand beside their ramshackle wagons, or hover over little fires to keep warm, and quaint old darkies offer for sale old-fashioned flowers and "yarbs," live chickens, fresh-laid eggs, and vegetables or fruit from their tiny suburban fields, while smoking cob pipes and crooning wordless melodies, just as they used to do in the days "befo' de wa'."

It may seem strange to some that people so universally take their baskets with them when marketing. They might save themselves so much trouble by having their purchases delivered. But the conditions are such that the baskets are a necessity. In the first place a large portion of the people never think of making purchases for a meal till a perilously short time before it is to be served. There is one quality about people of Southern extraction which is conducive to their long lives,— they never cross bridges till they come to them. The result is a general crush of marketing at certain hours of the day, and it would be a commercial impossibility for marketmen to provide a delivery system sufficient to cope with the problem of delivering purchases in time for preparation.

Furthermore, the Southern merchant is never given to putting himself out by delivering things promptly or when he says he will. When they say noon in New 'York it generally means a little before; when they say noon in Washington it always means from one to four hours later. It is a general habit which all the people have, and which Northerners or Westerners who settle here usually contract sooner or later. This is the real secret of the omnipresent market basket at certain hours of the day. After all there can be no doubt that the housekeeper obtains her edibles fresher than she could without the basket, and cheaper, because she buys them herself and carries them home herself.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BEAUTIFUL AND SACRED ARLINGTON — ITS ROMANCE AND ITS HISTORY — THE SILENT CITY OF THE NATION'S DEAD — THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

Where Peace and Silence Reign — "The Bivouac of the Dead" — The Story of Arlington — The Graves of Nearly 17,000 Soldiers — How George Washington Managed the Property — How General Robert E. Lee Inherited the Estate — The Gathering Clouds of Civil War — A Sad Parting — Leaving Arlington Forever — Approach of the Union Troops — Flight of Mrs. Lee and Her Children — Her Pathetic Return to the Old Home After the War — The Graves of Distinguished Officers — The Tomb to the Unknown Dead — One Grave for Over 2,000 Unknown Soldiers — A Touching Inscription — The Graves of 600 Soldiers of the Spanish-American War — Where the Dead of the Battleship *Maine* Are Buried — Memorial Day at Arlington — Where Forty Soldiers Lie Alone — A Touching Incident — Thinking of the Dim Past — The Tomb of General Logan.

LET us leave the City of the Living, a city wherein the passions of political and social ambition are ever at strife; wherein, even amid so many beautiful sights and so many revelations of a nation's greatness, rivalries, jealousies, and iniquities rudely jar the feelings as everywhere in life; let us leave the statesmen talking — always talking — at the Capitol, the thousands of busy men and women at their work, the thousands who are seeking place, preferment, favors, legislation; let us cross the Potomac and enter Arlington, the silent City of the Nation's Dead. Over the great white buildings we are leaving behind float the Stars and Stripes, and high above the dense foliage of the trees in yonder cemetery waves as proudly the same glorious banner. Back

in the City of the Living, doubtless, there are heroes who may never be known, but under this flag waving protectingly above Arlington are heroes all. They fought for those floating colors. They died "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Entering the cemetery through either one of several beautiful memorial gates, we follow a shady and winding roadway under the interlacing branches of mighty oaks. Here lie the remains of nearly 17,000 soldiers who died that the Nation might live. Except for the gentle fluttering of leaves and the singing of birds, the silence of death fills these grounds. On one side stand massive monuments to the illustrious dead, famous officers of our wars, while on the other, stretching away over the level ground, sprinkled with sunshine filtered through the foliage, are thousands of headstones, each marking a grave in which a soldier sleeps.

The stones are set in rows, uniform in distance one from the other, arrayed in order and marshaled as battalions for review. They bear no inscriptions — only numbers and names — but one story is the story of all, and it is told as we pass along the walks on the borders of which are iron tablets bearing lines selected from Col. Theodore O'Hara's eloquent poem: — "The Bivouac of the Dead."

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

"No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;

BEAUTIFUL ARLINGTON, THE SILENT CITY OF THE DEAD.

Here lie the remains of over 17,000 soldiers who died that the nation might live. The stones are set in rows, uniform in distance one from the other, and marshaled as battalions for review. Arlington was formerly the home of General Robert E. Lee. It is the privilege of wives and daughters of soldiers buried at Arlington to be buried here, and many a woman's grave is here beside that of her husband or father.

No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

"The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

"Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

"Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps."

Arlington, as an *ante-bellum* estate, was in a peculiarly-intimate manner identified with the history of the founding

of the Union, and after the Civil War it was fittingly chosen as one of the great national burial-places of those who died for the preservation of that Union. The family of John Custis, who purchased this property early in the eighteenth century, was one of the first in the colony of Virginia. He was very wealthy for those days, proud withal, and much vexed when his high-spirited son, Daniel Parke Custis, persisted in falling in love with Martha Dandridge of Williamsburg, instead of with an heiress whom he desired him to marry. But Martha met the elder Custis at a social gathering and so captivated him that he offered no further objections. When the old gentleman died, this son and his wife came into possession of the Arlington estate, and there the husband soon died, leaving it to Martha, a young widow with two children.

In due time the rich and handsome widow re-entered society and became acquainted with a young colonial Colonel who lived with his mother at Mount Vernon farther down the river, and whose name was George Washington. He wooed and won Martha Custis, and, with her two children, they went to live at Mount Vernon, but managed also the Arlington property. One of the children, Martha Parke Custis, died, but the son, John Parke Custis, grew to manhood and inherited the Arlington estate. He died in 1781, after serving upon his stepfather's staff during the latter portion of the Revolution, and his two infant children were adopted by Washington and by him were deeply loved. Elinor, or "Nelly," Custis, who grew up with an inheritance of her grandmother's beauty, married Major Lewis, a Virginian, and her brother, George Washington Parke Custis, upon reaching his majority, inherited Arlington and began the erection of the mansion that for over a century has stood on the Virginia bank of the river. Mr. Custis married Mary Lee Fitzhugh, one of the Randolphs, and of four children only one survived, a daughter Mary.

The Custis family lived at their stately mansion for many years, improving and beautifying it and entertaining handsomely, until the death of Mr. Custis, the last male of his family, in 1857.

"From early boyhood Robert E. Lee was a welcome visitor to this happy home, and together he and Mary Custis grew to maturity. They were distantly related, and seem to have been singularly suited to one another. Among their other youthful pastimes was the planting of the noble avenue of trees to the right of Arlington. Robert became a cadet at West Point, and as time passed on their attachment to one another deepened.

"They were married in 1831, two years after he had graduated at West Point, the ceremony being performed in the room to the right of the hall of the mansion.

"Here they lived for thirty years. Their children were all born here, and Colonel Lee's life of active military duties alternated with periods of quiet retirement at home.

"The gathering clouds of Civil War made it necessary for him to decide upon his course, and, after long and sad deliberation, he declared that his duty lay with his native State. So, resigning his commission as colonel of the First Regiment of Cavalry in the United States Army, on April 20, 1861, he was appointed Major-General and Commander of the Confederate forces of Virginia four days later, and left his wife and children at Arlington to take command of his new troops."

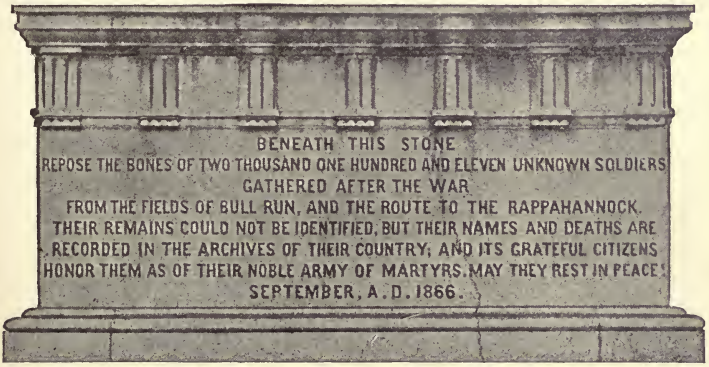
He went to become the great military leader of the Rebellion, and doubtless he expected some day to return, for he took away none of the furniture and few of the great number of priceless relics of Washington. The government seized everything of historical value, and most of such articles are now to be seen in the National Museum. When the Federal troops took possession they converted the mansion into a headquarters and the grounds into a camp, and the

level plateaus and grassy slopes of Arlington were devoted to the purposes of a military cemetery.

"Upon the approach of the Union troops," says Mr. Bengough, "Mrs. Lee was compelled to leave at last the home made sacred by all the tender associations of life. The home of her ancestors, made glorious by the memory of Washington, the fair spot where she first looked out upon the world, the scene of her childhood's happy days, of her early love and marriage, the birthplace of all her children and their home through their years of growth to maturity, the treasury of all the rich collection of relics of Washington and her parents; all were torn away from her, and forever. Once only, some years afterwards, when enfeebled by illness, she came back to visit the old home, but the transformation affected her so that she could not stay, but asked that they should let her 'get a drink of water from the spring,' and then take her away. She had always said that she could not die in peace away from Arlington, and in her last hours in the valley of the shadow she fancied herself back again, with her little children, wandering amid the scenes so fondly loved of old."

The Federal authorities took possession of Arlington for military uses, and held it under that eminent title until January 11, 1864, when it was put up at public sale for unpaid taxes ($92.07) and was bought by the government for $26,800. Mrs. Robert E. Lee, the life tenant, died in 1873. Four years later, her eldest child, George Washington Custis Lee, who inherited the title to the estate, brought a suit in ejectment and successfully contested the legality of the title of the government under the tax sale; but was barred in the Supreme Court. In recognition, however, of his equitable claim, Congress appropriated (March 3, 1883) the sum of $150,000 for the purchase of the estate, and Mr. Lee conveyed by deed to the United States all his rights therein. Such is the history and the romance of Arlington.

The view from the porch of the old mansion is one of the fairest. A half-mile away and two hundred feet below flows the placid Potomac, and beyond lies Washington. If you would catch the beauties of the scene at their best, stand here of a quiet evening, while yet the river is shimmering in the sunset, and above the soft mists rise the great dome of the Capitol and the massive white shaft of the monument. If, as tradition says, Washington one day selected this nook in the valley of the Potomac for the seat of the future Capital of the nation, we may well suppose that it may have been



FACE OF MONUMENT TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD OF THE CIVIL WAR.

at a time when he stood upon this plateau above the river and whispered his love into the ears of Martha Custis. It is in such hours, when the heart is young, and hope and ambition are strong, that inspiration comes.

Near the Temple of Fame, on whose columns are engraved the names of distinguished American soldiers, stands the massive granite sarcophagus sacred to the memory of the unknown dead of the Civil War. The bones of over 2,000 unknown soldiers, gathered after the war from the battle-fields of Bull Run and thence to the Rappahannock, lie here in one grave. The simple story is told in the letters chiseled on the granite face of the monument.

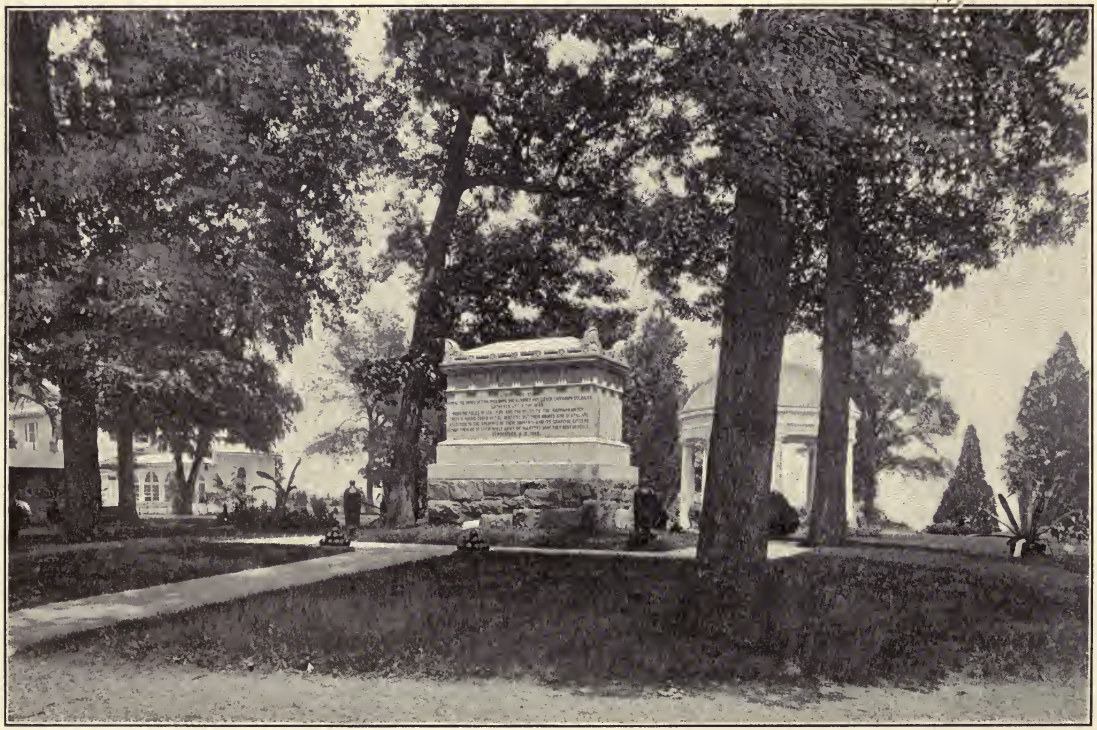
On the brow of the bluff near the old mansion are buried many officers of distinction. A great memorial stone marks the resting-place of General Sheridan, and others as conspicuous indicate the graves of Admirals Porter, Rogers, and Ammen, and Generals Rawlins, Crook, Doubleday, Meigs, Ricketts, Lawton, Henry, and others.

Stones worn with age mark the graves of eleven Revolutionary officers. In accordance with a privilege given to the wives and daughters of soldiers buried at Arlington, many a woman's grave is here beside that of the husband or the father.

In a new section of the cemetery, half a mile to the south of the officers' burial-field, are the graves of 600 soldiers who were killed or died of disease in Cuba and Porto Rico during the war with Spain, and whose remains were brought by a grateful country from the distant battle-fields and camps and reinterred with military honors at Arlington, Congress having appropriated $300,000 for this purpose.

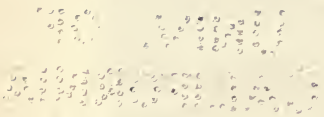
"It is fitting that in behalf of the Nation," said President McKinley in his Executive Order relating to the reinterment of these soldiers, "tributes of honor be paid to the memories of the noble men who lost their lives in their country's service, during the late war with Spain. It is the more fitting, inasmuch as, in consonance with the spirit of our free institutions and in obedience to the most exalted promptings of patriotism, those who were sent to other shores to do battle for their country's honor under their country's flag went freely from every quarter of our beloved land. Each soldier, each sailor, parting from home ties and putting behind him private interests in the presence of the stern emergency of unsought war with an alien foe, was an individual type of that devotion of the citizens of the state which makes our Nation strong in unity and in action."

The memorial to the victims of the *Maine* is a giant



TOMB AT ARLINGTON TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD OF THE CIVIL WAR.

The bones of 2,111 unknown soldiers of the Civil War, whose remains were gathered from various battlefields, are interred beneath this stone. At the right, behind the trees, is the Temple of Fame, on whose columns are engraved the names of distinguished American soldiers. At the extreme left may be seen a portion of the mansion owned by General Robert E. Lee until the opening of the Civil War.



anchor. It is an anchor with a history, though much of that history is not known. The anchor is of ancient style and rough workmanship, having been wrought by hand from a huge piece of iron It has an enormous wooden cross-bar, honeycombed by time and the elements. This cross-bar, even when the anchor is lying at an angle, reaches over six feet in the air, and, silhouetted against the sky, can be seen from the river. The whole has been painted a dead black to preserve it from further decay.

The anchor rests upon a large concrete base in the natural position of such a device when reposing on the land, and the whole is said to weigh more than two tons.

On a huge tablet riveted to the center of the cross-bar is inscribed:

U. S. S. MAINE.
BLOWN UP FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH, 1898.
HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE MEN OF "THE MAINE'S" CREW BROUGHT FROM HAVANA, CUBA, REINTERRED AT ARLINGTON, DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH, 1899.

The anchor, however, is not the only object that marks the graves of Captain Sigsbee's men. At each side of this huge iron memorial there has been erected a brick pier and upon each of these is placed a Spanish mortar. These mortars were taken by the Americans of Dewey's fleet at Cavite Arsenal, Manila.

In one part of the grounds there is a sylvan temple, an amphitheater formed by turfed embankments and shaded with trellises of vines. Here every year when Arlington has taken on its springtime beauty, the Memorial Day services are held, and under the softest of skies and in serenest airs the graves of our dead heroes are decorated with flowers.

Arlington is glorious that day. No words could be more eloquent than those which are spoken; no music so tender nor more full of precious memories, nor sweeter with

suggestions of peace and rest, than that sung under those patriarchal trees and that canopy of living green. And no sight could be more touching than when gray-haired veterans reverently lay wreaths and scatter the flowers of May upon the graves of the loyal dead who sleep their eternal sleep in this historic ground.

Not far away, there is a little cemetery where forty soldiers lie alone. They fell in defense of Washington during Early's raid in July, 1864. One of these was the son of a poor widow. She had given three to her country, and this one was the last. Living far in northern Vermont, she never saw the graves of her three soldier-sons, whom she gave up, one by one, as they came to man's estate, and who went forth from her home to return no more.

To this little graveyard on a Memorial Day one woman went alone with her children, carrying forty wreaths of loveliest flowers, and laid one on every grave. Forty mothers' sons slept under the green turf; and one mother, in her large love, remembered and consecrated them all. She chose these because, with so many others in the larger cemeteries to be decorated, she feared the forty, in their isolation, might be forgotten.

Look again on Arlington through the soft spring atmosphere. How beautiful it is! how sad it is! how holy! Again the tender spring grasses have crept over its thousands of hallowed graves. The innocents, the violets of the woods, are blooming over the heads of our brave. Awe-inspiring silence reigns through this domain of the dead. There is a hush in the air, and a hush in the heart, as we walk through it, reading its names, pausing by the graves of its "unknown," and thinking of the dim past. Far as the sight reaches stretch the low green mounds that mark the last resting-places of the heroic dead. The beauty of their sleeping-place, the reverent care for it everywhere revealed, tells how dear to the Nation's heart is the dust of its heroes,

how sacred the spot where they lie. Let us not forget the still higher love which we owe them; let us attest it by a deeper devotion to the principles for which they died.

Standing on the bluff at Arlington and looking across the river and beyond the city, we see rising above the trees the white tower of the Soldier's Home. Journeying thither, we find ourselves again in the forest, with flowers blooming and ivy climbing over walls and bridges, and squirrels scampering along the winding roadways which lead to the great white buildings. Here and there about the velvety lawns are old, battle-scarred veterans basking in the sun, smoking their pipes and fighting their battles over again. About the many acres, more than a hundred of which are in cultivation, are many places where one can stand and look out over a wide panorama of country, the river, the woodlands, the city itself.

This home was established in 1851 by the efforts of General Scott out of certain funds received from confiscated property during the War with Mexico, as a retreat for veterans of the Mexican War and for men of the regular army who may be disabled, or who, by twenty years of honorable service and the payment of twelve and one-half cents a month during service, acquire the right of residence here for the remainder of their lives. The veterans thus have a sense of self-support, and if they have no other income, those who are able to do anything receive forty cents per day for working about the buildings on the farm and the grounds. There are usually about 800 soldiers here living under a proper discipline, wearing the uniform of the army. More than 250 of this number are bed-ridden invalids in the large hospital of the home, where they receive every attention, and the care of Regular Army surgeons and the Hospital Corps.

In the rear of the home on a wooded slope lies another of the National Military Cemeteries, entered through an

arch upon whose pillars are inscribed the names of great Union commanders of the Civil War. In this cemetery rest the mortal remains of about 5,000 Union and 300 Confederate soldiers. A broad avenue runs along the north side of the enclosure, leaving a space between the fence and the avenue where a number of officers and their wives are buried — General and Mrs. Brice, General Hunt and General Kelton, Lieutenant Hunt of the Greeley expedition, and others. On the opposite side stands the beautiful stone chapel of pure Norman architecture, in which repose the remains of General John A. Logan, the greatest volunteer commander of the Civil War. To it many pilgrimages are made by citizens of Washington and the legions of visitors. There are many drives through the grounds of the Soldier's Home, over smooth roadways cut through the natural forest, ever and anon bringing us to some open height from which may be seen a charmingly-picturesque landscape, and always the beautiful city of Washington.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A DAY AT MOUNT VERNON — AMID THE SCENES OF GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON'S HOME LIFE — THEIR LAST RESTING-PLACE.

The Old Mansion at Mount Vernon — Its Story — How It Was Saved for the Nation — The Married Life of George and Martha Washington — His Life as a Farmer — His Daily Routine — His Large Force of Workmen and Slaves — Out of Butter — Washington's Devotion to His Wife — Ordering Her Clothes — A Runaway Cook — Looking for a Housekeeper — "Four Dollars at Christmas with Which To Be Drunk Four Days and Four Nights" — His Final Illness and Death — The Bed on Which He Died — Dastardly Attempt To Rob His Grave — Death of Mrs. Washington — The Attic Room in Which She Died — What Was Found in the Old Vault — Removing the Remains to the New Vault — Opening the Coffins — The New Tomb — A Tour Through the Mansion.

IFTEEN miles farther down the Potomac, partly hidden among the trees which almost everywhere line the Virginia shore, is Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. The mansion is older and much less pretentious than that at Arlington. It is of wood, cut and painted to resemble stone, and is surmounted by an antique weather-vane. Its venerable and venerated roof sheltered Washington and all he held most dear, from youth to age, and here, during his life, the great and good of many lands always found an open hand and generous cheer. Here, amid the scenes he so well loved, his mortal remains were laid to rest, and a little later those of his wife were laid by his side.

To compare with the many elegant memorials in stone

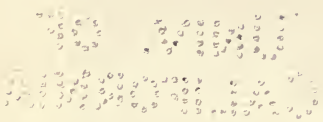
which mark the graves of thousands of heroes at Arlington, there are but two tombs, one very old, decayed, moss-covered, ivy-grown and empty; two or three marble shafts sacred to the memory of members of the Washington family; and the very simple brick structure built in the side of an embankment. The front has trimmings of marble, the entrance being protected by an open iron grill. Back of this grill is the vestibule of the tomb; within which stand two sarcophagi of time-stained marble. Back of this vestibule is the vault in which years ago were deposited the bodies of George and Martha Washington, as also those of two or three other members of the family. Solid marble slabs close the entrance, the keys of which were thrown into the Potomac river when the tomb was closed.

Until the last decade the only way Mount Vernon could be reached by visitors was by conveyance from Alexandria, or by the little steamer which still plies between Washington and this hallowed spot. Every summer's day a motley crowd composed of the young and old, the refined and vulgar, the grave and gay, fathers and mothers with children and lunch baskets, and pretty girls with dignified duennas, boarded the steamer for a day's outing at Mount Vernon. The wharf at which the steamer landed is the one that Washington built and from which the flour, tobacco, and corn, the chief productions of the Mount Vernon estate, were shipped in vessels for England or the British West Indies.

But a trolley line now runs from the center of Washington to the north gate at Mount Vernon, reaching the mansion in an hour. The cars cross the famous Long Bridge over the Potomac, and speed on their way through woods and over fields fraught with memories of the Civil War; through Alexandria and past Christ Church, where Washington attended, and many other scenes once familiar to him when living the life of a plain Virginia planter. By and by a

THE HOME OF GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON. THE MANSION AT MOUNT VERNON AS IT IS TO-DAY.

Its venerable roof sheltered Washington and all he held most dear, from youth to age. The room in which he died is the end room of the second story, having two windows opening upon the roof of the veranda. The dormer window in the attic above is the room in which Martha Washington secluded herself for two and one-half years after her husband's death, and here she died. It was chosen by her because its little window was the only one in the mansion that commanded a view of his tomb.



white fence, with a background of huge trees, comes into view. It marks the northern boundary line of the old Mount Vernon estate, through a part of which the electric cars now run. The surrounding country has not changed materially since Washington's day, and it does not require a vivid imagination to picture his commanding figure on his customary daily round of inspection. The grounds are now closed at 4 o'clock each day, with the exception of Sunday, when they are not opened to the public at all.

Washington came into possession of the Mount Vernon estate by the will of his half-brother, Lawrence Washington, who inherited it from his father. Lawrence Washington was an officer of the English navy, and had served under Admiral Vernon against Spain. Because of his admiration of his old commander he called his estate, whereon he built a modest mansion, *Mount Vernon*, and from that the whole domain received its title.

Lawrence Washington died in 1752, and George, at the age of twenty, had the care of his estate as chief executor, Lawrence's little daughter Jane being the only immediate heir. Her death left the entire estate to George, pursuant to the provisions of her father's will. It was his home from 1754 until his death in 1799.

In the spring of 1859, after he had achieved his colonial military fame, George Washington brought to Mount Vernon, from the home of her widowhood, his bride, Martha Custis. At seventeen she had married Daniel Parke Custis, one of the wealthiest planters of the Colony, a man more than twenty years her senior, by whom she had four children, two of whom were living. A year's widowhood had not decreased her charms when the gallant and susceptible young soldier met her.

And yet the old mansion in which so much of their long married life was spent, around which cluster so many patriotic and hallowed associations, and the grounds wherein the

mortal remains of Washington and his wife were laid to rest, were utterly neglected for years, and the old house nearly went to irretrievable decay before its value as a national Mecca occurred to the people. In 1855, John Augustine Washington, then owner, being unable to maintain the estate, offered it for sale. Even then Congress could not be prevailed upon to purchase and restore the old manor. At this critical juncture, Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham of South Carolina, undertook the apparently-hopeless effort of raising the sum of $200,000 necessary to purchase the mansion and a part of the estate. With courage that never faltered she earnestly devoted herself to this self-imposed task, and contributions were solicited from every quarter.

In 1858 the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association was organized, with Miss Cunningham as Regent. Vice-Regents representing twelve states were also elected and efforts to raise the needed money were increased. Edward Everett gave the proceeds of his lecture on Washington, and of some of his writings, and in this way contributed $69,000 as his personal contribution to the funds of the association. Washington Irving gave $500. Thousands of school children gave each five cents. The latter part of 1859 the full sum was raised, and in 1860, two hundred acres of the estate, including the tomb, the mansion and its surrounding buildings, became the property of the association. Since that time the association has added to its purchase, and now controls 237 acres of the original estate. A fund was provided for its permanent care and maintenance. The association has refitted the mansion with furnishings of colonial times, including many articles which originally belonged to Washington and once had their place within his home.

Much of the forty years of Washington's married life was spent at Mount Vernon. It was his home for forty-six years, just one-half of which was given to his country's serv-

ice. He never left it even for a brief period without regret. In the winter of 1783 he wrote to Lafayette: "I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac; and under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree, free from the bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of public life. . . . I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself. . . . Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of time until I sleep with my fathers."

The life of Washington is very closely interwoven with every portion of Mount Vernon; and it is here, in the seclusion and environment of his own home, that we can see, as no where else, the domestic side of his character.

Agriculture was Washington's favorite pursuit. He found great pleasure in farming, and late in life said, "The life of a husbandman of all others is the most delectable," and "has ever been the most favorite amusement of my life." A visitor to Mount Vernon in 1785 states that his host's "greatest pride is to be thought the first farmer in America." His strong affection for Mount Vernon made him happy and contented while there, and uneasy when away from it. When leaving Mount Vernon for New York in 1789, for his first inauguration as President, he regretfully bade "adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity." From the first his personal attention to the farm was seriously interrupted. From 1754 till 1759 he was most of the time on the frontier; for nearly nine years his Revolutionary service separated him from the property; and during the two terms of his presidency he had only brief and infrequent visits.

After he had written his farewell to his officers and resigned his commission in the army, he fondly dreamed of spending his remaining years in uninterrupted peace on the shores of the Potomac. This desire for the retirement of

home life was conspicuous in Washington's character. His return to Mount Vernon after the disbanding of the Continental army, proved only a brief respite from patriotic service; but during that time he devoted himself to the agricultural development of his farm and the interior improvement of his house. He enlarged the mansion in 1760 and again in 1785.

When the estate passed into his hands it consisted of 2,500 acres; but he was a persistent purchaser of land adjoining his own, and eventually the 2,500 acres increased to over 8,000, of which over 3,200 were under cultivation during the latter part of his life. He was ambitious to bring the farm to the highest pitch of cultivation. He was a diligent student of agricultural literature, and was constantly trying new experiments to improve his crops and stock.

Yet the Mount Vernon farm rarely produced a net income. He owned thousands of scattered acres elsewhere, for Washington was a sanguine speculator, not only in farm lands but in city lots and lottery schemes and raffles, and he became more or less land-poor. In 1763 he confided to a friend that the needs of his plantation "and other matters . . . swallowed up before I well knew where I was, all the moneys I got by marriage, nay more, brought me in debt."

Notwithstanding all this, Washington was a successful business man, and his wealth steadily increased. When he died, his property, exclusive of his wife's and the Mount Vernon estate, was estimated at $530,000, and it was said of him by a contemporary, "General Washington is, perhaps, the largest landholder in America."

The management of such an extensive estate as Mount Vernon required a large force of workmen. A grist-mill, a blacksmith-shop, a wood-burner to keep the shop and the mansion supplied with charcoal, masons, carpenters, a shoemaker, and gardeners were kept busy on the place. At one time a still was in operation from which a good income was

obtained. The coopers on the place made the barrels in which the farm produce was packed, and Washington's schooner carried much of it to market.

In 1774 Washington paid tithes on 135 slaves; besides which must be included the "dower slaves" of his wife. A contemporary, describing Mount Vernon in the same year, speaks of his having 300 negroes.

In 1793 there were fifty-four draft horses on the estate, and 317 head of cattle. A large dairy was operated which, somehow, did not fill Washington's expectations, for he had occasion to say, "It is hoped, and will be expected, that more effectual measures will be pursued to make butter another year; for it is almost beyond belief that from 101 cows actually reported on a late enumeration of the cattle, I am obliged to *buy butter* for the use of my family."

At this time 634 sheep grazed in the rich pastures of Mount Vernon, and "many" hogs, but "as these were pretty much at large in the woodland," he said, "the number is uncertain." He loved horses and dogs, was an ardent sportsman, and enjoyed a fox hunt over the hills and across the fields of his own and adjoining estates.

Martha Washington's personality was partially obscured by the fame of her illustrious husband, and she was content to bask in its sunshine. His marriage to her was a good one from the worldly point of view, for her share of the Custis property equaled "15,000 acres of land, a good part of it adjoining the city of Williamsburg; several lots in the said city; between 200 and 300 negroes; and about £8,000 or £10,000 upon bond," estimated at the time as about £20,000 in all, which was further increased on the death of "Patsy" Custis in 1773 by a half of her fortune, which added £10,000 to the sum.

Washington was devoted to his wife's children, John Parke and Martha Parke Custis, whom he called "Jack" and "Patsy," and who at the date of his marriage were

respectively six and four years of age. Mrs. Washington was an anxious and worrying mother. Once when she had left one of the children at Mount Vernon while she was on a visit to friends, she wrote to her sister:

"I carried my little patt with me and left Jackey at home for a trial to see how well I could stay without him though we were gon but wone fortnight I was quite impatient to get home. If I at aney time heard the doggs barke or a noise out, I thought thair was a person sent for me. I often fancied he was sick or some accident had happened to him so that I think it is impossible for me to leave him as long as Mr. Washington must stay when he comes."

Martha Washington was not an educated woman, and her letters of form, which required better orthography than she was mistress of, Washington drafted for her, pen-weary though he was. He frequently saved her the trouble of ordering her own clothing, for he wrote to his London agent for "A Salmon-colored Tabby of the enclosed pattern, with satin flowers, to be made in a sack," "1 Cap, Handkerchief, Tucker and Ruffles, to be made of Brussels lace or point, proper to wear with the above negligee, to cost £20," "1 pair black, and 1 pair white Satin Shoes, of the smallest," and "1 black mask." Again he writes his London agent, "Mrs. Washington sends home a green sack to get cleaned, or fresh dyed of the same color; made up into a handsome sack again, would be her choice; but if the cloth won't afford that, then to be thrown into a genteel Night Gown."

Nevertheless Mrs. Washington performed her duties well, for she combined, "in an uncommon degree, great dignity of manner with most pleasing affability." Though obstinate and quick-tempered, she is described as "a sociable, pretty kind of woman," "matronly and with perfect good breeding."

Washington had to face the usual vexatious domestic problems. "The running off of my cook," he says, "has been a most inconvenient thing to this family, and what

rendered it more disagreeable, is that I had resolved never to become the Master of another slave by purchase, but this resolution I fear I must break. I have endeavored to hire, black or white, but am not yet supplied."

The care of the Mount Vernon household evidently proved too much for Martha Washington's ability, and a housekeeper was engaged. When one who had filled the position was on the point of leaving, Washington wrote to his agent to find another without the least delay, emphasizing the importance of haste because the vacancy would "throw a great additional weight on Mrs. Washington." On another occasion he wrote that his wife's "distresses for want of a good housekeeper are such as to render the wages demanded by Mrs. Forbes (though unusually high) of no consideration." To a housekeeper he promised "a warm, decent, and comfortable room to herself, to lodge in, and will eat of the victuals of our Table, but not set at it, or at any time *with us*, be her appearance what it may; for if this was *once admitted* no line satisfactory to either party perhaps could be drawn thereafter."

The hospitality dispensed at Mount Vernon was almost baronial in its lavishness, and it was often imposed upon. The old custom of keeping "open house" prevailed, and attracted hosts of friends traveling north and south, and the mansion was often taxed to its fullest capacity. At times, Washington was a little embarrassed by calls from those who had no claim whatever upon him. He notes: "A gentleman calling himself the Count de Cheiza D'Artigan, Officer of the French Guards, came here to dinner; but, bringing no letters of introduction, nor any authentic testimonials of his being either, I was at a loss how to receive or treat him, — he staid to dinner and the evening," and the next day departed in Washington's carriage to Alexandria. "A farmer came here to see my drill plow," he says, "and staid all night." At another time he records that a woman

whose "name was unknown to me, dined here." He spoke of his home as a "well-resorted tavern," and recorded in his diary, "Dined with Mrs. Washington, which I believe is the first instance of it since my retirement from public life."

Washington kept a daily record of all expenses, even going so far as to jot down everything that was provided for his table. He gave personal oversight to all that was going on at Mount Vernon, and no detail was too small to engage his attention. It was his custom to put all agreements in writing, and some of them, found among his papers, are amusingly interesting, as, for example, his agreement with Philip Barter, a gardener, who bound himself to keep sober and not to drink except on stated occasions, to which Washington assented in an agreement which stipulated that Barter should have

"Four dollars at Christmas, with which to be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter, to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk for two days; a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner, at noon. For the true and faithful performance of all these things, the parties have hereunto set their hands, this twenty-third day of April, Anno Domini, 1787."

The contract was signed and witnessed with all formality.

Washington has left on record a description of the routine of his daily life at Mount Vernon: "I begin my diurnal course with the sun . . . if my hirelings are not in their places by that time, I send them messages of sorrow for their indisposition; having put these wheels in motion, I examine the state of things further; the more they are probed the deeper I find the wounds which my buildings have sustained by an absence and neglect of eight years; by the time I have accomplished these matters breakfast (a little after seven o'clock) is ready; this being over, I mount my horse and ride around my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner. . . . The usual time for

THE ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED AT MOUNT VERNON.

The room was closed after his death and never again occupied. The bed now in this room is the one on which he died. The small stand at the head of the bed is the one on which his medicines were kept during his last illness.

sitting at the table, a walk, and tea bring me within the dawn of candlelight; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve that as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary I will retire to my writing-table and acknowledge the letters I have received; when the lights are brought I feel tired and disinclined to engage in this work, conceiving that the next night will do as well. The next night comes, and with it the same causes for postponement, and so on. Having given you the history of a day, it will serve for a year."

A visitor to Mount Vernon at this time is authority for the statement that the master "often works with his men himself — strips off his coat and labors like a common man. The General has a great turn for mechanics. It's astonishing with what niceness he directs everything in the building way, condescending even to measure the things himself, that all may be perfectly uniform."

Washington's final illness dates from December 12, 1799. On that day he contracted a severe cold while riding about his plantation in "rain, hail, and snow." When he came in late in the afternoon it was observed that his clothes were wet, but he said his "great coat had kept him dry; but his neck appeared to be wet and the snow was hanging on his hair." The next day he was worse, "and complained of having a sore throat," but he "made light of it, as he would never take anything to carry off a cold, always observing, 'let it go as it came.'" On the following morning he could "swallow nothing," "appeared to be distressed, convulsed, and almost suffocated."

The treatment of his last illness by the doctors was barbarous, even when judged by the standard of medical skill of that time. Although he had been bled once already, they prescribed "two pretty copious bleedings," and finally a third, "when about thirty-two ounces of blood were drawn," or the equivalent of a quart.

Shortly after this last bleeding Washington seemed to have resigned himself, for he gave some directions concerning his will, and said, referring to his approaching death, "as it was the debt which we must all pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation." He suffered great pain and distress, and said to the doctor, "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go." A little later he said, "I feel myself going. I thank you for your attention; you had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly." He expired without a struggle, December 14, 1799. His last words were, "'Tis well."

The remains of Washington, and later those of his wife, were placed in metal coffins and deposited in the old vault at Mount Vernon. In 1837 the remains of both were intrusted to the final keeping of two marble coffins, hewn each from a single block of marble, made and presented by Mr. John Struthers of Philadelphia, which were then deposited in the new vault where they now lie. This vault was erected many years ago, in pursuance of instructions given in the following clause in Washington's will: "The family vault at Mount Vernon requiring repairs, and being improperly situated besides, I desire that a new one, of brick, and upon a larger scale, may be built at the foot of what is called the Vineyard Inclosure; on the ground which is marked out, in which my remains, and those of my deceased relatives (now in the old vault) and such others of my family as may choose to be entombed there, may be deposited."

The old vault referred to was upon the brow of a declivity, in full view of the Potomac river, about 300 yards south of the mansion. Time and neglect had wrought its ruin. The doorway was gone, and the cavity was partly filled with rubbish. Therein the remains of Washington had lain undisturbed for over thirty years, when an attempt was made by some vandal to carry them away. The insecure old vault was entered, and a skull and some bones were taken;

THE OLD WASHINGTON TOMB AT MOUNT VERNON.

The remains of Washington, and later those of his wife, were placed in metal coffins and deposited in this vault. Here they remained until 1837, when they were removed to the new tomb. The vault was once entered by vandals and a skull and some bones were taken, but it was found that these comprised no part of the remains of the illustrious dead. The new vault was then built, and the family remains were removed to it.

but these comprised no part of the remains of the illustrious dead. The robber was detected, and the bones were recovered. The new vault was then immediately built, and all the family remains were placed in it.

Mr. William Strickland, who designed the lid of Washington's coffin, and accompanied Mr. Struthers when the remains of the patriot were placed in it in 1837, has left a most interesting account of that event. The vault was first entered by Mr. Strickland, accompanied by Major Lewis (the last survivor of the first executors of the will of Washington), and his son. On entering the vault they found everything in confusion. Decayed fragments of coffins were scattered about, and bones of various parts of the human body were seen promiscuously thrown together. The coffins of Washington and his wife were in the deepest recess of the vault. They were of lead, inclosed in wooden cases. When the new sarcophagi arrived, the old coffin of Washington was brought forth. When the decayed wooden case was removed, the leaden lid was perceived to be sunken and fractured. In the bottom of the wooden case was found the silver coffin-plate, in the form of a shield, which was placed upon the leaden coffin when Washington was first entombed.

"At the request of Major Lewis," says Mr. Strickland, "the fractured part of the lid was turned over on the lower part, exposing to view a head and breast of large dimensions, which appeared, by the dim light of the candles, to have suffered but little from the effects of time. The eye-sockets were large and deep, and the breadth across the temples, together with the forehead, appeared of unusual size. There was no appearance of grave-clothes. The chest was broad, the color was dark, and had the appearance of dried flesh and skin adhering closely to the bones. We saw no hair, nor was there any offensive odor from the body. The leaden lid was restored to its place; the body, raised by six men, was carried and laid in the marble coffin, and the

cover being put on and set in cement, it was sealed from our sight on Saturday, the seventh day of October, 1837." The remains of Martha Washington were at the same time removed from the old coffin to the new marble sarcophagus and were laid beside those of her husband in the new tomb.

The new tomb is a severely-plain but spacious vault built of brick, with an arched roof. It is now overgrown with shrubbery and vines. Its iron door opens into a vestibule, also built of brick. Over the vault door, upon a stone panel, are cut the words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." The vault is twelve feet in height. The gateway is flanked by brick pilasters surmounted by a stone coping which covers a gothic arch. Over this arch is a white marble tablet inscribed:

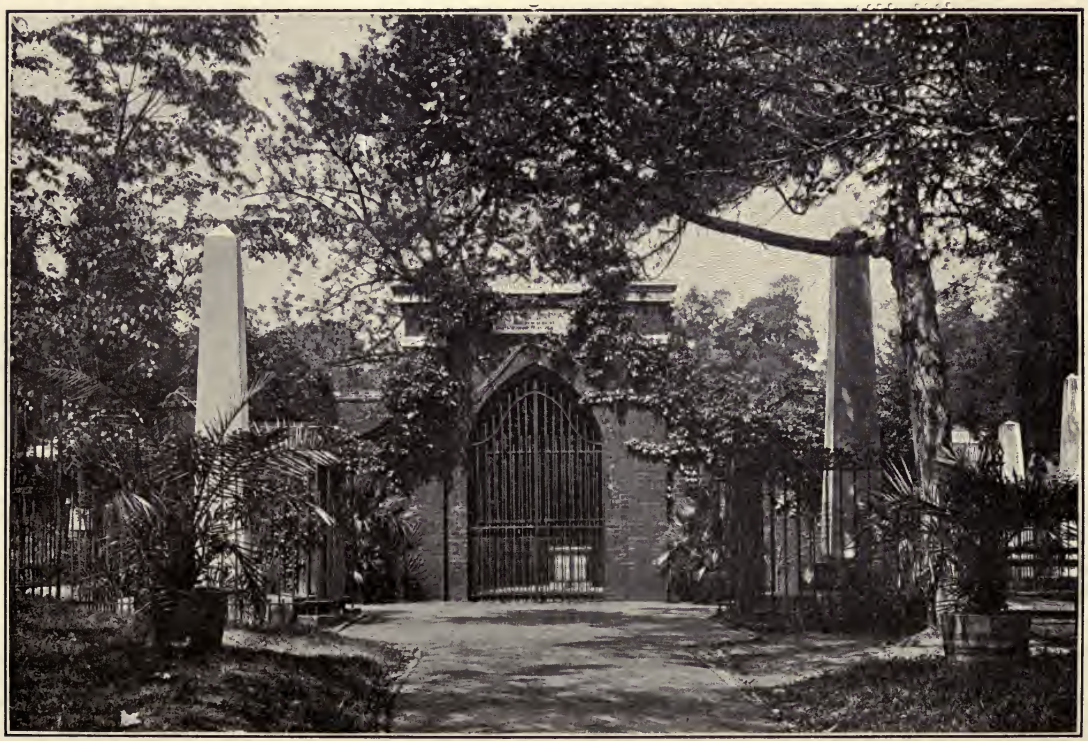
Within this Inclosure
Rest
The Remains of
GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In the ante-chamber are seen the two marble sarcophagi. The one on the right bears on its face the name of Washington, with chiseled coat-of-arms of the United States and a draped flag. One of the talons of the eagle in the coat-of-arms is missing; it was broken off by a vandal during the Civil War. The other sarcophagus is inscribed:

MARTHA,
Consort of Washington.
Died May 22, 1801,
Aged 71 years.

The date of the year is an error; it should have read 1802.

No matter how often one has visited Mount Vernon it is always attractive. An indescribable interest possesses one as he wanders through halls and rooms where walked, slept, ate, and drank the great central figure in the stirring events from which our nationality was evolved.



THE NEW TOMB OF GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON.

Their remains now lie in this tomb, in separate marble coffins, hewn each from a single block of marble. When they were deposited here, in 1837, the tomb was locked and sealed and the key thrown into the Potomac river.

Though the Mount Vernon house was a mansion in its day, its rooms can bear no comparison with those of modern houses which make no great pretensions. Modern life exacts more comforts than the 18th century could supply to its living-rooms.

The furniture now on exhibition at Mount Vernon, some of which was used by the family,— and a good deal more of it was not — is neither beautiful nor comfortable. There is an air of comfort about the huge old mahogany bedsteads, but the steps beside them are suggestive of stumbles in the dark and damaged toes. It must have required careful calculation to mount into one of those mountainous feather beds after extinguishing the candle. It is noticeable that the bed in which Washington breathed his last, and which is shown in the room in which he died, is lower than some of the others, particularly the one in Nellie Custis' chamber. It is some distance from the dressing-table to the bed, and possibly after a few unfortunate experiences in scaling the downy heights Washington had the posts shortened.

The room in which Washington died, naturally attracts the most attention. It was never again occupied after his death. It was closed and all in it kept sacred to his memory. The bed now in this room is the one on which he died. His military trunk, a few camp equipments, two chair cushions worked by Mrs. Washington, and a small, plain mahogany corner toilet-stand, are all that remain of the original furniture.

With all the comfortable rooms in the second story at the disposal of his widow, her choice after his death was given to one under the roof, hot in summer and cold in winter, where the single small window looked out upon the burial-place of her departed husband. It is a mere garret. One little attic window gives a meager glimpse of the lovely landscape below, and even in its best estate the room must have been inconvenient and dreary. Few modern "Bridgets"

would be content to occupy for a week such a room as this in which Martha Washington passed the lonely months of her widowhood until she died. Why did she take this room instead of the many others on the floor below? The reason reveals another phase of that simple romance in the life of Washington and his wife. This little attic window was the only one commanding a view of the old tomb in which her husband's remains had been laid, and thus during the two and a half years that she survived him, the lonely mourner, tenderly cared for by her devoted servants, sat much of the time by this little window:

"Gazing through the morning light,
At noon-tide looking fondly down —
Peering forth in somber night —
Or when the leaves are green or brown;
Or when the snow soft shrouds the mound,
Where lies the sleeper under ground."

"Looking and longing over there, with faith
That in some golden hour, his spirit, robed
In drapery of light, and winged with love,
Should come to her with blessings in his eyes,
And sweetly feed, with old-time rapturous smiles,
Her famished soul."

Standing by this window and thinking of Martha Washington's devotion, we can better appreciate the words she used in that reply to President Adams when he expressed to her the wish of Congress that Washington's remains might rest in the Capitol — words which are quoted in a previous chapter.

The banquet hall was planned by Washington and built by him in 1785. The large equestrian portrait, "Washington before Yorktown," was painted by Rembrandt Peale. The first time Washington sat for his portrait, he wrote to a friend, "Inclination having yielded to importunity, I am now, contrary to all expectation, under the hands of Mr. Peale; but in so grave — so sullen a mood — and now and

then under the influence of Morpheus, when some critical strokes are making, that I fancy the skill of this Gentleman's Pencil will be put to it, in describing to the World what manner of man I am."

One who is not a vandal at heart cannot gaze upon the carved mantelpiece of Carrara marble in the banquet hall without anathematizing the whole race of relic hunters. This exquisite work has been mutilated in the most outrageous way by people who undoubtedly would resent the charge that they are worse than thieves.

In the music-room of the mansion stands the quaint old harpsichord which General Washington presented as a wedding gift to his adopted daughter, the beautiful Eleanor Custis. It was made in London, at a cost of $1000, and old ocean tossed it over to delight the heart of the belle of Mount Vernon. Its broken and discolored keys once thrilled to the touch of beauty, and made the old halls of Mount Vernon ring with mirth and music.

In the family sitting-room, which commands a picturesque view of the lawn and the river, Martha Washington passed many long hours while her husband was away making history, although she often visited him in camp. She did not take kindly to the restraints of official life. Writing to a friend, she says, "Mrs. Sins will give you a better account of the fashions than I can — I live a very dull life hear and know nothing that passes in the town — I never goe to any public place — indeed I think I am more like a State prisoner than anything else; there is certain bounds set for me which I must not depart from — and as I cannot doe as I like, I am obstinate and stay at home a great deal."

The mansion, although covering a large area, possesses no architectural beauty, and the interior is far from being well arranged. The rooms of the General and Mrs. Washington were in the south end; these were reached by a side

hall on the east. To gain the sleeping-rooms on the north, over the state parlor, one had to pass through the rooms opening from the main hall, which must have been somewhat embarrassing when the house was full of company. The kitchen, with its huge fireplace, its crane and turnspits still in place, is on the west side, thirty feet or more from the main building, from which all the dishes for the dining-room had to be carried through a covered colonnade.

The grounds on the west side of the house are level and stretch away to the road, while, scattered about, in regular order, are the many outbuildings which suggest the old plantation with its army of servants and slaves. The west lawn, Washington was wont to call his "bowling green." The curved course which incloses it is over half a mile in circumference, and in the old days many a gay party galloped over it. Magnificent trees line it. It is said that all of them were selected and many planted by Washington.

The vegetable garden is on the right as one faces the mansion; the flower garden is on the left. The latter abounds with old-fashioned flowers arranged in beds laid out in formal style and bordered with box according to the fashion of Washington's day, and still maintained just as he left them. This garden makes a delightful strolling-place. Here was Martha Washington's rose garden, and in summer the roses still bloom. It was the custom of the family to ask distinguished guests to plant something as a keepsake, and many of these mementos still flourish. Here is the famous Mary Washington rose, which is said to have been named by Washington for his mother, slips from which are sold to visitors. We may wander about these grounds for hours and ever find material for sentiment and reflection.

Few changes are now perceptible at Mount Vernon from year to year. It is under the watchful eyes of an efficient superintendent, employed by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, and every sign of decay is obliterated as soon

as it appears. The natural beauties of the historic place, of course, increase. The trees which Washington planted rear their heads with added girth and height. The four that guard the west entrance have stood more than a century. Two are poplar and two ash, each a perfect specimen of its kind. The trees about the old place have a fascination for many visitors. Washington planted them, tended them, watched them grow. In the shade of many still standing he was wont to walk. In the deer park, which occupies the slope of the river bank facing the east front of the mansion, deer feed as in the old days, and fawns scurry about. This park was restored a few years ago and stocked. An iron fence separates it from the grounds proper.

After all, the best recollections that one carries away from Mount Vernon do not come from the interior of the house but from the exterior and surroundings. In the rooms are very many articles that, while furnishing them and making them look very quaint and even homelike, neither Washington nor his wife ever saw. They are either reproductions or colonial relics gathered from various places. But on the veranda we may find and enjoy the real beauty of Mount Vernon — its environment and prospect.

Here Washington looked down the gentle slope to the wide Potomac, flecked with white sails and pleasure boats. He stood as we stand upon these old weather-worn tiles with which the portico is paved, and which were imported by him from England in 1786; here his eyes could feast, as can ours, on the fairest of landscapes. As we leave this historic spot we feel that it is not in the city which bears his name, not in the great towering monument dedicated to his memory, but here at Mount Vernon, amid carefully-preserved scenes of his home life, that we come nearest to the personality of Washington's character, and are enabled to see him as he was: the patriot and statesman "who knew no glory but his country's good."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE PRESIDENTS, THEIR WIVES, AND FAMOUS LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE — FAIR AND STATELY WOMEN WHO REIGNED IN THE EXECUTIVE MANSION IN EARLY DAYS.

A Morning Dream — Memories of Martha Washington — Her Educational Disadvantages — An Average Matron and Thrifty Housewife — Her Virtues and Moral Rectitude — Ministering to the Suffering Soldiers at Valley Forge — Washington's Letters to His Wife — "My Dear Patsy" — Domestic Affairs at Mount Vernon — Giving Her Husband a Curtain-Lecture — An Englishman Who Was "Struck With Awe" — Martha Washington's Seclusion and Death — Abigail Adams, Wife of President John Adams — Adams' Early Love Affairs — Life in the Unfinished White House — A Lively Picture — Not Enough Coal or Wood To Keep Warm — Some Interesting Details — Drying the Family Wash in the Great East Room — Jefferson's Grief at the Death of His Wife — How Jefferson Blacked His Own Boots — A Dignified Foreigner Shocked — "We Saved de Fiddle."

SITTING in the lovely Blue Room of the White House, the breezes from the Potomac floating through the closed blinds and lace curtains, and drifting over the mounds of flowers which, rising high above the great vases, fill all the air with fragrance, I evoke from the past a company of fair and stately women who have dwelt under this roof, or influenced the lives and happiness of men who have ruled the nation.

First, Martha Washington. To be sure, she never reigned in the White House; but who can recall the wives of the Presidents without seeing, first of them all, the serenely-beautiful woman whose pictured face is so familiar to us?

THE FAMOUS BLUE ROOM IN THE REMODELED WHITE HOUSE.

In herself, Martha Washington was in no wise a remarkable woman. Personally, she was a fair representative of the average American matron of the eighteenth century. Whatever may be the right of American women to boast of superior educational advantages to-day, in the time of Martha Washington and Abigail Adams such advantages were few, though eagerly desired. Girls were shut out from the Boston High School because they had flocked to it in such numbers in pursuit of knowledge. While her brother went to Yale or Harvard, the girl of New England, if taught at all, was taught at home. New England had little right to boast over Virginia in that day. The daughters of the cavaliers were oftener taught to dance and to play the spinet than the daughters of the Puritans; but neither could spell, nor many more than barely read.

Had Martha Washington enjoyed the highest privileges for mental development she would never have been known to the world as an intellectual woman, or as a woman who, by any impulse of her unassisted nature, would ever have risen above the commonplace. This thrifty and industrious housewife usually had knitting-needles in her hands, and she thought she had achieved a feat to be proud of when she saved the ravelings of old black silk stockings and worn-out chair-covers and wove them into a dress for herself. She could spin and weave, but she could not spell. She basked in the warmth and cheer of her bountiful home, the manifold cares and burdens of which, to the smallest detail, were borne by her illustrious husband.

Martha Washington's strongest claim to veneration is as the wife of Washington. In that position, her homely virtues and moral rectitude show to unclouded advantage. Personally, her most marked characteristics were her strong natural sense of propriety and fitness, and her high moral qualities. During the Revolution her patriotism kept pace with that of her husband. The trials of the years that fol-

lowed are matters of history: the severed household, the burden of cares and fears, and the brave-hearted woman gladly exchanging, whenever possible, the comfort and security of home for the discomforts and dangers of the camp, and bringing cheer to her husband and comfort to the ill-fed and ill-clad soldiers.

Amid the sufferings of Valley Forge, one of her helpers writes: "I never in my life knew a woman so busy from early morning till late at night as was Lady Washington, providing comforts for the sick soldiers. Every day, except Sundays, the wives of the officers in camp, and sometimes other women, were invited to Mr. Potts's to assist her in knitting socks, patching garments and making shirts for the poor soldiers when material could be procured. Every fair day she might be seen, with basket in hand, and with a single attendant, going among the huts seeking the keenest and most needy sufferers, and giving all the comfort to them in her power."

Washington wrote many and long letters to his wife which were full of ardent affection, but "Lady" Washington thought so much of these that she destroyed them before she died, no doubt because they were so largely devoted to a free discussion of public affairs. Only one letter escaped, — the one in which he announced his appointment as commander-in-chief of the colonial army. He begins the letter "My Dearest," and closes it with the statement that he is "with unfeigned regard" her "very affectionate George Washington." He uses several times in the letter his pet name for his wife, which was "my dear Patsy," and says he has made a will with which he doubts not she will be pleased. During the forty years of his married life "he wore," says his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, "suspended from his neck by a gold chain and resting on his bosom, the miniature portrait of his wife."

Though her pictures represent her as a handsome woman,

the current history of the times says that as she matured she grew stout, and became a robust and not particularly handsome old lady. More than likely, too, she had a temper of her own, for she confesses to "being tried beyond endurance" by the careless ways of one of Washington's nieces. It is on record that when the big French hound, a present from Lafayette, carried off the ham which should have graced the dinner-table, she clearly voiced her opinion of dogs in general and "Vulcan" in particular; and a guest who slept at Mount Vernon has testified to overhearing her giving the General what is frequently called a "curtain-lecture" in such animated tones that her voice penetrated through the thin partitions which separated the rooms. The traveler adds that General Washington listened in silence, and, when the lecture was finished, merely said, "Now, good sleep to you, my dear." After this nothing more was heard.

After their retirement to Mount Vernon, while all the outer affairs of the estate, to their minutest detail, were superintended by General Washington, in addition to the mighty burdens of state which he bore, Mrs. Washington superintended her handmaidens and spinning-wheels. Looms were constantly plying at Mount Vernon, and General Washington wore, at his first inauguration, a full suit of fine cloth woven in his own house. At a ball given in New Jersey in honor of herself, Martha Washington appeared in a "simple russet gown," with a white handkerchief about her neck. To the state receptions of New York and Philadelphia she carried the same stately simplicity.

A lady of the olden time, a daughter of Virginia, her ideas of court forms and etiquette had all been received from the mother country. Hers was the difficult task to harmonize aristocratic exclusiveness with republican plainness. She was never to forget that she was the wife of the President of a Republic,— and also never to forget that she

was to command the respect of the old monarchies who were ready to despise everything poor and crude in the efforts of the new government to maintain itself in poverty, difficulty, and inexperience. Thus the social receptions of the first President of the United States at New York, were held under the most rigorous and exclusive rules. They were open only to persons of privileged rank and degree, and they could not enter unless attired in full dress. The receptions of Mrs. Washington merely reproduced, on a smaller plan, the customs and ceremonies of foreign courts.

In the second year of Washington's administration the government was removed to Philadelphia, there to remain for the next ten years. The household furniture of the Washingtons was moved thither by slow and weary processes by land and water, the President, in addition to his public cares, superintending personally the preparation and embarkation of every article himself. Mrs. Washington was sick at the time, but the following year, the house of Robert Morris having been taken by the corporation for the President's house, Mrs. Washington again opened her drawing-rooms from seven to ten P. M. Sensible woman! No haggard and faded beauties dancing all night, faded and old before their time, owed their wasted lives and powers to *her*. In Philadelphia and New York, when the clock's hands pointed to ten, she arose with affable dignity, and, bowing to all, retired, leaving her guests to do likewise. With this action, it was unnecessary to repeat the announcement which she made at the first reception held by her in New York: "General Washington retires at ten o'clock, and I usually precede him. Good night."

At these receptions, Mrs. Washington sat. The guests were grouped in a circle, round which the President passed, speaking politely to each one, but *never shaking hands*. It was reserved to a later generation to grasp and crush that poor member till it has to be poulticed after official greet-

ings. It was the habit of Mrs. Washington to return the calls of those who were privileged to pay her visits. Of these ceremonious visits, a New York lady who, as a child, remembered her, wrote: "It was Mrs. Washington's custom to return visits on the third day. She was always accompanied by the President's secretary, and preceded by a footman, who knocked at the hostess's door and announced Mrs. Washington's arrival. When she drove out, her servants wore liveries of white and scarlet or white and orange."

An English gentleman, who breakfasted with the President's family in 1794, says:

"I was struck with awe and veneration when I recollected that I was now in the presence of the great Washington, the noble and wise benefactor of the world. . . . Mrs. Washington herself made tea and coffee for us. On the table were two small plates of sliced tongue and dry toast, bread and butter; but no broiled fish, as is the custom here. She struck me as being somewhat older than the President, though I understand both were born the same year. She was extremely simple in her dress, and wore a very plain cap, with her gray hair turned up under it."

It is as the wife of Washington, through sentiments called out by the greatness of his character and the love which she bore him, that the moral capacity of Martha Washington's nature ever approaches greatness.

In the little attic room at Mount Vernon, in which she died, Martha Washington, as a woman, comes nearest to us. Here one can realize how utterly done with earth, its pangs and glory, was the soul who shut herself within its narrow walls, there to take on immortality. The rooms of Washington below, in one of which he died, a thrifty mechanic of the present day would think too small and shabby for him. And when the great soul went forth to the unknown, as a human presence to inhabit it never more, the wife also went forth, and never again crossed its threshold. Here, in this little room, scarcely more than a closet, sur-

rounded only by the simplest necessities of existence, Martha Washington lived out the lonely days of her desolate widowhood.

In her portraits Mrs. Washington looks out from the ruffled cap of her maturer years, genuine, true, and wholesome, counted worthy to be her husband's closest confidante; a woman who found in the limits of home her happiest horizon, a kindly gracious lady, companion and best earthly comfort of one of the world's greatest men.

In February, 1797, John Adams was elected President of the United States, to succeed President Washington. His wife, Abigail Adams, was the first wife of a President who ever presided at the White House.

John Adams was born in that portion of the old town of Braintree, Mass., which now is known as Quincy. He was the eldest son of a farmer of limited means. Like many who have become famous in the history of our country, young John began his practical life by teaching school, and while so engaged took up the study of law. He had thought of becoming a clergyman, but witnessing certain church quarrels in his native town, he was, to quote his own words, "terrified out of it." He would have been glad to enter the army, had he possessed the influence to secure a commission. That being out of the question, the law seemed his only course, and he applied himself with such energy to it that he soon built up a practice which, as he considered, justified him in marrying, and, accordingly, in 1764, he united himself with Abigail Smith, the daughter of a clergyman of Weymouth.

Previous to this, Adams' love affairs evidently were numerous. In 1764, the year in which he was married, he writes in his diary: "I was of an amorous disposition, and very early, from ten to eleven years of age, was very fond of the society of females. I shall draw no characters nor give any enumeration of my youthful flames. It would be

THE ATTIC ROOM AT MOUNT VERNON IN WHICH MARTHA WASHINGTON DIED.

Martha Washington secluded herself in this room for two and one-half years after her husband's death, and here on this bed she died. Some of the furniture was used by Washington's family. The room is a mere garret and has but one small window.

considered as no compliment to the dead or the living. This I will say: they were all modest and virtuous girls, and always maintained their character through life. No virgin or matron ever had cause to blush at the sight of or regret her acquaintance with me. . . . These reflections, to me consolatory beyond expression, I am able to make with truth and sincerity; and I presume I am indebted for this blessing to my education."

His marriage, which, at the time it took place, promised to bring young Adams considerable worldly advantage, his wife's family connections being much more prominent and prosperous than his own, proved in every way to be most fortunate, for Abigail Adams was one of the most remarkable women of the Revolutionary period.

In exaltation of spirit, and full realization of the great responsibilities before them, she received the fact of her husband's elevation to the presidency. As devout as Deborah, her utterances at this time were equally marked by comprehensiveness of view, devotion, and self-forgetfulness. No visions of personal finery, of fashionable entertainments and show, gleam through the grand utterances of this majestic woman. And yet no pictures of the White House, no sketches of the social life of her time, begin to be as graphic and frequent, as those of Abigail Adams. Nothing has been more quoted than her sketch of the White House as she found it. She wrote:

"The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables; an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The lighting of the apartments, from the kitchen to parlours and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are

wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience, that I know not what to do, or how to do.

"The ladies from Georgetown and in the city have many of them visited me. Yesterday I returned fifteen visits,—but such a place as Georgetown appears,—why, our Milton is beautiful. But no comparisons;—if they will put me up some bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. I could content myself almost anywhere three months; but, surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it! Briesler[1] entered into a contract with a man to supply him with wood. A small part, a few cords only, has he been able to get. Most of that was expended to dry the walls of the house before we came in, and yesterday the man told him it was impossible for him to procure it to be cut and carted. He has had recourse to coals; but we cannot get grates made and set. We have, indeed, come into *a new country*.

"You must keep all this to yourself, and, when asked how I like it, say that I write you the situation is beautiful, which is true. The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished, and all withinside, except the plastering, has been done since Briesler came. We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience, without, and the great unfinished audience-room[2] I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter."

Abigail Adams is an illustrious example of the grandeur of human character. She proved in herself how potent an individual may be, and that individual a woman, in spite of caste, of sex, or the restrictions of human law or condition.

[1] Mrs. Adams' man-servant.

[2] The East Room of the White House.

She never went to school in her life. In a letter written in 1817, the year before her death, speaking of her own deficiencies, she says: "My early education did not partake of the abundant opportunities which the present days offer, and which even our common country schools now afford. *I never was sent to any school.* I was always sick. Female education, in the best families, went no further than writing and arithmetic; in some few and rare instances, music and dancing."

She was less than a year the mistress of the President's house, yet she has lived ever since in memory a grand model to all who succeed her. The daughter of a country clergyman, the wife of a patriotic and ambitious man, whether she gathered her children about her or sent them forth across stormy seas, while she left herself desolate; whether she stood the wife of the Republican Minister before the haughty Queen Charlotte in the stateliest and proudest court of Europe; whether she presided in the President's house in the new Capital in the wilderness, or wrote to statesmen or grandchildren in her own house in Quincy, she was always, in prosperity or sorrow, in youth and in age, in life and in death, the regnant woman, devout, wise, patriotic, proud, humble, and loving.

Her pictures of the social life of her time are among the most lively and graphic on record, while in her letters to her son, to her husband, to Jefferson, and other statesmen, we find some of the grandest utterances of the Revolutionary period. Cut off by her sex from active participation in the struggles and triumphs of the men of her time, not one of them would have died more gladly and grandly than she, for liberty; denied the power of manhood, she made the most of the privileges of womanhood. She instilled into the souls of her children great ideas; she inspired her husband by the hourly sight of a grand example; she gave, through them, her life-long service to the State, and she

gave to her country and to posterity her spotless and heroic memory.

In her portrait, Stuart portrays her in a dainty and delicate lace cap, which softened without veiling her august features. The exquisite lace ruff about the throat, the lace shawl upon the shoulders, all indicate the finest of feminine tastes, while the broad brow, wide eyes, keenly-cut nose, firm chin, and slightly-imperious mouth proclaim the proud and powerful intellect, and the high head the commanding moral nature of the woman.

In 1801 John Adams was succeeded by his old friend and rival Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States. The wife of Jefferson, who before her marriage to him was Mrs. Martha Skelton, the widowed daughter of a prominent lawyer of Williamsburg, Va., never reigned in the White House. She died in her youth, and was thus denied the honors that later in life came to her gifted husband. His love for her was the passion of his life, and her death was to him an irreparable loss. He never outlived his grief. His eldest daughter, Martha Jefferson Randolph, many years afterward, recorded her recollections of her mother's death and her father's sorrow. She said:

"He nursed my poor mother in turn with Aunt Carr and her own sister, sitting up with her and administering her medicines and drink to the last. For four months that she lingered, he was never out of calling; when not at her bedside he was writing in a small room which opened immediately at the head of her bed. A moment before the closing scene he was led from the room almost in a state of insensibility by his sister, Mrs. Carr, who, with great difficulty, got him into his library, where he fainted, and remained so long insensible that they feared he never would revive. The scene that followed I did not witness, but the violence of his emotion, when almost by stealth I entered his room at night, to this day I dare not trust myself to describe.

"He kept his room three weeks, and I was never a moment from his side. He walked almost incessantly night and day, only lying down occasionally, when nature was completely exhausted, on a pallet that had been brought in during his long fainting fit. My aunts remained constantly with him for some weeks, I do not remember how many. When at last he left his room, he rode out, and from that time he was incessantly on horseback, rambling about the mountain, in the least frequented roads, and just as often through the woods. In those melancholy rambles I was his constant companion, a solitary witness to many a violent burst of brief, the remembrance of which has consecrated particular stones of that lost home beyond the power of time to obliterate."

Ever after, Jefferson lived in his children, his grandchildren, his books, and the affairs of State. He had two daughters, the only two of his children who survived to mature life. One of these, Maria, who in childhood went to Paris in the care of Mrs. Adams, and who was remarkable for her beauty and the loveliness of her nature, died in early womanhood. She was indifferent to her own beauty, and almost resented the admiration which it called forth, exclaiming, "You praise me for *that* because you cannot praise me for better things!"

She set an extraordinary value upon talent, believing that the possession of it alone could make her the worthy companion of her father. She was most tenderly loved by him, and at the time of her early death, he wrote to his friend, Governor Page: "Others may lose of their abundance; but I, of my want, have lost even the half of that I had. My evening prospects now hang on the slender thread of a single life." This "single" life was that of Martha Jefferson Randolph. She lived to be not only the comforter but the intellectual companion of her father.

Had Martha Jefferson been less womanly and domestic,

she might have made herself famous as a belle, a wit, or a scholar. Married at seventeen, the mother of twelve children, seven of whom were daughters, the fine quality of her intellect, and the nobility of her soul, were all merged into a life spent in their guidance, and in devotion and service to her husband and father. The mother of five children at the time of her father's Inauguration as President of the United States, separated from Washington by a long and fatiguing journey, which could only be performed by coach and horse travel, Mrs. Randolph never made but two visits to the President's house during his two terms of office. Her son, James Madison Randolph, was born in the White House.

Jefferson began his Presidency with a certain ostentation of democracy. One of the first declarations of his administration was, "Levees are done away." Remembering what importance was attached to these assemblies by Washington and Adams, and what grand court occasions they were made, we can imagine the disapprobation with which this mandate was received by the belles of society. A party of these gathered in force, and, all gaily attired, proceeded to the President's house. On his return from a horseback ride he was informed that a large number of ladies were in the "levee-room" waiting for him. Covered with dust, spurs on, and whip in hand, he proceeded to the drawing-room. Shade of Washington! He told them he was glad to see them, and asked them to remain. We may fancy with how much delight these belles and beauties received his polite salutations. They never came again.

A Virginian accustomed to the service of slaves, as the President of the United States Jefferson blacked his own boots. A foreign functionary, a stickler for etiquette, paid him a visit of ceremony one morning, and found him engaged in this humble employment. Jefferson apologized, saying, that being a plain man, he did not like to trouble his servants. The foreign grandee departed, declaring that

no government could long survive whose head was his own shoe-black. He was fond of the violin. When his paternal home was burned he asked, "Are all the books destroyed?" "Yes, massa," was the reply, "dey is; but we saved de fiddle."

During his Presidency Jefferson aroused the ire of Thomas Moore, then without fame, save in his own country. The President, from his altitude of six feet two-and-a-half inches, looked down on the curled and perfumed little poet, and spoke a word and passed on. This indignity Moore never pardoned, and he went back to lampoon, not only America, but the President. One of his attacks came into the hands of Martha Jefferson, who, deeply indignant, placed it before her father. He broke into an amused laugh. Years afterwards, when Moore's "Irish Melodies" appeared, Jefferson, looking them over, exclaimed, "Why, this is the little man who satirized me so! Why, he is a poet, after all." And from that moment Moore had a place beside Burns in Jefferson's library.

John Randolph, her father's political foe, said of Martha Jefferson, "She is the sweetest creature in Virginia," and John Randolph believed that nothing "sweet" or even endurable existed outside of Virginia. In adversity and sorrow, in poverty and trial, in age as in youth, the steadfast sweetness of character and elevation of nature which made Martha Jefferson remarkable in prosperity, shone forth with transcendent luster when all external accessories had fled. The daughter of a man called a free-thinker, she all her life was sweetly, simply, devoutly religious. In her letters to her daughter, "Septimia," she draws us nearer to her tender heart in its heavenly love and charity. This daughter, to his latest breath, was to Jefferson the soul of his soul. After his retirement she not only entertained his guests, and ministered to his personal comforts, but shared intellectually all his thoughts and studies.

CHAPTER XL.

THE PRESIDENTS, THEIR WIVES, AND FAMOUS LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE, CONTINUED — THE MOST BRILLIANT SOCIAL QUEEN WHO EVER REIGNED IN THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

A Famous Social Queen — Gallants in Small-Clothes and Queues — An Indignant Barber — "Little Jim Madison" — "Dolly" Madison's Gifts and Graces — "The Most Popular Person in the United States" — Her Social Nature and Exquisite Tact — Her Bountiful Table — Ridiculed by a Foreign Minister — Mrs. Madison's Happy Reply — Her Wonderful Memory of Persons and Incidents — The Adventure of a Rustic Youth — Thrusting a Cup of Coffee into His Pocket — Her Heroism in the Hour of Danger — Fleeing from the White House — Mrs. Madison's Snuff-Box — "This Is for Rough Work" and "This Is My Polisher" — Two Plain Old Ladies from the West — Unusual Honors by Congress — Her Last Days — Her Death and Burial — Singular Mistakes on Her Monument.

WHEN Mrs. Dorothy Madison, the wife of James Madison, the fourth President of the United States, became the first lady of the land, she inaugurated a new era of social life in Washington. The beneficence and brilliancy of her reign in the White House was never approached before her time, and has never been equaled since.

These were the days when elder-bushes fringed Pennsylvania Avenue, and ladies whose chariots stuck in the mud were cautiously rescued by gallants in sheer ruffles and small-clothes and queues. These queues, which had to be so elaborately dressed and powdered, made the barbers all Federalists in Jefferson's administration, as the Democrats

THE VESTIBULE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

The main entrance to the White House opens into this vestibule, which is separated from the central corridor by a magnificent screen of stained-glass mosaic, studded with cut crystal, which at night shines like the walls of an enchanted palace.

wore short hair. One barber, who was very indignant at Madison's nomination, suddenly burst out while shaving a Senator:

"What Presidents we might have, sir! Look at Daggett of Connecticut and Stockton of New Jersey, with queues as big as your wrist, and powdered every day, like real gentlemen as they are! But this little Jim Madison, with a queue no larger than a pipe-stem! Sir, it is enough to make a man foreswear his country."

Washington Irving, in a letter written from Washington, dated January 13, 1811, gives the following entertaining description of both Mr. and Mrs. Madison:

"Mrs. Madison is a fine, portly, buxom dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. Her sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, are like the two Merry Wives of Windsor; but as to Jemmy Madison — Ah! poor Jemmy! — he is but a withered little apple-John."

It is a rare combination of gifts and graces which produces the pre-eminent social queen, in any era or in any sphere. Mrs. Madison seemed to possess them all. During the administration of her husband she was openly declared to be "the most popular person in the United States"; and now, after the lapse of generations, after hosts of women, bright, beautiful, and admired, have lived, reigned, died, and are forgotten, "Dolly Madison" seems to abide, a still living and beloved presence. The house in Washington in which her old age was spent, and from which she passed to heaven, is often pointed out to the stranger as her abode. Her words and deeds are constantly recalled as authority, unquestioned and benign.

When she began her reign in Washington, steamboats were the wonder of the world; railroads and the practical use of electricity undreamed of; turnpike roads scarcely begun; the stagecoach slow, inconvenient, and cumbersome. The daughter of one Senator, who wished to enjoy the

delights of the new Capital, came 500 miles on horseback by her father's side. The wife of a Member rode 1,500 miles on horseback, passed through several Indian settlements, and spent nights without seeing a house in which she could lodge. Under such difficulties did lovely women come to Washington, and out of such material was blended the society of that conspicuous era.

When Mrs. Madison entered the President's house, the strife between the political parties was at its highest. Washington, above *all* party, had yet declared himself the advocate of the unity and force of the central power. Jefferson had been the President of the opposition, who wished the supremacy of the masses to overrule that of the higher classes. On these contending factions Mrs. Madison shed equally the balm of her benign nature. Not because she was without opinions, but because she was without malignity or rancor of spirit. Born and reared a "Friend," she brought the troubled elements of political society together in the bonds of peace. She possessed, in preëminent degree, the power of intuitive adaptation to individuals, however diversified in character, and the exquisite tact in dealing with them, which always characterizes the true social queen. She loved human beings and delighted in their fellowship. She never forgot an old friend, and never neglected the opportunity of making a new one.

She banished from her drawing-room the stately forms and ceremonials which had made the receptions of Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Adams very elegant but very formal affairs. She was always hospitable, and a table bountifully loaded was her delight and pride. The abundance and size of her dishes were objects of ridicule to a Foreign Minister, even when she entertained as the wife of Secretary of State, he declaring that her entertainments were more like "a harvest-home supper than the entertainment of a Cabinet Minister." Mrs. Madison replied to the criticism with her usual

good-nature and good sense, — that the profusion of her table was the result of the prosperity of her country, and she must therefore continue to prefer Virginia liberality to European elegance.

A guest who shared the hospitalities of this bountiful table wrote: "The round of beef of which the soup is made is called 'bouilli.' It had in the dish spices, and something of the sweet herb and earlie kind, and a rich gravy. It is very much boiled and is still very good. We had a dish with what appeared to be cabbage, much boiled, then cut in long strings and somewhat mashed; in the middle a large ham, with the cabbage around. It looked like our country dishes of bacon and cabbage, with the cabbage mashed up after being boiled till sodden and turned dark. The dessert good: much as usual, except two dishes which appeared like apple-pie in the form of the half of a mush-melon, the flat side down, top creased deep, and the color a dark brown."

In those days state dinners were a tax on the purse of those who gave them. The White House wagon was gotten out early in the morning to go to Georgetown to market, and the day's provisions often cost as much as fifty dollars. Even the President's salary was scarcely adequate to meet the expense of official entertaining, as Jefferson soon found, to the delight of his enemies. "He always thought," said a cynical contemporary, "$25,000 a great salary when Mr. Adams had it. Now he will think $12,500 enough. Monticello is not far away; he can easily send home his clothes to be washed and mended; his servants he owns, and his vegetables he can bring from his estate."

Mrs. Madison never forgot the name of any person to whom she had been introduced, nor any incident connected with any person whom she knew. Able to summon these at an instant's notice, she instinctively made each individual who entered her presence feel that he or she was an object of especial interest. Nor was this mere society manners.

Genial and warm-hearted, it was her happiness to make everybody feel as much at ease as possible. This gentle kindness the unknown and lowly shared equally with the highest in worldly station.

At one of her receptions her attention was called to a rustic youth whose back was set against the wall. Here he stood as if nailed to it, till he ventured to stretch forth his hand and take a proffered cup of coffee. Mrs. Madison, according to her wont, wishing to relieve his embarrassment, and put him at his ease, walked up and spoke to him. The youth, astonished and overpowered, dropped the saucer, and unconsciously thrust the cup into his breeches pocket. "The crowd is so great, no one can avoid being jostled," said the gentle woman. "The servant will bring you another cup of coffee. Pray, how did you leave your excellent mother? I had once the honor of knowing her, but I have not seen her for some years." Thus she talked, till she made him feel that she was his friend, as well as his mother's. In time, he found it possible to dislodge the coffee cup from his pocket, and to converse with the Juno-like lady in a crimson turban as if she were an old acquaintance.

Mrs. Madison delighted in wearing conspicuous colors, the very opposite of the silver grays of a demure Quakeress. At the Inauguration ball, when Jefferson, the outgoing President, came to receive Madison, his successor, Mrs. Madison wore a rich robe of buff velvet, and a Paris turban with a bird of paradise plume, with pearls on her neck and arms. A chronicler of the event says that she "looked and moved a queen." Jefferson was all life and animation, while the new President looked care-worn and pale. "Can you wonder at it?" said Jefferson. "My shoulders have just been freed from a heavy burden—his just laden with it."

Mrs. Madison filled every hour of prosperity with the

rare sunshine of her nature. In the hour of trial she was not found wanting, and in the face of danger she rose to the dignity of heroism. Her gallant stay in the White House, while her husband had gone to hold a council of war at the battle of Bladensburg, is a proud fact of our history. The following well-known letter to her sister, proves how brave a woman was this heroine of the President's house:

TUESDAY, August 23, 1814.

"*Dear Sister:* — My husband left me yesterday to join General Winder. He enquired anxiously whether I had the courage or firmness to remain in the President's house until his return, on the morrow, or succeeding day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him and the success of our army, he left me, beseeching me to take care of myself and of the Cabinet papers, public and private.

"I have since received two dispatches from him, written with a pencil; the last is alarming, because he desires that I should be ready at a moment's warning, to enter my carriage and leave the city; that the enemy seemed stronger than had been reported, and that it might happen that they would reach the city with intention to destroy it. . . . I am accordingly ready; I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself, until I see Mr. Madison safe, and he can accompany me — as I hear of much hostility toward him. . . . Disaffection stalks around us. My friends and acquaintances are all gone, even Colonel C. with his hundred men, who were stationed as a guard in this enclosure. . . . French John (a faithful domestic) with his usual activity and resolution offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and lay a train of powder which would blow up the British, should they enter the house. To the last proposition, I positively objected,

without being able, however, to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.

"*Wednesday morning, twelve o'clock.*— Since sunrise, I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but, alas, I can descry only groups of military wandering in all directions, as if there was a lack of arms, or of spirits, to fight for their own firesides.

"*Three o'clock.*—Will you believe it, my sister, we have had a battle, or a skirmish, near Bladensburg, and I am still here within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not; may God protect him! Two messengers, covered with dust, come to bid me fly; but I wait for him . . . At this late hour a wagon has been procured; I have filled it with the plate and most valuable portable articles belonging to the house; whether it will reach its destination, the Bank of Maryland, or fall into the hands of British soldiery, events must determine. Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and is in a very bad humor with me because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured; and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments; I have ordered the frame to be broken and the canvass taken out; it is done, and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York for safe-keeping. And now, dear sister, I must leave this house or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it, by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you, or where I shall be to-morrow, I cannot tell!"

On their return to Washington the President and Mrs. Madison occupied what is known as the Octagon House on New York Avenue, between 17th and 18th streets, northwest, the palatial home of Mr. Tayloe, while the White

House was being repaired. Here they entertained the hero of New Orleans, General Andrew Jackson, and wife, and many other notables who visited Washington and were entitled to such honor at their hands. The Treaty of Ghent was signed, December, 1814, in the circular room on the second floor over the entrance hall, which was used as the President's office during their occupation of this house.

The receptions given in the East Room, in the winter of 1816, after the rebuilding and refurnishing of the Executive Mansion, are said to have been the most resplendent ever witnessed in Washington up to that time. At these congregated the Justices of the Supreme Court in their gowns, the Diplomatic Corps in glittering regalia, the Peace Commissioners and the officers of the late war in full dress. Mrs. Madison, in gorgeous robes and turban and bird of paradise plumes, presided with queenly grace upon these and all other occasions.

At one of these banquets Mrs. Madison offered Mr. Clay a pinch of snuff from her own elegant box, taking one herself. She then put her hand in her pocket, and taking out a bandanna, applied it to her nose and said: "Mr. Clay, this is for rough work, and this," touching the few remaining grains of snuff with a filmy square of lace, "is my polisher." This anecdote is an emphatic comment on the change of customs, even in the most polished society. If the wife of the President, to-day, were to perpetrate such an act at one of her receptions, not even the fact that it stands recorded against the graceful, gracious, and glorious Dolly Madison would save her from the taunt of being "underbred" and suggestive of the land of "snuff dippers."

Another story of Mrs. Madison illustrates the real kindness of her heart. Two plain old ladies from the West, halting in Washington for a single night, yet most anxious to behold the President's famous and popular wife before their

d› arture, meeting an old gentleman on the street, timidly asked him to show them the way to the President's house. Happening to be an acquaintance of Mrs. Madison, he conducted them to the White House. The President's family were at breakfast, but Mrs. Madison good-naturedly came out to them, wearing a dark gray dress with a white apron, and a linen handkerchief pinned around her neck. Not overcome by her plumage, and set at ease by her welcome, when they rose to depart one said: "P'rhaps you wouldn't mind if I jest kissed you, to tell my gals about."

Mrs. Madison, not to be outdone, kissed each of her guests, who beamed through their spectacles with joy and delight, and then departed.

Poverty compelled Martha Jefferson to part with Monticello after her father's death, and the same cruel foe forced Mrs. Madison to sell Montpelier in her widowhood.

A special message of President Jackson to Congress, concerning the contents of a letter from Mrs. Madison, offering to the government her husband's manuscript record of the debates in Congress of the convention during the years 1782–1787, was the means of its being purchased, as a work of national interest, for the sum of $30,000. In a subsequent act Congress gave to Mrs. Madison the honorary privilege of copyright in foreign countries. And to further relieve her embarrassments, brought on her through the reckless dissipation and prodigality of the son of her first marriage, Payne Todd, Congress purchased other manuscripts of her husband, paying her $20,000 more. The degree of veneration in which she was held may be judged by the fact that Congress conferred upon her the franking privilege, and unanimously voted her a seat upon the Senate floor whenever she honored it with her presence.

Without experience in the management of her estate and financial affairs, and constantly harassed by the demands of her son's creditors, she sacrificed her beloved Montpelier,

hoping to extricate him and save him from a life of dissipation. Finding, however, that it was a fruitless sacrifice and that she had nothing left but the hallowed memories of her happy life with Mr. Madison, she became much depressed. Her friends besought her to return to Washington, where she would find congenial companionship and be spared the pain of witnessing the inevitable change at Montpelier.

Through her sister's (Mrs. Cutts) family, she secured the Cutts mansion on the corner of Lafayette Square and H street, now the Cosmos Club House. Here she spent the last twelve years of her life. No eminent man retired from service of the State ever had more public recognition and honor bestowed upon him by the government he had served than did this popular and ever-beloved woman. Here, on New Year's day and the Fourth of July, she held public receptions, the dignitaries of the nation, after paying their respects to the President, passing directly to the abode of the venerable widow of the Fourth President of the United States to pay their respects to *her*. In her drawing-room political foes met on equal ground and, for the time, public and private animosities were forgotten or ignored.

"Never," says "Uncle Paul," her colored servant, who had lived with her from boyhood, "never was a more gracefuller lady in a drawing-room. We always had our Wednesday-evening receptions in the old Madison House, and we had them in style." Mrs. Madison's turbans were as famous in Washington as her snuff-box. It is said that she expended $1,000 a year in turbans. She wore them as long as she lived — long after they had ceased to be fashionable. "These turbans were made of the finest materials and trimmed to match her various dresses." Uncle Paul tells of one of her dresses of purple velvet with a long train trimmed with wide gold-lace and a pair of gold shoes. With a white satin dress, she wore a turban spangled with silver, and silver shoes. She sent to Paris for all her grand costumes.

Her tea-parties and her "loo" parties were dwelt upon with approving accents by her admiring contemporaries.

She died at her home, on Lafayette Square, Washington, Thursday, July 12, 1849, holding her mental faculties unimpaired to the last. In her later days, while suffering from great debility, she took extreme delight in having old letters read to her; letters whose associations were so remote that they were unknown to all others, but which brought back her own beloved past. She delighted, also, in listening to the reading of the Bible — and it was while hearing a portion of the gospel of St. John that she passed in peace into her last sleep.

With reverent ceremonies and deep grief the body was laid to rest in the Washington cemetery, but some years later it was removed to its most fitting resting-place by the side of her husband at Montpelier. There in the Madison burying-ground may be seen, side by side, two monuments, — one a granite shaft marked simply "MADISON"; the other a smaller obelisk of white marble on which is carved:

In
MEMORY
of
Dolley Payne
wife of
James Madison
born
May 20, 1768
died
July 8, 1849.

It will be noticed that there is a superfluous "e" in the name "Dolley," and by a singular mistake, which finds its counterpart in the error in the inscription on Martha Washington's tomb, the wrong date is set down as the day of her death. It should be July 12.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE PRESIDENTS, THEIR WIVES, AND FAMOUS LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE CONTINUED—SOME WOMEN OF NOTE—MEMORABLE SCENES AND ENTERTAINMENTS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

A Serene and Aristocratic Woman — Entertaining With Great Elegance — Interesting Incident in Mrs. Monroe's Foreign Life — Visiting Madame Lafayette in Prison — Changing the Mind of Blood-Thirsty Tyrants — Sharing the Dungeon of Her Husband — An Opinion Plainly Expressed — An Evening at the White House — Creating a Sensation at a Presidential Reception — An Amusing but Untruthful Picture — Disgraceful Condition of the White House Surroundings — Using the Great East Room for a Children's Play-Room — Mrs. John Quincy Adams — Long and Lonely Journeys — Life in Russia — The Ladies' Costumes — Old-Time Beaux and Belles — "Smiling for the Presidency" — An Ascendant Star — A President Who Masked His Feelings — "My Wife Combed Your Head" — Calling on an "Iceberg."

THE faint outline which we catch of Mrs. Monroe, wife of James Monroe, the fifth President of the United States, is that of a serene and aristocratic woman, too well bred ever to be visibly moved by anything — at least in public. She was Elizabeth Kortright, of New York — the daughter of a retired British officer, a belle who was ridiculed by her gay friends for having refused more brilliant adorers to accept a plain Member of Congress.

During Mr. Monroe's ministry to Paris, she was called "*la belle Americaine*," and entertained the most stately society of the old *régime* with great elegance. The only individual act which has survived her career as the wife of the

American Minister to France, is her visit to Madame Lafayette in prison. The indignities heaped upon this grand and truly great woman, were hard to be borne by an American, to whom the very name of Lafayette was endeared. The carriage of the American Minister appeared at the jail. Mrs. Monroe was at last conducted to the cell of the emaciated, suffering prisoner. The Marchioness, beholding the sympathetic face of a woman, sank at her feet, too weak to utter her joy. That very afternoon she was to have been beheaded. Instead of the messenger commanding her to prepare for the guillotine, she beheld a woman and a friend! From the first moment of its existence the American Republic had *prestige* in France. Thus the visit of the American ambassadress had power even to change the purpose of blood-thirsty tyrants. Madame Lafayette was liberated the next morning, and she gladly accepted her own freedom, that she might go and share the dungeon of her husband.

With the same quiet splendor of spirit and bearing, Mrs. Monroe reigned in the unfinished White House. She mingled very little in the society of Washington, and secluded herself from the public gaze, except when the duties of her position compelled her to appear. She loved silence, obscurity, peace, not bustle, confusion, or glare. Yet, even in her courtly reign, "the dear people" were many and strong enough to arise and push on to their rights in the "people's house."

James Fenimore Cooper has left on record a letter purporting to describe a state dinner and reception during Mr. Monroe's time, and any one who has survived a latter-day jam at the White House will say it is precisely what a Presidential reception was in the stately Monroe day. Says Mr. Cooper:

"The evening at the White House, or drawing-room, as it is sometimes pleasantly called, is in fact, a collection of all classes of people who choose to go to the trouble and ex-

pense of appearing in dresses suited to an evening party. I am not sure that even dress is very much regarded, for I certainly saw a good many there in boots. . . . Squeezing through a crowd, we achieved a passage to a part of the room where Mrs. Monroe was standing, surrounded by a bevy of female friends. After making our bow here, we sought the President. The latter had posted himself at the top of the room, where he remained most of the evening, shaking hands with all who approached. Near him stood the Secretaries and a great number of the most distinguished men of the nation. Besides these, one meets here a great variety of people in other conditions of life. I have known a cartman to leave his horse in the street, and go into the reception-room, to shake hands with the President. He offended the good taste of all present, because it was not thought decent that a laborer should come in a dirty dress on such an occasion; but while he made a mistake in this particular, he proved how well he understood the difference between government and society."

It is very doubtful, however, if a cartman would have found it possible to have paid his respects to the first Chief Magistrate of the Nation in such a plight. Such a visitor at the White House, to-day, would make a sensation. In spite of the "cartman," we read that at Mrs. Monroe's drawing-rooms "elegance of dress was absolutely required." On one occasion, Mr. Monroe refused admission to a near relative, who happened not to have a suit of small-clothes and silk hose in which to present himself at a public reception. He was driven to the necessity of borrowing.

Society at Washington during the administration of Monroe was essentially Southern. Virginia, proud of her Presidents, sent forth her brightest flowers to adorn the court circle. The wealth of the sugar and cotton planters, and of the vast wheat-fields of the agricultural States,

enabled Southern Senators and Representatives to keep their carriages and liveried servants, and to maintain great state. Dinners and suppers with rich wines and the delicacies of the season had their persuasive influence over the minds as well as the appetites of the entertained. A few of the richer Members from the North vied with Southern Members in their style of living and entertainments; but so inconsiderable was their number, that they furnished only exceptions to the rule.

When the Monroes entered the White House, it had been partly rebuilt from its burning in 1814, but it could boast of few comforts and no elegance. The ruins of the former building lay in heaps about the mansion; the grounds were not fenced, and the street was in such a condition that it was an hourly sight to see four-horse wagons "stalled" before the house. In the first years of the administration the great East Room was the play-room of Mrs. Monroe's daughters.

Maria Hester, youngest daughter of President Monroe, was married during her father's term to Samuel L. Gouverneur, who was a nephew of Mrs. Monroe. This occasion was attended with much pomp and ceremony. Mrs. Hay, the eldest daughter, and Mrs. Gouverneur, assisted in dispensing the hospitalities of the White House and exercised a favorable influence on Washington society. The court circle in Monroe's administration maintained the aristocratic spirit and elevated tone which had characterized the previous administrations. Its superiority was universally acknowledged.

Maria Monroe was one day in her father's office, during his Presidency, when William H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury, came in, urging something on Mr. Monroe which he wanted time to consider. Crawford insisted with vehemence on its being done at once; saying, at length, "I will not leave this room until my request is granted." "You

will not!" exclaimed the President, starting up and seizing the poker; "you will *now* leave the room or you will be thrust out." Crawford was not long in making his exit.

After laying down the burden of State cares, Monroe retired to his home, Oak Hill, Virginia. He had the society of his beloved wife in this pleasant retreat for only a few years. Here she died in September, 1830, and her grave was made under the shade of a large pine tree in the garden. Her daughter, Maria, was laid beside her in 1850.

After the death of his wife the widower went on a visit to New York. Here in his failing health he was watched with filial solicitude and tenderness. As a private citizen he emerged from all his successive public trusts with poverty as the emblem of his purity and the badge of all his public honors. In the death of his devoted wife he realized that his cup of earthly sorrow was full to the brim. She had adorned every public position with enviable graces of person and mind. She had nobly participated in all his troubles, and with her loss all the hopes of his declining years faded rapidly. He died in New York City in 1831, aged 73.

The portrait which Leslie gives us of Louisa Catherine Johnson, the wife of John Quincy Adams, son of the second President of the United States, reminds us in outline and costume of the Empress Josephine and the Court of the first Napoleon.

She wears the scanty robe of the period, its sparse outline revealing the slender elegance of the figure, the low waist and short sleeves trimmed with lace and edged with pearls. One long glove is drawn nearly to the elbow, the other is held in the hand, which droops carelessly over the back of a chair. There is a necklace around the throat. Thrown across one shoulder and over her lap is a mantle of exquisite lace. The close bands of the hair, edged with a few graceful curls, and fastened high at the back with a coronet comb, reveal the classic outline of the small head; the

face is oval, the features delicate and vivacious; the eyes beautiful in their clear, spiritual gaze. This is the portrait of a President's wife, whose early advantages of society and culture far transcended those of almost any other woman of her time.

The daughter of Joshua Johnson, of Maryland, she was born, educated, and married in London. As a bride she went to the court of Berlin, to which her husband was appointed American Minister on the accession of his father to the Presidency. In 1801 she went to Boston, to dwell with her husband's people, but very soon came to Washington as the wife of a Senator. On the accession of Madison, leaving her two elder children with their grandparents, she took a third, not two years of age, and embarked with her husband for Russia, whither he went as United States Minister.

Nothing could be more graphic than the diary which she kept on this three-months voyage. Summer merged into winter before the little wave-and-wind-beaten bark touched that inhospitable shore. The first American Minister to Russia, Mr. Adams lived in St. Petersburg for six years, "poor, studious, ambitious, and secluded." Happily for him, his wife possessed mental and spiritual resources which lifted her above all dependence on conventional attention from the world, and made her in every respect the meet companion of a scholar and patriot.

In the wake of furious war, through storm and snow-drifts, through a country ravaged by passion and strife, she traveled alone, with her little child, from St. Petersburg to Paris, whither she went to meet her husband. Here she witnessed the storm of delight which greeted Napoleon on his return from Elba. Mr. Adams was appointed Minister to the Court of St. James, and after a separation of six years Mrs. Adams was reunited to her children.

In 1817, Mr. Monroe, on his accession to the Presidency,

immediately appointed John Quincy Adams Secretary of State, and Mrs. Adams returned with him to Washington. For eight years she was the elegant successor of Mrs. Madison, who filled the same position with so much distinction. No one was excluded from her house on account of political hostility — all sectional bitterness and party strife were banished from her drawing-rooms.

As the wife of the Secretary of State, Mrs. Adams gave a magnificent ball, the fame of which still lives in history. It was given January 8, 1824, in commemoration of General Jackson's victory at New Orleans. At this celebrated entertainment the belles appeared in the full dress of the period, when the dress waist ended just under the arms, and its depth, front and back, was not over three or four inches. The skirts, narrow and plain, were terminated by a flounce just resting on the floor. The gloves reached to the elbow, and were of such fine kid that they were often imported in the shell of an English walnut. Slippers and silk stockings of the color of the dress were worn, with gay ribbons crossed and tied over the instep. The hair was combed high, fastened with a tortoise-shell comb — the married ladies wearing ostrich feathers and turbans. While the belles were thus attired, their beaux were decked in blue coats, with gilt buttons, white or buff waistcoats, white neckties and high "chokers," silk stockings, and pumps.

At this ball Daniel Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were conspicuous in this dress. General Jackson, with Mrs. Adams on his arm, made the central figure of the assembly. Mrs. Adams wore "a suit of steel." The dress was composed of steel-colored llama-cloth; her ornaments for head, throat, and arms were all of cut steel, producing a dazzling effect. General Jackson's entire devotion to her during the evening was the subject of comment. After the manner of to-day, it was declared that he was "smiling for the Presidency." He was the lion of the evening. All the houses of the first

ward were illuminated in his honor. Bonfires made the streets light as day, and the "sovereign people" shouted his name and fame. That night fixed his presidential star in the ascendancy.

Through fiery opposition, John Quincy Adams was elected President. From the time she became mistress of the President's house, failing health inclined Mrs. Adams to seek seclusion, but she still continued to preside at public receptions. Her vivacity and pleasing manner did much to warm the chill caused by Mr. Adams' apathy or apparent coldness. Those who knew him declared that he had the warmest heart and the deepest sympathies, but he had an unfortunate way of hiding them. It is told that when he was candidate for the Presidency, his friends persuaded him to go to a cattle-show. Among the persons who ventured to address him was a respectable farmer, who impulsively exclaimed: "Mr. Adams, I am very glad to see you. My wife, when she was a gal, lived in your father's family; you were then a little boy, and she has often combed your head."

"Well," said Mr. Adams, in a harsh voice, "I suppose she combs yours now."

The poor farmer slunk back discomfited. If he gave John Quincy Adams his vote he was more magnanimous than the average citizen of to-day would be to so rude a candidate.

A gentleman who was soliciting contributions to a worthy object among officers of high rank in the govern ment found little encouragement. He was recommended to call on Mr. Adams. "On that iceberg!" he exclaimed, "it would be folly." However, he finally went to see Mr. Adams. He looked over the paper, took out his pocket-book, and handed the young man, in silence, two notes of twenty dollars each.

A writer of her time speaks of Mrs. Adams' "enchant-

ing, elegant, and intellectual *régime*," declaring that it should give tone to the whole country. Her fine culture, intellectual tastes, and charming social qualities, combined to attract about her a circle of distinguished women.

Mrs. Adams was the "lady of the White House" when, in 1825, Lafayette visited the United States, and, at the invitation of the President, spent the last weeks of his stay at the Executive Mansion, from which, on the seventh of September, he bade his pathetic farewell to the land of his adoption.

John Adams, second son of John Quincy and Mrs. Adams, married his cousin, February, 1828, in the Blue Room. Four bridesmaids were in attendance, and a round of festivities followed the wedding.

Mrs. Adams died May 14, 1852, and was buried beside her husband in the family burying-ground at Quincy, Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE PRESIDENTS, THEIR WIVES, AND FAMOUS LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE CONTINUED — PRESIDENTS' WIVES WHO NEVER ENTERED THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

President Andrew Jackson and Mrs. Rachel Robards — The Story of Jackson's Courtship — An Innocent Mistake — Jackson's Resentful Disposition — His Morbid Sensitiveness About His Wife's Reputation — "Do You Dare, Villain, To Mention Her Sacred Name?" — His Duel with Governor Sevier — A Tragical Experience — Kills Charles Dickinson in a Duel — Mrs. Jackson's Piety — Her Influence Over Her Husband — His Profanity and Quick Temper — Her Unwillingness To Preside at the White House — An Arrow that Pierced Her Heart — He Enters the White House a Widower — Faithful to Her Memory — Children Born in the White House — The Story of a Baby Curl — "Try Him in Irish, Jimmy" — An Astonished Minister — The Wife of President Van Buren — The Wife of President William Henry Harrison.

ANDREW JACKSON was the presidential successor of John Quincy Adams. His wife, who was Mrs. Rachel Robards when Jackson first met her, was the daughter of Col. John Donelson of Virginia, one of the pioneers of Tennessee, after whom was named Fort Donelson, captured by General Grant the second year of the Civil War. Mrs. Jackson never entered the President's house, for she had passed from earth before her husband became the Chief Magistrate of the Nation. Yet it is doubtful if the wife of any other President ever exerted so powerful and positive an influence over an administration in life as did Mrs. Jackson after death. Born and reared on the frontiers of civili-

zation, her educational advantages had been but scanty, and she never mastered more than the simplest rudiments of knowledge. Yet, looking on her pictured face, it is easy to fathom and define the power which, through life and beyond the grave, held in sweet abeyance the master-will of her husband. It was a power purely womanly — the affectional force of a woman of exalted moral nature and deep affections. It was impossible that such a woman should use arts to win love, and equally impossible that she should not be loved. Men would love her instinctively, through the best and highest in their natures.

Andrew Jackson, or "Andy," as he was commonly called, was twenty-four when he married Mrs. Robards. She and her first husband were boarding with her mother, Mrs. Donelson, then a widow, when Jackson became a boarder under the same roof. Mrs. Robards' husband, suspicious and morose, was needlessly jealous of her, and made her very unhappy. Jackson was fond of her society, though he in no manner passed the boundaries of the most conventional decorum. Her husband believed, or pretended to believe, that Jackson was his wife's lover, and applied to the legislature for an act preliminary to divorce. Jackson and Mrs. Robards supposed the act itself a divorce, and they were married two years before the divorce was allowed.

This innocent mistake (they were married again as soon as it was discovered) was the source of endless annoyance and sorrow to them both. To the day of Jackson's death he was so sensitive and fiery on the subject that, if any man hinted at any impropriety in their relations, he at once called the slanderer to account. Indeed, he was little less than a monomaniac in regard to his wife. Several of his most savage conflicts grew directly or indirectly out of what he believed to be reflections on her fair fame. If ever a man was madly in love that man was Andrew Jackson. He fancied his wife to be a goddess, an angel, a saint,

and he wanted to kill anybody who dared express any other opinion. His resentful disposition kept him alert for the slightest insinuation against her.

Much of Jackson's early life in Tennessee was spent in fighting the Indians and his private enemies, of whom he always had a host. He was one of the most irascible and pugnacious of mortals, and his ire, aroused by the slightest cause, was deadly. Possessed of many generous and noble qualities, he was often in his resentments no better than a madman. When he was one of the judges of the supreme court of Tennessee, John Sevier was governor. They had quarreled, and Jackson had challenged the governor, who had declined the challenge. Still on bad terms, they met one day in the streets of Knoxville, and after exchanging a few words, Sevier made some slighting allusion to Mrs. Jackson. Her husband roared out, "Do you dare, villain, to mention her sacred name?" Drawing a pistol, he fired at the governor, who returned the shot. They fired again, ineffectually, and then bystanders interfered. Not long after, they encountered one another on horseback on the road, each accompanied by a friend. Again they shot at one another, and murder would have followed, had not some travelers, who had chanced to come up, separated the combatants. Jackson had the reputation of being a dead shot; but he frequently missed his man, owing to his being unnerved by the excitement of the occasion.

One of the most tragical of his experiences was his duel, some years before, with Charles Dickinson, who had committed the unpardonable sin of commenting freely on Mrs. Jackson. They had had several disagreements, and Jackson finally spoke of Dickinson in so violent a manner that his language was repeated, as the General wished it should be, to the man himself. Thereupon Dickinson, who was about to start for New Orleans, wrote Jackson a letter, denouncing him as a liar and a coward. On his return,

Jackson challenged him, and they met on the banks of the Red River in Logan county, Kentucky, early in the morning of May 30, 1806. Dickinson got first fire, breaking a rib, and making a serious wound in the breast of his opponent, who showed no sign of having been hit. He had felt sure of killing his antagonist, and exclaimed, "Great God! have I missed him?"

Jackson, then taking deliberate aim, pulled the trigger, but the weapon did not explode. It stopped at half-cock. He cocked it fully, and again calmly and carefully leveling it, fired. The bullet passed through Dickinson's body, just above the hips; he fell, and died that night after suffering terrible agony. Jackson never recovered from the hurt, and never expressed the least remorse for what many persons pronounced a cold-blooded murder. There is no doubt that he had made up his mind to kill Dickinson. Any man who had spoken discreditably of Mrs. Jackson had, in his opinion, forfeited the right to live.

Rachel Jackson was a woman of deep personal piety, and she longed for nothing so much as the time when her husband would be done with political honors, as he had assured her that then, and not till then, could he "be a Christian." The following anecdote illustrates the profound influence she held over the moral nature of her husband.

An intimate friend of Mrs. Jackson was on a visit to the Hermitage. Mrs. Jackson talked to him of religion and said the General was disposed to be religious; that she believed he would join the church were it not for the coming presidential election, but his head was now full of politics. While they were conversing, the General came in with a newspaper in his hand, to which he referred as denouncing his mother as a camp follower. "This is too bad!" he exclaimed, rising into a passion and swearing terribly. His wife approached him, and looking him in

the face, simply said, "Mr. Jackson!" He was subdued in an instant, and did not utter another oath.

In the same presidential contest this gentle being did not herself escape calumny. When her husband was elected President of the United States, she said: "For Mr. Jackson's sake, I am glad; for my own, I never wished it." To an intimate friend she said in all sincerity: "I assure you I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in that palace in Washington." Dearer to her heart was the Hermitage, with the little chapel built by her husband for her own especial use, than all the prospective pomp of the President's house.

She was a mother to every servant on the estate, and being anxious to make everyone comfortable during her anticipated absence in Washington, she made numerous journeys to Nashville, to purchase, for those left behind, their winter supplies. Worn out after a day's shopping, she went to the parlor of the Nashville Inn to rest. While she waited there for the family coach which was to convey her to the Hermitage, she heard her own name spoken in the adjoining room. She was compelled to hear, while she sat there, pale and smitten, the false and cruel calumnies against herself which had so recklessly been used during the campaign to defeat her husband, and which he had zealously excluded from her sight in the newspapers. Here the poisoned arrow came back from the misfortune of her youth, when she married a man intellectually and morally her inferior, and it entered her gentle heart too deep to be withdrawn. She returned to the Hermitage, and was soon after seized with a spasmodic affection of the heart, which terminated in death.

In Parton's "Life of Andrew Jackson," we find this account of Mrs. Jackson's last days. The detail of the facts, he states, were given him by "Hannah," her faithful servant. in whose arms she died after an illness of seven days,

during which time everything was done that skilled and loving hands could do, but without avail.

"It was a Wednesday morning, December 17. All was going on as usual at the Hermitage. The General was in the fields, at some distance from the house, and Mrs. Jackson, apparently in tolerable health, was occupied in her household duties. Old Hannah asked her to come into the kitchen to give her opinion upon some article of food that was in course of preparation. She performed the duty required of her, and returned to her usual sitting-room, followed by Hannah. Suddenly she uttered a horrible shriek, placed her hands upon her heart, sunk into a chair, struggling for breath, and fell forward into Hannah's arms. There were only servants in the house, many of whom ran frantically in, uttering the loud lamentations with which Africans are wont to give vent to their feelings. The stricken lady was placed upon her bed, and while messengers hurried away for assistance, Hannah employed the only remedies she knew to relieve the anguish of her mistress.

"No relief. She writhed in agony. She fought for breath. The General came in, alarmed beyond description. The doctor arrived. Mrs. A. J. Donelson hurried in from her house near by. The Hermitage was soon filled with near relatives, friends, and servants. With short intervals of partial relief, Mrs. Jackson continued to suffer all that a woman could suffer for the space of sixty hours; during which time her husband never left her bed-side for ten minutes. On Friday evening she was much better, was almost free from pain, and breathed with far less difficulty. The first use, and indeed, the only use she made of her recovered speech was to protest to the General that she was quite well, and to implore him to go to another room and sleep, and by no means to allow her indisposition to prevent his attending the banquet on the 23d. She told him that the day of the banquet would be a very fatiguing one, and he

must not permit his strength to be reduced by want of sleep.

"Still the General would not leave her. He distrusted this sudden relief. He feared it was the relief of torpor or exhaustion, and the more as the remedies prescribed by Dr. Hogg, the attending physician, had not produced their designed effect. Saturday and Sunday passed, and still she lay free from serious pain, but weak and listless; the General still her watchful, constant, almost sleepless attendant.

"On Monday evening, the evening before the 23d, her disease appeared to take a decided turn for the better; and she then so earnestly entreated the General to prepare for the fatigues of the morrow by having a night of undisturbed sleep, that he consented at last to go into an adjoining room and lie down upon a sofa. The doctor was still in the house. Hannah and George were to sit up with their mistress.

"At 9 o'clock the General bade her good-night, went into the next room and took off his coat, preparatory to lying down. He had been gone about five minutes. Mrs. Jackson was then, for the first time, removed from her bed that it might be rearranged for the night. While sitting in a chair supported in the arms of Hannah, she uttered a long, loud inarticulate cry, which was immediately followed by a rattling noise in the throat. Her head fell forward upon Hannah's shoulder. She never spoke nor breathed again."

The grief of her husband amounted to agony. His anguish seemed too intense to be endured, but he lived to worship her memory and defend her name for many years.

With the wound of his loss fresh and bleeding, President Jackson entered upon his high office. Thus in death Rachel Jackson became the tutelary saint of the President's house. Wherever he went he wore her miniature. No matter what had been the duties or pleasures of the day, when the man came back to himself, and to his lonely room, her Bible and her picture took the place of the beloved face and tender

presence which had been the one charm and love of his heroic life.

No other portrait of a President's wife looks down upon posterity with so winsome and innocent a gaze as that of Rachel Jackson. A cap of soft lace surmounts the dark curls which cluster about her forehead and fall like a veil over her shoulders. The full lace ruffle around her neck is not fastened with even a brooch, and, save the long pendants in her ears, she wears no ornaments. Her throat is massive, her lips full and sweet in expression, her brow broad and rounded, her eye-brows arching above a pair of large, liquid, gazelle-like eyes, whose soft, womanly outlook is sure to win and to disarm the beholder. This remarkable loveliness of spirit and person was the source of fatal sorrow to Rachel Jackson. It won her reverence, amounting almost to adoration, but it made her also the victim of jealousy, envy, and malice. These made the shadows over her whole life, notwithstanding the wealth of love showered upon her.

Probably into no other administration of the government, from its first to the present, has personal feeling had so much to do with official appointments as in the offices emptied and filled by Andrew Jackson. He had only to suspect that a man had failed to espouse the cause of the beloved Rachel, and his unlucky official head immediately came off. It was told him that Mr. Watterson, the Librarian of Congress, had told or listened to something to the detriment of Mrs. Jackson, and Mr. Watterson was immediately deposed. Though she was avenged at times in acts of personal injustice, in her own pure tones she spoke through him in all the higher acts of his administration. Thus it was in spirit that Rachel Jackson lived and reigned at the White House.

Emily Donelson, wife of Andrew Jackson Donelson, Mrs. Jackson's nephew and adopted son, with Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Jr., the wife of another adopted son, shared together the

social honors of the White House during the administration of President Jackson. The delicate question of precedence between them was thus settled by him. He said to Mrs. Jackson: "You, my dear, are mistress of the Hermitage. and Emily is hostess of the White House."

Emily Donelson was of remarkable beauty. Her manners were of singular fascination, and she dressed with exquisite taste. The dress she wore at the first inauguration is still preserved. It is of amber satin brocaded with bouquets of rose-leaves and violets, trimmed with white lace and pearls. It was a present from General Jackson, and even at that day, before the "society column" became a prominent feature of the newspapers, was described in every paper of the Union. General Jackson always called her "my daughter." She was the child of Mrs. Jackson's brother, and married to her cousin. She was quick at repartee, and possessed the rare gift of being able to listen gracefully. A foreign Minister once said: "Madame, you dance with the grace of a Parisian. I can hardly realize that you were educated in Tennessee."

"Count, you forget," was the spirited reply, "that grace is a cosmopolite, and, like a wild flower, is found oftener in the woods than in the streets of a city."

Her four children were born in the White House. But in the midst of its honors, in the flower of her youth, "the lovely Emily" went out from its portals to die. She sought the softer airs of "Tulip Grove," her home in Tennessee, where she died of consumption, December, 1836.

It is related that when the corner-stone of the Treasury building was laid, Andrew Jackson was asked to supply some special memento, and he complied by clipping a lock from the head of baby Mary Donelson. When little Mary was christened, both Houses of Congress were invited, and the ceremony took place in the East Room, the President holding her in his arms; Martin Van Buren stood god-

father, while Cora Livingston, daughter of the Secretary of State, and the belle and beauty of the administration, officiated as godmother. Years after there came to Washington a widowed and saddened woman, who was glad to accept a clerkship in the great department whose cornerstone holds her sunny baby curl. She did her work there nobly, educating her family through her own earnings as clerk.

A lady gives the following picture of an evening scene at the White House, in the early part of Jackson's administration:

"The large parlor was scantily furnished; there was light from the chandelier, and a blazing fire in the grate; four or five ladies sewing around it; Mrs. Donelson, Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Jr., Mrs. Edward Livingston. Five or six children were playing about, regardless of documents or work-baskets. At the farther end of the room sat the President, in his arm-chair, wearing a long loose coat, and smoking a long reed pipe, with a bowl of red clay — combining the dignity of the patriarch, monarch, and Indian chief. Just behind, was Edward Livingston, the Secretary of State, reading a dispatch from the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. The ladies glance admiringly, now and then, at the President, who listens, waving his pipe toward the children, when they become too boisterous."

During Jackson's administration a new Minister arrived from Lisbon, and the Secretary of State appointed for him a day to be presented to the President. The hour was set, and the Secretary expected the Minister to call at the State Department; but the Portuguese had misunderstood the Secretary's French, and he proceeded alone to the White House. He rang the bell, and the door was opened by the Irish porter, Jimmy O'Neil. "*Je suis venu voir Monsieur le President*," said the Minister. "What the deuce does he mean!" muttered Jimmy. "He says President, though, so

I suppose he wants to see the Gineral." "*Oui, oui,*" said the Portuguese, bowing.

Jimmy ushered him into the Green Room, where the General was smoking his corn-cob pipe with great composure. The Minister made his bow to the President, and addressed him in French, of which the General did not understand a word. "What does the fellow say, Jimmy?" said he. "I dunno, sir; but I think he's a furriner." "Try him in Irish, Jimmy," said Old Hickory. Jimmy gave him a touch of the genuine Milesian, but the Minister only shrugged his shoulders with the usual "*Plait il?*" "Och! exclaimed Jimmy, "he can't go the Irish, sir. He's Frinch, to be sure!" "Send for the French cook, and let him try if he can find out what the gentleman wants." The cook was hurried from the kitchen, sleeves rolled up, apron on, and a huge carving-knife in his hand. The Minister seeing this formidable apparition, and doubting he was in the presence of the Head of the Nation, feared some treachery, and made for the door, before which Jimmy planted himself to keep him in. When the cook, by the General's order, asked who he was, and what he wanted, and he gave a subdued answer, the President discovered his character. At this juncture the Secretary came in, and the Minister was presented in due form. It is said General Jackson always resented allusion to this incident.

One of Jackson's best traits was his inherent and unvarying respect for women, toward whom he ever conducted himself with chivalrous delicacy, not to be expected in a man of such antecedents, and of so impetuous and turbulent a disposition. While he was detested by many, he was popular with the masses. Many of the acts for which he once was savagely denounced have come to be generally approved. He was narrow, ignorant, overflowing with passion and prejudice; but honest, single-minded, and, according to his light, a true and conscientious patriot.

Hannah Hoes, the wife of President Martin Van Buren, died in her youth, long before he had grown to high political honors. She had been dead seventeen years when, as the eighth President of the United States, he entered the White House. During his administration its social honors were dispensed by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Abram Van Buren, born Angelica Singleton, of South Carolina, who entered upon her duties and pleasures as a bride. She was of illustrious lineage, possessed of finely-cultivated powers, and is said to have "borne the fatigue of a three-hours levee with a patience and pleasantry inexhaustible." Doubtless she shared some of the help which bore Mr. Monroe triumphantly through a similar scene.

"Are you not completely worn out?" inquired a friend.

"Oh, no!" replied President Monroe. "A little flattery will support a man through great fatigue."

Anna Symmes, the wife of President William Henry Harrison, a lady of strong intelligence and deep piety, never came to the White House. Her delicate health forbade her to leave home at the time her husband made his presidential journey to Washington. In a little more than a month he was borne back to her, released by death. She survived, almost to the age of ninety, to bid sons and grandsons Godspeed when they went forth to fight for their country — as she had bidden her gallant husband the same, when he left her amid her flock of little ones, in the days of her youth, for the same cause. From time to time sons and grandsons came from the field of battle to receive her blessing anew. She said to one: "Go, my son. Your country needs your services. I do not. I feel that my prayers in your behalf will be heard, and that you will return in safety." And the grandson did come back to receive her final blessing, after many hard-fought battles.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE PRESIDENTS, THEIR WIVES, AND FAMOUS LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE CONTINUED—SOME BRIDES OF THE WHITE HOUSE—A PRESIDENT'S WIFE WHO PRAYED FOR HIS DEFEAT.

The Courtship of President John Tyler — Engaged for Five Years — Kissing His Sweetheart's Hand for the First Time — An Old-Time Lover — Death of Mrs. Tyler in the White House — The Young and Beautiful Mrs. Robert Tyler — A Former Actress — From the Footlights to the Executive Mansion — "Can This be I?" — "Actually Living in the White House!" — Recalling Her Theatrical Career — President Tyler's Second Bride — His Son's Account of the Courtship — The Wife of President Polk — Polk's Courtship — Mrs. Polk's Great Popularity — Acting as Private Secretary to Her Husband — "Sarah Knows Where It Is" — The Wife of General Zachary Taylor — Her Devotion to Her Husband — An Unwilling Mistress of the White House — Praying for Her Husband's Defeat — "Betty Bliss"

MRS. LETITIA CHRISTIAN TYLER, wife of President John Tyler, was another sensitive, saintly soul, whose children rose up and called her blessed. General Tyler, son of President Tyler, says of his father's courtship: "His courtship was much more formal than that of to-day. He was seldom alone with her before their marriage, and he has told me that he never mustered up courage enough to kiss his sweetheart's hand until three weeks before their wedding, though he was engaged for nearly five years. He asked her parents' consent before proposing to her, and when he visited her at the home of Colonel Christian, her father, on his large plantation, he was entertained in the parlors where the whole family were assembled together.

As was the custom then among the better class of Virginian families, the lover never thought of going out riding in the same carriage with his affianced, but rode along on horseback at the side of the carriage, which always contained one or more ladies in addition to his sweetheart to add decorum to the occasion."

Mrs. Tyler died in the White House, September 10, 1842. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Robert Tyler, writing of the event, says:

"Nothing can exceed the loneliness of this large and gloomy mansion, hung with black, its walls echoing only sighs and groans. My poor husband suffered dreadfully when he was told his mother's eyes were constantly turned to the door watching for him. He had left Washington to bring me and the children, at her request. She had every thing about her to awaken love. She was beautiful to the eye, even in her illness; her complexion was clear as an infant's, her figure perfect, and her hands and feet were the most delicate I ever saw. She was refined and gentle in every thing that she said and did; and, above all, a pure and spotless Christian. She was my *beau idéal* of a perfect gentlewoman.

"The devotion of father and sons to her was most affecting. I don't think I ever saw her enter a room that all three did not spring up to lead her to a chair, to arrange her footstool, and caress and pet her."

The social duties of the White House now devolved upon Mrs. Robert Tyler. She was young, beautiful, and vivacious, the daughter of Cooper, the tragedian, and Eliza Fairlie, whose marriage was one of the sensations of their day. She had been brought up by her parents with the greatest care, and had been on the stage for a short time, acting with her father when his financial affairs were at their worst. From Washington, young Mrs. Tyler wrote to her sister:

"What wonderful changes take place, my dearest M——! Here am I, *née* Priscilla Cooper ('*nez retroussé*,' you will perhaps think), actually living in and, what is more, presiding at —— the White House! I look at myself, like the little old woman, and exclaim, 'Can this be I?' I have not had one moment to myself since my arrival, and the most extraordinary thing is that I feel as if I had been used to living here always, and receive the Cabinet Ministers, the Diplomatic Corps, the heads of the army and navy, etc., etc., with a faculty which astonishes me. 'Some achieve greatness, some are born to it.' I am plainly born to it. I really do possess a degree of modest assurance that surprises me more than it does any one else. I am complimented on every side; my hidden virtues are coming out. I am considered '*charmante*' by the Frenchmen, 'lovely' by the Americans, and 'really quite nice, you know,' by the English. . . .

"I have had some lovely dresses made, which fit me to perfection,— one a pearl-colored silk that will set you crazy. . . . I occupy poor General Harrison's room. . . . The nice comfortable bedroom, with its handsome furniture and curtains, its luxurious arm-chairs, and all its belongings, I enjoy, I believe, more than anything in the establishment. The pleasantest part of my life is when I can shut myself up here with my precious baby. . . .

"The greatest trouble I anticipate is paying visits. There was a doubt at first whether I must visit in person or send cards; but I asked Mrs. Madison's advice upon the subject, and she says, return all my visits by all means. Mrs. Bache says so, too. So three days in the week I am to spend three hours a day driving from one street to another in this city of magnificent distances. . . . I see so many great men and so constantly that I cannot appreciate the blessing! The fact is, when you meet them in every-day life you forget they *are* great men at all, and just find them

the most charming companions in the world, talking the most delightful nonsense, especially the almost awful-looking Mr. Webster, who entertains me with the most charming gossip."

In her sprightly letters she frequently alludes to the change in her own position, showing that in the midst of her enjoyment of life at the White House she forgot nothing in the past. Writing on one occasion of a ball, she said: "As I declined dancing, I had the pleasure of talking to many grave Senators, and among the rest had a long conversation with Mr. Southard. As we stood at the end of the room, which is the old theater transformed into a ball-room, he said, 'On this very spot where we stand I saw the best acting that I ever witnessed.'

"Though my heart told me to whom he alluded, I could not help asking him 'what was the play, and who the actor?' 'The play was Macbeth; the performer, Mr. Cooper.' I could not restrain the tears which sprung to my eyes as I heard my dear father so enthusiastically spoken of. I looked around, and thought that not only had papa's footsteps trod those boards. I looked down at the velvet dress of Mrs. Tyler, and thought of the one I wore there six years before as Lady Randolph, when we struggled through a miserable engagement of a few rainy nights!"

Mrs. Robert Tyler presided at the White House till June, 1844, when President Tyler married again.

President Tyler and his first wife were of nearly the same age, he being only eight months her senior. Their wedding took place on his twenty-third birthday, and their married life of twenty-nine years was a most happy one. His second marriage took place two years after the death of his first wife. President Tyler was then fifty-four. The bride was a girl hardly out of her teens. Her name was Miss Julia Gardiner, and she was the daughter of a wealthy gentleman of Gardiner's Island, New York.

General Tyler, President Tyler's son, says that in the second winter after his mother's death Mr. Gardiner and his two daughters came to Washington on their return from Europe. They visited the White House one evening, and he, as private secretary, took their cards and introduced them to the family. A short time after they called upon his sister, who was then presiding at the White House, and she returned their call, discovering that the girls were very beautiful and accomplished and also of excellent family. At the opening of the following season they were again in Washington, and renewed their attentions to the President and his family. The President, becoming infatuated with Miss Julia and she reciprocating his affections, they became engaged and were married in June, 1844.

The February previous, Commodore Stockton gave a party on board his flagship, the *Princeton*, then lying in the Potomac, to which President Tyler and the chief officers of State were invited. A gun, fired in salute, exploded, killing several prominent men, among whom was Miss Gardiner's father. It was on account of this affliction that the marriage was celebrated very quietly at the Church of the Ascension in New York City.

Mrs. Tyler was a beautiful, well-educated woman, of graceful, dignified appearance. Her reign in the White House was characterized more by stateliness than cordiality. The brief eight months of her residence in the Executive Mansion passed without incident of importance. But doubtless the realization of her ambition to be the mistress of the President's house was not all that she had fancied, and many were the wounds she received from the disappointed and unsympathetic members of the President's family, who felt that she, being a New Yorker, was not one of them. Her youth, beauty, and culture were sufficient grounds for criticisms in which the family and others freely indulged.

After the expiration of President Tyler's term they went

to Richmond to live. The prejudice against Mrs. Tyler on account of her Northern birth was more manifest there than it had been in Washington, merchants, shopkeepers, and all classes resenting her orders to have things sent to "Mrs. President Tyler." Ex-President Tyler was a devoted husband, however, and for seventeen years they lived in perfect domestic felicity, several children having been born to them during that time

In 1861 Mr. Tyler was a member of the Peace Convention, held in Washington, in the futile hope of arranging the difficulties between the seceded states and the National government. The convention being without result, he cast his fortunes with the Confederacy, and presented the unprecedented spectacle of a former Chief Magistrate in open rebellion against the government of which he had once been the head. He died on January 17, 1862, at Richmond, Virginia, while a member of the Confederate Congress.

After the death of Mr. Tyler and the close of the rebellion, Mrs. Tyler spent much of her time with her mother at the Gardiner home on Long Island, going back and forth to Richmond. Her youngest daughter, Miss Pearl Tyler, was very beautiful. She was educated at the Georgetown Convent. During the administration of President Arthur, Mrs. Tyler was in Washington much of her time, being frequently entertained at the White House and in other official and private houses.

Mrs. James K. Polk, wife of the eleventh President of the United States, was one of the most intellectual women who ever presided in the White House. Strictly educated in a Moravian Institute, her attainments were more than ordinary, her understanding stronger than that of average women.

When Polk met her she was a belle of Tennessee, and there is a tradition that he was advised by General Jackson to marry her. Jackson, who was a good friend of young Polk, thought his attentions among the ladies were entirely too

promiscuous. He urged him to select one of the number of his sweethearts, so the story goes, telling him at the same time that among them all he could not find a sweeter woman or a better wife than Sallie Childress. Polk took Jackson's advice, proposed, and was accepted. At the age of twenty she came to Washington as his wife, he being then a member of Congress from Tennessee.

Many years of her youth and prime were spent at the Capital, and, as she had no children, she had more than ordinary opportunity to devote herself exclusively to the service of her husband. He was Speaker of the House before he became President of the United States, and in every position she was called upon to fill Mrs. Polk commanded respect and admiration on her own behalf, aside from the honor always paid to the person holding high station. Many poems in the public prints were addressed to her, — one, while she was the wife of a Member of Congress, by Judge Story.

When her husband became the President, Mrs. Polk was deemed the supreme ornament of the White House, and the public journals of the land broke forth into gratulation that the domestic life of the Nation's house was to be represented by one who honored American womanhood. Mrs. Polk was tall, slender, and stately, with much dignity of bearing, and a manner said to resemble that of Mrs. Madison. The stateliness of her presence was conspicuous, and so impressed an English lady that she declared that "not one of the three queens whom she had seen could compare with the truly feminine, yet distinguished presence of Mrs. Polk."

Mrs. Polk was her husband's private secretary, and, probably, the only lady of the White House who ever filled that office. She took charge of his papers, he trusting entirely to her memory and method of their safe keeping. If he wanted a document, long before labeled and "pigeonholed," he said: "Sarah knows where it is;" and it was "Sarah's" ever-ready hand that laid it before his eyes.

Mrs. Polk was considered a very handsome woman. Her hair and eyes were very black, and she had the complexion of a Spanish donna. Without being technically "literary," she was fond of study and of intellectual pursuits, and possessed a decided talent for conversation. In her youth she became a member of the Presbyterian church, and through a long life her character was eminently that of a sincere Christian. Always devout, her piety in later years became almost fanaticism; but even in the prime of her beauty and power she never gave her presence or approval to the dissipation, the insidiously-corrupting influence of what is termed "gay life in Washington."

After his retirement from public life at the expiration of his administration, Mr. and Mrs. Polk removed to Nashville, Tenn., where for some time the ex-President was absorbed in the embellishment of a fine property, which was his home for the remainder of his life, and is now known as Polk Place, in the very heart of the city. The grounds occupy a whole square; the stately mansion in the center was something regal for those days, and is so yet, barring the decay of time.

The large rooms and broad hall have many souvenirs on their walls which were presented to Mr. Polk during his public life. On the second floor is Mr. Polk's study, just as he left it, the loving wife refusing during her lifetime to allow anything in it to be touched by any but her own hands. Her devotion to her husband led Mrs. Polk to insist that he should be laid to rest in their own grounds. Choosing a corner of the east front, she caused to be erected an elaborate tomb of native marble. It is in the form of a temple, with Doric columns supporting a dome-like roof. Three sides are covered with inscriptions, in Mrs. Polk's own words, recording the principal events of his life and his character as citizen and statesman.

Mrs. Polk survived her husband for many years, receiv-

ing always the most distinguished consideration. All noted visitors were taken to pay their respects to her; the legislature, the courts, and other bodies convening in Nashville invariably paid their respects to this revered woman. During the rebellion, in common with all people in the South, Mrs. Polk lost much by the depreciation of her property; but the protection of her home and herself was a pleasure alike to all Union and Confederate soldiers. The great commanders of either army who entered Nashville hastened to do her honor. The aged historian, George Bancroft, who had been a member of Mr. Polk's cabinet, journeyed to Nashville just before his death to visit Mrs. Polk and express his continued regard for her husband and herself.

Mrs. Polk filled her position as the wife of a public man with rare acceptability, winning from the whole Nation love and admiration. Dying in a ripe old age, honored and beloved by all who knew her, she was laid by reverent hands beside her beloved husband beneath the little temple she had erected to his memory.

Mrs. Taylor, the wife of General Zachary Taylor, the twelfth President of the United States, was one of those modest, retiring women of whose heroism fame keeps no record. Her life, in its self-abnegation and wifely devotion, under every stress of privation and danger, on the Indian's trail, amid fever-breeding swamps, and on the edge of the battle-field, was more heroic than that ever dreamed of by Martha Washington — or continuously lived by any Presidential lady of the Revolution.

When General Taylor received the official announcement that he was elected President of the United States, he said: "For more than a quarter of a century my house has been the tent, and my home the battle-field." This utterance was simply true, and through all these years, this precarious house and home were shared by his devoted wife. He was one of the hardest-worked of army officers. Intervals of

official repose at West Point and Washington never came to this young "Indian fighter." His life was literally spent in the savage wilderness; but whether in the swamps of Florida, on the plains of Mexico, or on the desolate border of the frontier, the young wife, who was Miss Margaret Smith, of Calvert County, Maryland, persistently followed, loved, and helped him. Thus all her children were born, and kept with her till old enough to live without her care; then, for their own sakes, she gave them up, and sent them back to "the settlements" for the education indispensable to their future lives — but, whatever the cost, she stayed with her husband.

The devotion to duty, and the cheerfulness under privation of this tender woman — the wife of their chief — penetrated the whole of his pioneer army. The thought of her made every man more contented and uncomplaining. Her entire married life had been spent thus; but when her husband took command against the treacherous Seminoles, in the Florida war; when the newspapers heralded the new-made discovery that the wife of Colonel Taylor had established herself at Tampa Bay, it was considered unpardonably reckless that she should thus risk her life, when the odds of success seemed all against her husband. Nothing could move her from her post. As ever, she superintended the cooking of his food; she ministered to the sick and wounded; she upheld the *morale* of the little army by the steadfastness of her own self-possession and hope, through all the long and terrible struggle.

Time passed, and the brave colonel of the border became the conquering hero from Mexico, bearing triumphantly back to peace the victories of Palo Alto, Monterey, and Buena Vista inscribed upon his banners. The obscure "Indian fighter" was at once the hero and idol of the Nation. The long day of battle and glory was ended at last, the wife thought — and now she, the General, and their

children, in a four-roomed home, were to be kept together at last, in peace unbroken.

It is not difficult to imagine what a home so hardly earned, so nobly won, was to such a woman. Nor is it hard to realize that when the peace of that home was almost immediately disturbed by a nomination of its head to the Presidency of the Nation, the woman's heart at last rebelled. The wife thought no new honor could add to the luster of her husband's renown. She declared that the life-long habits of her husband would make him miserable under the restraints of metropolitan life and the duties of a civil position. From the first she deplored the nomination of General Taylor to the Presidency as a misfortune, and sorrowfully said: "It is a plot to deprive me of his society, and to shorten his life by unnecessary care and responsibility."

When, at last, she came to the White House as its mistress, she shunned the great reception-rooms and received her visitors in private apartments. She tried, as far as possible, to establish her daily life on the routine of the small cottage at Baton Rouge, and she essayed personally to minister to her husband's comforts, as of old, till her simple habits were ridiculed and made a cause of reproach by the "opposition."

The reigning lady of the White House, at this time, was General and Mrs. Taylor's youngest daughter, Elizabeth, or as she was familiarly and admiringly called, "Betty Bliss." She entered the White House at the age of twenty-two, as a bride, having married Major Bliss, who served faithfully under her father as Adjutant-General. Perhaps no other President was ever inaugurated with such overwhelming enthusiasm as General Taylor — and the reception given his youngest child, who greatly resembled him, and who, at that time, was the youngest lady who had ever presided at the White House, was almost as overpowering.

The vision that remains of her loveliness shows us a

bright and beaming creature, dressed simply in white, with flowers in her hair. She possessed beauty, good sense, and quiet humor. As a hostess she was at ease, and received with affable grace; but an inclination for retirement marked her as well as her mother. Formal receptions and official dinners were not to their taste. Nevertheless, these are a part of the inevitable penalty paid by all who have received the Nation's highest honor. Society, in its way, exacts as much of the ladies of the White House as party politics do of the men who administer state affairs in it. A lack of entertainment caused part of the universal discontent, already voiced against the soldier-President, whose heroic ways were naturally not the ways of policy or diplomacy.

The second winter of President Taylor's term the ladies of his family seemed to have assumed more prominently and publicly the social duties of their high position. A reception at the President's house March 4, 1850, was of remarkable brilliancy. Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Benton, and Cass, with many beautiful and cultured women, then added their splendor to society in Washington. The auguries of a brilliant year were not fulfilled. To the intense grief of his family, President Taylor died at the White House, July 9, 1850. When it was known that he must die Mrs. Taylor became insensible, and the agonized cries of his children reached the surrounding streets.

Dreadful to the eyes of the bereaved wife were the pomp and show with which her hero was buried.

After he became President, General Taylor said that "his wife prayed every night for months that Henry Clay might be elected President in his place." She survived her husband two years, and to her last hour never mentioned the White House in Washington except in its relation to the death of her husband.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PRESIDENTS, THEIR WIVES, AND FAMOUS LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE CONTINUED — FROM THE VILLAGE SCHOOL TO THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

Mrs. Abigail Fillmore — How She First Met Her Husband, Afterward President Fillmore — A Clothier's Apprentice — An Engagement of Five Years — Building a Humble House with His Own Hands — — Working and Struggling Together — Entering the White House as Mistress — Mrs. Fillmore's Death — The Memory of a Loving Wife — — The Wife of President Franklin Pierce — Entering the White House Under the Shadow of Death — A Shocking Accident — Grief-Stricken Parents — Death of Mrs. Pierce — Last Days of President Pierce — The Mistake of a Life-Time — James Buchanan's Administration — The Brilliant Harriet Lane — Why Buchanan Never Married — Miss Lane's Reign at the White House — Entertaining the Prince of Wales at the White House —Buchanan's Last Days — Miss Lane's Marriage.

MRS. ABIGAIL FILLMORE, wife of Millard Fillmore, the thirteenth President of the United States, succeeded Mrs. Zachary Taylor as mistress of the White House. She was a woman of superior intellect, who in a different sphere had proved herself an equally-devoted wife. Abigail Powers was the daughter of a Baptist clergyman, and her girlhood was spent in Western New York, when it was a frontier and a wilderness. Yearning for intellectual culture, with all the drawbacks of poverty and scanty opportunity, she obtained sufficient knowledge to become a school-teacher. It was while following this avocation that she first met her future husband, then a clothier's apprentice, a youth of less than twenty years, himself, during the winter months, a teacher of the village school.

A CORNER IN THE LIBRARY OF THE REMODELED WHITE HOUSE.

Mrs. Roosevelt's desk is at the left.

The engagement lasted for five years, and during the last three years Fillmore was so poor that he could not go to see her, being unable to pay the expenses of the journey of 150 miles. They were married in 1826. He built with his own hands the house in which they first lived, and during the early years of their married life Mrs. Fillmore acted as housekeeper and maid-of-all-work, teaching school at the same time. In this little house the wife bore full half of the burden of life, and the husband, with the weight of care lifted from him by willing and loving hands, rose rapidly in the profession of law, and in less than two years was chosen a member of the State Legislature. Thus, side by side, they worked and struggled from poverty to eminence.

Strong in intellect and will, her delights were all feminine. Her tasks accomplished, she lived in books and music, flowers and children. At her death, her husband said: "For twenty-seven years, my entire married life, I was always greeted with a happy smile." She entered the White House a matron of commanding person and beautiful countenance. Her complexion was extremely fair, her eyes blue and smiling; and her head was crowned with a wealth of light brown curling hair. A personal friend of Mrs. Fillmore, writing from Buffalo, says:

"When Mr. Fillmore entered the White House, he found it entirely destitute of books. Mrs. Fillmore was in the habit of spending her leisure moments in reading, I might almost say, in studying. She was accustomed to be surrounded with books of reference, maps, and all the other requirements of a well-furnished library, and she found it difficult to content herself in a house devoid of such attractions. To meet this want, Mr. Fillmore asked and received an appropriation from Congress, and selected a library, devoting to that purpose a large and pleasant room in the second story of the White House. Here Mrs. Fillmore surrounded herself with her little home comforts; here her

She was a woman of the rarest type in whom were blended, in perfect proportion, masculine judgment and feminine tenderness. In her were combined intellectual force, vivacity of temperament, genuine sensibility, and deep tenderness of heart. She used her opportunities, as the President's daughter, to minister to others. She clung to all her old friends, without any regard to their position in life; her time and talents were devoted to their happiness. After the death of her mother, she went to the desolate home of her father and brother, and emulating the mother's example, relieved her father of all household care. Her domestic and social qualities equaled her intellectual power. She gathered all her early friends about her; she consecrated herself to the happiness of her father and brother; she filled their home with sunshine. With scarcely an hour's warning the final summons came. "Blessing she was, God made her so," and in her passed away one of the rarest of young American Women.

The wife of Franklin Pierce, wife of the fourteenth President of the United States, was Miss Jane M. Appleton of Hampton, New Hampshire, daughter of Rev. Dr. Appleton, President of Bowdoin College. She entered the White House under the shadow of ill-health and sore bereavement. The mother of three children, none survived her, and the death of the last, under the most distressing circumstances, left her mother's heart forever desolate. Just previous to the Inauguration of Mr. Pierce as President, while the family were on their return to Concord from Boston, the axle of one of the passenger cars broke, and the cars were precipitated down a steep embankment. Mr. Pierce was sitting beside his wife, and in the seat opposite them sat their son, who but a moment before was amusing them with his conversation.

There was an unsteady movement of the train, then a crash and a bounding motion as the cars were thrown over

and down the hill. Mr. Pierce, though much bruised, succeeded in extricating his wife from the ruins, and bearing her to a place of safety, returned to search for his boy. He soon found his lifeless body, his head crushed under a beam. No mind can imagine the agony of these bereaved parents, or pen portray their grief. On the threshold of the realization of every ambition, to have their only child snatched away in such a tragic manner turned all joy into the keenest sorrow, and made the awaiting honors irksome.

Mrs. Pierce was a woman of remarkable sensitiveness of organism, delicacy of health, and spiritual nature; a devoted wife and mother. She instinctively shrank from observation, and nothing could be more painful to her in average life than the public gaze. She found her joy in the quiet sphere of domestic life, and there, through her wise counsels, pure tastes, and devoted life, she exerted a powerful influence. Her life, as far as she could make it so, was one of retirement. She rarely participated in gay amusements, and never enjoyed what is called fashionable society. Her natural endowments were of a high order. She inherited a judgment singularly clear and a taste almost unerring. The cast of her beauty was so dream-like; her temper was so little mingled with the common characteristics of woman; and had so little of caprice, so little of vanity, so utter an absence of all jealousy and all anger; it was so made up of tenderness and devotion, and yet so imaginative and spiritual in its fondness, that it was difficult to associate her with earthly sentiment and affairs.

It was but natural that such a being should be the life-long object of a husband's adoring devotion. Nor is it strange that the husband of such a wife, reflecting in his outer life the urbanity, gentleness, and courtesy which marked his home intercourse, in addition to his own personal gifts, should have been, what Franklin Pierce was declared to be, at the time of his election and before he

openly avowed his sympathy with the South, the most popular man, personally, who was ever President of the United States.

Notwithstanding her ill health, her shrinking temperament, and personal bereavement, Mrs. Pierce forced herself to meet the public demands of her exalted station, and punctiliously presided at receptions and state dinners, at any cost to herself. No woman, by inherent nature, could have been less adapted to the full blaze of official life than she, yet she met its demands with honor, and departed from the White House revered by all who had ever caught a glimpse of her exquisite nature. She died December, 1863, in Andover, Massachusetts, and now rests, with her husband and children, in the cemetery at Concord, New Hampshire.

At the expiration of his term as President, Mr. Pierce made a protracted European tour, and returned to New Hampshire about the beginning of the Civil War. During the progress of that great struggle he declared in a public speech his entire sympathy with the South. He passed into retirement, which practically became oblivion, and died at Concord, October 8, 1869.

James Buchanan, the fifteenth President of the United States, succeeded Mr. Pierce. During his administration the White House seemed to revive the social magnificence of old days. Harriet Lane brought again into its drawing-rooms the splendor of courts, and more than repeated the elegance and brilliancy of fashion which marked the administration of President John Quincy Adams.

James Buchanan is the only bachelor among the Presidents before President Cleveland; and it was village gossip that made him so. He was a prosperous young lawyer of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, when he became engaged to a beauty and an heiress, Miss Annie C. Coleman, of that city. Her father approved of the engagement, and the course of true love ran smooth until some unfounded stories caused

Miss Coleman to write a note to her lover asking him to release her from the engagement. She gave no reason, and Buchanan could only reply that if she wished it so he must submit. This occurred in the summer of 1819, when Buchanan was twenty-eight years old and Miss Coleman was twenty-three. Before Christmas came Miss Coleman died in Philadelphia, where she was visiting, and Buchanan wrote a most touching obituary of her, which was published in one of the Lancaster newspapers. The only letter of his remaining to show his connection with her is one written to her father, saying "that he had loved her more infinitely than any other human being could love; and, though he might sustain the shock of her death, happiness had fled from him forever." He wished to look once more upon her before her interment, and begged to be allowed to follow her remains to the grave as a mourner.

It was his grief over his sweetheart's death that caused Buchanan to rush into the excitement of political life, and had it not been for her he might have been known only as a great lawyer. At his death Miss Coleman's love-letters were found sealed up among his papers, in their place of deposit in New York, with the direction upon them, in Buchanan's own handwriting, that they were to be destroyed without being read. This injunction was obeyed, and the package was burned without breaking the seal.

Harriet Lane was the adopted daughter of President Buchanan, and was "lady of the White House" during his administration. She was one of those blondes whom Oliver Wendell Holmes so delighted to portray. "Her head and features were cast in noble mold, and her form which, at rest, had something of the massive majesty of a marble pillar, in motion was instinct alike with power and grace." Grace, light, and majesty seemed to make her atmosphere. Every motion was instinct with life, health, and intelligence. Her superb *physique* gave the impression of intense, har-

monious vitality. Her eyes, of deep violet, shed a constant, steady light, yet they could flash with rebuke, kindle with humor, or soften in tenderness. Her mouth was her most peculiarly-beautiful feature, capable of expressing infinite humor or absolute sweetness, while her classic head was crowned with masses of golden hair.

As a child she was a fun-loving, warm-hearted romp. When eleven years of age she was tall as a woman; nevertheless Mr. Buchanan, one day looking from his window, saw Harriet with flushed cheek and hat awry, trundling a wheelbarrow full of wood through the principal street of Lancaster. He rushed out to learn the cause of such an unseemly sight, when she answered in confusion "that she was on her way to old black Aunt Tabitha with a load of wood, because it was so cold." A few years later this impulsive child, having been graduated with high honor from the Georgetown Convent, was shining at the Court of St. James, at which her uncle was American Minister. Queen Victoria, upon whom her surpassing brightness and loveliness seemed to make a deep impression, decided that her rank should be the same as that of wife of a United States Minister. Thus the youthful American girl became one of the leading ladies of the Diplomatic Corps of Saint James.

On the continent and in Paris she was everywhere greeted as a girl-queen, and in England her popularity was immense. On the day when Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Tennyson received the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws at the University of Oxford, her appearance was greeted by loud cheers from students, who arose *en masse* to receive her. From this dazzling career abroad she came back to her native land to preside over the White House. She became the supreme lady of the gayest administration which up to that time had marked the government of the United States. Societies, ships of war, neckties even, were named after her. Men, gifted and great, from foreign lands and of her own

country, sought her hand in marriage. Such cumulated pleasures and honors probably were never heaped upon any other one young woman of the United States.

At the White House receptions, and on all state occasions, the sight of this stately beauty, standing beside her distinguished-looking, gray-haired uncle, made a unique and delightful contrast which thousands flocked to see. Her duties were more onerous than had fallen to the share of any lady of the White House for many years; the long diplomatic service of Mr. Buchanan abroad involving him in many obligations to entertain distinguished strangers privately, aside from his hospitalities as President of the United States. During his administration the Prince of Wales was entertained at the White House. He presented his portrait to Mr. Buchanan and a set of engravings to Miss Lane, as "a slight mark of his grateful recollection of the hospitable reception and agreeable visit at the White House."

Probably no administration was so unpopular as James Buchanan's. Odious throughout the North on account of what was declared to be his treacherous yielding to the demands of the South, it was, towards its close, bitterly condemned by the South, which accused Buchanan of perfidy to them in sustaining the unconstitutional agreements of the North. He shared the fate of most men who in the time of fierce dissension between two great parties try, in a vacillating way, to avoid offending either, and end by antagonizing both.

During the last troubled months of Mr. Buchanan's administration he seemed concerned only with the coming of the 4th of March, 1861, when his responsibility would end. He died in Wheatland, Pennsylvania, in 1868. He always spoke with warmth and gratitude of Miss Lane's patriotism and good sense. Neither he nor her country ever suffered from any conversational lapse of hers, which, in a day so rife with passion and prejudice, is saying much.

THE GREEN ROOM IN THE REMODELED WHITE HOUSE.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE PRESIDENTS, THEIR WIVES, AND FAMOUS LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE, CONTINUED—MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN—THE WHITE HOUSE DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

The First Love of Abraham Lincoln — His Grief at Her Loss — His Second Love — Engaged to Miss Mary Todd, His Third Love — Wooed by Douglas and Lincoln — The Wedding Deferred — Lincoln's Marriage — Character of Mrs. Lincoln — Fulfillment of a Life-Long Ambition — The Mutterings of Civil War — Newspaper Gossip and Criticism of Mrs. Lincoln — Noble Work of Women During the Dark Days of the Civil War — Mrs. Lincoln's Neglect of Her Opportunity to Endear Herself to the Nation — The Dead and Dying in Washington — Death of Willie Lincoln — Wild Anguish of His Mother — The President Assassinated—Intense Excitement in Washington—A Nation in Mourning — Mrs. Lincoln's Mind Unbalanced — Removes from Washington — Petitions Congress for a Pension — Unfavorable Report of the Committee — The Pension Granted — Death of Mrs. Lincoln.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S first love was a golden-haired blonde, who had cherry lips, a clear, blue eye, a neat figure, an unassuming manner, and more than ordinary intellectual ability. Her name was Anne Rutledge. She was the daughter of a tavern-keeper in Salem, Illinois. Mr. Lincoln met her when he was about twenty-three, and, after a romantic courtship, became engaged to her. She died before they could be married, and Lincoln was so much affected by her death that her friends feared he would become insane. He was carefully watched, as he became very violent during storms and in damp, gloomy weather. At such times he would rave, exclaiming: "I can never be reconciled to have

the snow, rain, and storms beat upon her grave!" At this time he began to quote, it is said, the poem which is so identified with him, beginning —

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Years afterwards, when he had become famous, he was asked by an old friend as to the story of his love for Anne Rutledge, and he said, "I loved her dearly. She was a handsome girl, and would have made a good and loving wife."

Lincoln's next love was a tall, fine-looking woman, named Mary Owens, with whom he became acquainted about a year after Anne Rutledge died. Upon her rejection of him, he wrote a letter to his friend Mrs. O. H. Browning, saying that he had been inveigled into paying his addresses to Miss Owens, but, on being refused, he found he cared more for her than he had thought, and proposed again. In this letter he says:

"I most emphatically in this instance have made a fool of myself. I have come to the conclusion never more to think of marrying, and for this reason,— that I can never be satisfied with any one who would be fool enough to have me."

Still, it was not long after this that he was engaged to Miss Mary Todd, a rosy, sprightly brunette, of Lexington, Kentucky, who was visiting at Springfield, where Lincoln was then a member of the Illinois Legislature. Both Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas proposed to her. She refused Douglas and accepted Lincoln. Lincoln feared that the match would not be a happy one, and Ward Lamon, his biographer, states that he failed to be present at the time first set for the ceremony, though the guests were assembled and the wedding-feast prepared. He became suddenly ill, and it was more than a year before the marriage was consummated. It finally took place in Springfield, and the couple began their married life by boarding at the Globe

Hotel, at four dollars a week. Lincoln was thirty-three years old at this time, and Mary Todd was twenty-one.

Unfortunately for Mary Todd, she lost her mother when she was very young, and was brought up by an aunt who in no respects disciplined her niece, but allowed her naturally-willful disposition and violent temper to have full scope. She was much petted by her friends, and having more money than most of her young associates, she was indulged beyond reason in all her whims and wishes. As a result, her ill-temper became ungovernable, and well-nigh destroyed her otherwise noble nature. There was no doubt of her love for her husband, but their dispositions being so entirely dissimilar she was constantly finding cause for excitement and unhappiness over some trivial difference of taste or inclination.

She was so willful that she could not bear to be thwarted in anything. A delay in Mr. Lincoln's appearance at a meal on time — no matter how important his business engagement — was enough to throw her into a violent passion. He was so patient and indulgent that she frequently became exasperated at his very amiability.

Her ambition knew no bounds, and consequently when Mr. Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency she was in ecstasy, believing that it was the legitimate fulfillment of her horoscope that she should be "the first lady of the land." The gathering storm on the National horizon had no effect upon her jubilant spirits. She doubtless thought out many plans for making impressions on the social world long before the election. Consequently, when that was over and they set out for Washington for Mr. Lincoln's Inauguration, her anticipations were very different from those of her great and thoughtful husband, who was oppressed with anxiety for the future of his country. He fully realized the grave responsibilities confronting him as soon as he should assume the position of Chief Magistrate. The lines deepened in his

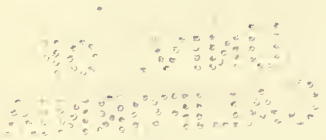
It will ever be the regret of all loyal women that Mrs. Lincoln failed to rise to the height of her magnificent opportunities. It was her misfortune that at the time when the need of her country was the greatest for the highest, holiest ministration of women, she should be so engrossed in trivialities that her name is not to be found on the list of such noble souls as Mary A. Livermore, Dorothea Dix, Clara Barton, Mary J. Safford, Mother Bickerdike, Mrs. Hoge, Mrs. Governor Harvey, Johanna Turner, and a host of others, whose service to their country was as fruitful of good results as that of the whole corps of physicians and surgeons. Loftiness of soul, consecrated purpose, broad and profound sympathy, self-sacrificing endeavor — all these, unhappily, were wanting in the character of the Mistress of the White House.

We may imagine her disappointment when we remember that after all her vanities and devotion to dress she had very little opportunity for social enjoyment and display. During the first two years of Mr. Lincoln's administration there were very few social functions in the White House or elsewhere, it being wisely decided that such gayeties were incompatible with the seriousness of a civil war, when any festivity might be interrupted by the booming of cannon and the appalling sounds of a bloody battle.

They had been in the White House two years when Willie Lincoln, a child lovely and beloved, died, and his little body, after being laid out in the Green Room, was borne away to Springfield, Illinois, for interment. Mrs. Lincoln abandoned herself to the wildest manifestations of sorrow, refusing to be comforted by the many who hastened to proffer their services and consolation. She shut herself in with her grief, and demanded of God why He had afflicted *her*. But her sorrow did not bring her nearer in sympathy to the thousands of mothers weeping in those dark hours because their sons were not. It did not lead her

THE GREEN ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

A beautiful room furnished and decorated in delicate green, with gold ornamentation. Notable portraits of famous men and women of the White House adorn its walls. Here lay the body of Willie, the little son of Abraham Lincoln, awaiting its journey to the grave. Mrs. Lincoln never again entered this room.



in time to minister to those bereft, to whom in the train of Death came poverty and bitter privation.

For weeks and months she kept her room, and never again entered the chamber in which her little son died, nor the one where he was laid out; in fact, for the succeeding two years, though gradually the war clouds were passing away, there was scarcely more gayety at the White House than there had been in the two previous years.

Mr. Lincoln's grief was equally intense, but his courageous heart put aside his own sorrows to better bear those of his country and share those of the many who had lost their all. As it is darkest before dawn, so the smoke of battle, near the close of the great conflict, was densest just before the dawn of peace. To this was added the excitement and disquietude of the Presidential election of 1864, the first after the promulgation of the Emancipation Proclamation. Mr. Lincoln knew no cessation from his labors and boundless concern, until the cannon's roar announced his victories at the polls and in the field, happily followed soon after by messengers announcing the surrender at Appomatox and a universal peace.

With these glad tidings his soul rebounded, and he began to listen to the entreaties of his friends that he would allow himself some rest and recreation. Taking Mrs. Lincoln to drive, the afternoon before his assassination, in the course of their conversation, "Mary," he said, "we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington, but the war is over and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then go back to Illinois to pass the rest of our lives in quiet."

It was the 14th of April, 1865, and that night he accompanied Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone, and Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Harris, to Ford's Theater, to see Laura Keene in the popular play of "Our American Cousin." No one had ever seen him so cheerful, or his tell-tale face so free

from painful expression. During the performance of the second act, while the party was absorbed in watching the play, John Wilkes Booth crept in behind the scenes through a door which opened into an alley where a fleet horse was tied, upon which he was to make his escape. It is a curious fact that he caught his spurs in the flag that had been draped over the entrance to the President's box, and stumbled, but in an instant was on his feet, and before the inmates in the box could stay his hand he had placed his pistol almost against the back of the President's head and had fired the fatal shot which entered at the base of the brain. Mr. Lincoln fell unconscious, and Major Rathbone seized the assassin, who struck him with a dagger, inflicting a frightful wound.

Extricating himself from Major Rathbone's grasp, Booth jumped upon the stage, and brandishing the bloody dagger, cried out "Sic semper tyrannis; the South is avenged!" Then he darted out through the door to his horse and fled before the horrified actors and people in the theater recovered from the awful shock sufficiently to make any attempt to capture him, though many recognized him and cried "John Wilkes Booth," as he was well known in Washington.

No pen could portray the wild anguish of Mrs. Lincoln, or the scene which followed the realization of what had happened. Strong men were unnerved; citizens, officers, and soldiers were running hither and thither, not knowing what they were doing or saying. Finally the rapidly-sinking form of Mr. Lincoln was carried into the private house of Mr. Peterson, opposite. More dead than alive, his poor, stricken wife was carried to his side, for nothing would induce her to leave him. His devoted son, Robert T. Lincoln, hastened to his dying father and distracted mother.

Legions of grief-stricken men and women crowded the streets all that fearful night, crying and praying for Mr. Lincoln's recovery. Alas! he knew not of their agony:

consciousness had departed the moment he was struck by the assassin, though the poor body did not yield to the icy grasp of death until twenty-two minutes after seven the next morning. Soon after this it was tenderly carried to the Executive Mansion, where it was laid in state in the East Room. From morning till night through the melancholy days intervening between the 15th and 21st, a constant stream of sorrowing people, of high and low degree, passed in line through this historic room, pausing a moment beside his bier to look upon his placid face, which "seemed yet to express the Christlike sentiments which he had uttered from the colonnade of the Capitol in his last inaugural."

During all this time, and for weeks and months afterward, poor Mrs. Lincoln lay on her bed praying for death, and requiring all the skill of eminent physicians and the thoughtful and tender care of nurses and friends to save her from violent insanity. Nor was this strange. The shock of her husband's tragic and untimely death might have unbalanced the mind of a woman of stronger, loftier nature. It was her misfortune that she had so armed public sympathy against her, by years of seeming indifference to the sorrows of others, that when her own hour of supreme anguish came, there were few to comfort her, and many to assail. She knew nothing of what was going on in the Executive Mansion, or of the wonderful funeral procession which bore her husband's remains over a circuitous route to their last resting-place in Oak Ridge Cemetery at Springfield, Illinois.

Mrs. Lincoln's mind was not the only one affected by this unparalleled tragedy. Major Rathbone never recovered from the effects of that awful scene. A few years afterwards, while temporarily insane, he killed his wife and himself, at his post in the Diplomatic Service whither he had been sent with the hope that he might recover from the

morbid condition from which he had suffered ever since Mr. Lincoln's assassination.

In January, 1869, while traveling in Europe, Mrs. Lincoln wrote the following letter to the Vice-President of the United States, asking for a pension:

To the Honorable Vice-President of the United States:

SIR — I herewith most respectfully present to the Honorable Senate of the United States an application for a pension. I am a widow of a President of the United States, whose life was sacrificed in his country's service. That sad calamity has very greatly impaired my health, and by the advice of my physicians I have come over to Germany to try the mineral waters, and during the winters to go to Italy. But my financial means do not permit me to take advantage of the urgent advice given me, nor can I live in a style becoming the widow of the Chief Magistrate of a great nation, although I live as economically as I can. In consideration of the great services my deeply-lamented husband has rendered to the United States, and of the fearful loss I have sustained by his untimely death, his martyrdom, I may say — I respectfully submit to your honorable body this petition. Hoping that a yearly pension may be granted me, so that I may have less pecuniary care, I remain most respectfully,

MRS. A. LINCOLN.

FRANKFORT, GERMANY.

The bill was introduced and was referred to the Committee on Pensions. The chairman of that committee made a report in which the committee said, in substance, that they were unable to perceive that Mrs. Lincoln, as the widow of the late President, or in any other character, was entitled to a pension under the letter and spirit of any existing law. The report ended with these words: "Under all these circumstances the committee have no alternative but to report against the passage of the general resolutions." Subsequently, largely through the efforts of Charles Sumner in the Senate and the Illinois delegation in Congress, she was given a yearly pension of $3,000, which was afterwards increased to $5,000, this amount being now paid to all widows of Presidents.

Speaking of the effect upon Mrs. Lincoln of the terrible tragedy that robbed her of a kind and patient husband and the nation of a great and wise President, Arnold, in his "Life of Lincoln," says:

"She so far lost the control of her mind that she dwelt constantly on the incidents of the last day of her husband's life, and she lost the ability, by any effort of her will, to think of other and less painful things.

"As time passed she partly recovered, and her friends hoped that change of scene and new faces would bring her back to a more sound and healthful mental condition. But the death of her son Thomas, to whom she was fondly attached, made her still worse. . . . She was peculiar and eccentric and had various hallucinations." She was removed to the home of her elder sister, in Springfield, Illinois, where she lingered until her death, which took place on July 16, 1882.

"Mrs. Lincoln has been treated harshly — nay, most cruelly abused and misrepresented by a portion of the press. That love of scandal and of personality, unfortunately too general, induced reporters to hang around her doors, to dog her steps, to chronicle and exaggerate her impulsive words, her indiscretions, and her eccentricities. There is nothing in American history so unmanly, so devoid of every chivalric impulse, as the treatment of this poor, broken-hearted woman, whose reason was shattered by the great tragedy of her life."

It is to be hoped that no loyal American will ever perpetuate the sensational and shameless criticisms of Mrs. Lincoln, that at the time were only too eagerly accepted. Her husband's motto of "Malice toward none, with Charity for all," should shield the memory of the mother of his children, especially since she would willingly have harmed no one, and his goodness and greatness redeemed a race and saved a nation from anarchy and ruin.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE PRESIDENTS, THEIR WIVES, AND FAMOUS LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE, CONTINUED — SOME BRAVE AND HUMBLE MISTRESSES OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

The Wife of President Andrew Johnson — A Ragged Urchin and a Street Arab — Johnson's Ignorance at Eighteen — Taught to Write by the Village School-Teacher — He Marries Her — Following the Humble Trade of a Tailor — His Wife Teaches Him While He Works — Beginning of His Political Career — The Ravages of Civil War in Tennessee — Two Years of Exile — Hunted From Place to Place — Secretly Burying the Dead — A Night of Horrors — Re-united to Her Husband — Entering the White House Broken in Health and Spirits — "My Dears, I Am an Invalid" — The Reign of Martha Patterson, President Johnson's Oldest Daughter — "We Are Plain People" — Filthy Condition of the White House After the War — Wrestling with Rags and Ruin — Noble and Self-denying Women — Noble Characters of Johnson's Wife and Daughters — The Record of Their Spotless Fame.

AFTER the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, then Vice-President, became the seventeenth President of the United States. His father, who died when he was a child, had been a constable, a sexton, and a porter, and followed these humble occupations for many years at the little town of Greenville, Tennessee. As a boy, Andrew Johnson was a ragged urchin, a street Arab, until he was ten years old, supported by the manual labor of his mother, who belonged to that most unfortunate class known in the South as "poor whites." He could not even read, then; indeed, he did not learn the alphabet until some time after.

At eighteen, the village school-teacher, Eliza McCardle, a girl of superior intelligence and considerable education became his instructor and taught him to write. He married her, and she continued to teach him while he worked at the humble trade of a tailor. She read to him while he worked, and taught him in the evening arithmetic, geography, and history. He gained influence over mechanics and manual laborers, and by the time he was of age, had taken great interest in politics, to which he adhered through life. After filling several small offices, he was chosen to the lower House of the Legislature, and in 1843 was sent by the democrats to Congress, and finally was elected to the United States Senate.

While performing his duties as Senator in Washington his family were shut up in the mountains of East Tennessee, where the ravages of Civil War were most dreadful. For more than two years he was unable to set eyes on either wife or children. With other Unionists of East Tennessee, these brave, loyal women, with dependent children, were being "hunted from point to point, driven to seek refuge in the wilderness, forced to subsist on coarse and insufficient food, and more than once called to bury with secret and stolen sepulture those whom they loved."

While quietly attending to her household duties, Mrs. Johnson received the following abrupt summons:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF EAST TENNESSEE,
"OFFICE PROVOST MARSHAL, April 24th, 1862.

"MRS. ANDREW JOHNSON, Greenville,

"*Dear Madam*: — By Major-General E. Kirby Smith I am directed to respectfully require that you and your family pass beyond the Confederate States line (through Nashville, if you please) in thirty-six hours from this date.

"Passports will be granted you at this office.

"Very respectfully,

"W. M. CHURCHWELL,
"Colonel and Provost Marshal."

The condition of her health, and her unsettled affairs, made it impossible for her to comply with this command. To add to her distress, rumors reached her from time to time of the murder of Mr. Johnson. She knew not what to do, and begged the authorities for more time to decide on her plans. She remained in Greenville during the summer, hoping daily to hear from her husband. No word came. In September, she asked permission of the authorities to cross the lines, accompanied by her children. Reaching Murfreesboro, exhausted and weary from the long trip, the little band were told that they could not pass through the lines. The Confederate troops occupied the town, and no accommodations were to be had.

Wandering from one house to another, in the night-time, the hungry and weary refugees in their extremity entreated a woman to let them share her home, and a grudging consent was given with the understanding that in the morning they would depart. The next day they returned to Tullahoma, only to receive a telegram to retrace their steps, as arrangements had been made for their journey through to Nashville. Night again found the little band at Murfreesboro. No effort was made to secure lodgings, none caring to repeat the experiences of the previous night. An eating-house near by was vacant, and in this the tired party sought refuge. Without fire or sufficient food, or any kind of beds or seats, they passed the night, which would have been a night of horror but for the motherly foresight of Mrs. Johnson. She had provided herself with candles and matches before starting, and the stale remains of a lunch satisfied the hunger of the little grandchildren.

During this trying journey the little band was subject to the commands of the military rulers, liable to be arrested for the slightest offense, and oftentimes insulted by the rabble. Nashville was reached at last and the family were reunited. Few who were not actual participators in the

Civil War can form an estimate of the trials of this noble woman. Invalid as she was, she yet endured heroically exposure and anxiety, and passed through the extended lines of hostile armies, never uttering a hasty word, or by her looks betraying in the least degree her harrowed feelings. She was remembered by friend and foe as a lady of benign countenance and sweet and winning manners.

President Johnson's wife came to Washington broken in health and spirits by the suffering and bereavements through which she had passed. She was never seen but on one public occasion at the White House, that of a party given to her grandchildren. At that time she was seated and did not rise when the children or other guests were presented, but simply said, "My dears, I am an invalid," and her sad, pale face and sunken eyes proved the expression. But an observer would say, contemplating her, "A noble woman, God's best gift to man." It was that woman who taught the future President how to write, and continued to teach him after she became his wife; and in all their early years she was his assistant, counselor, and guide.

During her husband's administration, the heavy duties and honors of the White House were performed by her oldest daughter, Martha Patterson, the wife of Senator Patterson of Tennessee. The President's youngest daughter, Mrs. Stover, entered the White House a widow, recently bereaved of her husband, who fell a soldier in the Union cause. Martha Patterson's utterance, soon after entering the White House, was a key to her character, yet scarcely a promise of her own distinguished management of the President's house. She said: "We are plain people from the mountains of Tennessee, called here for a short time by a national calamity. I trust too much will not be expected of us." But from Martha Patterson much was received, and that of the most unobtrusive and noble service.

The family of the new President arrived in June. The

house looked anything but inviting. Soldiers had wandered unchallenged through the parlors. Guards had slept upon the sofas and carpets till they were ruined, and the immense crowds who, during the preceding years of war, filled the President's house continually had worn out the already-ancient furniture. No sign of neatness or comfort greeted their appearance, but evidences of neglect and decay everywhere met their eyes. To put aside all ceremony and work incessantly, was the portion of Mrs. Patterson from the beginning. It was her practice to rise very early, don a calico dress and spotless apron, and attend to the household duties early.

At the first reception of President Johnson, held January 1, 1866, the White House had not been renovated. Though dingy and destitute of ornament Martha Patterson had, by dint of covering its old carpets with pure linen, hiding its stains with fresh flowers, and admitting her beautiful children freely to the rooms, given it an aspect of purity, beauty, and cheer, to which it had long been a stranger. In the spring, Congress appropriated $30,000 to the renovation of the White House. After consulting various firms, Mrs. Patterson found that it would take the whole amount to furnish the parlors. Feeling a personal responsibility to the government for the expenditure of the money, she determined not to exceed the appropriation. She made herself its agent, and superintended the purchases for the dismantled house herself. Instead of seeking pleasure by the sea, or ease in her own mountain home, the hot summer waxed and waned only to leave the brave woman where it found her, wrestling with fragments and ruins that were to be reset, repolished, "made over as good as new." For herself? No, for her country; and all this in addition to caring for husband, children, and invalid mother. A mistaken economy and an unwise assumption of duties that did not belong to her.

As the result of this ceaseless industry and self-denial, the President's house was thoroughly renovated from cellar to attic and put in perfect order. When it was opened for the winter season, the change was marvelous, even to the dullest eyes; but very few knew that the fresh, bright appearance of the historic house was all due to the energy, industry, taste, and tact of one woman, the President's daughter. The warm comfort of the dining-room, the exquisite tints of the Blue Room, the restful neutral hues meeting and blending in carpets and furniture, were evidence of the pure taste of Martha Patterson.

The dress of the ladies of the White House was equally remarkable. All who went expecting to see the "plain people from Tennessee" overloaded with new ornaments were disappointed. Instead, they saw beside the President a young, golden-haired woman, dressed in full mourning,— the sad badge still worn for the gallant husband slain in war,— and a slender woman with a single white flower in her dark hair, airy laces about the throat above a high corsage; a robe of soft, rich tints, and a shawl of lace veiling the slender figure. It was like a picture in half-tints, soothing to the sight; yet the dark hair, broad brow, and large eyes were full of silent force and reserved power. The chaste elegance of the attire of these "plain people from Tennessee" was never surpassed by that of any ladies of the White House.

The state dinners given by President Johnson were conducted on a generous, almost princely scale, and reflected lasting honor upon Mrs. Patterson, to whom was committed the entire care and arrangement of every social entertainment. Simple and democratic in her own personal tastes, she had a high sense of what was due to the position, and to the people, from the family of the President of a great nation. This sense of duty and justice led her to spare no pains in her management of official entertainments, and the

same high qualities made her keep the White House parlors and conservatories open and ready for the crowds of people who daily visited them, at any cost to her own comfort.

During the impeachment trial of her father, unflinchingly Mrs. Patterson bent every energy to entertain as usual, as became her position, wearing always a patient, suffering look. Through the long weeks of the trial she listened to every request, saw every caller, and served every petitioner (and only those who have filled this position know how arduous is this duty), hiding from all eyes the anxious weight of care oppressing herself. That her health failed after the acquittal, astonished no one who had seen her struggling to keep up before.

But no matter what the accusations against Andrew Johnson, they died into silence without touching his family. If corruption crossed the outer portals of the White House, the whole land knew that they never penetrated into the pure recesses of the President's home. Whatever Andrew Johnson was or was not, no partisan foe was bitter or false enough to throw a shadow of reproach against the noble characters of his wife and daughters. There was no insinuation, no charge against them. No family ever left Washington more respected by the powerful, more lamented by the poor. From the Nation's House, which they had redeemed and honored, they went back empty-handed to their own dismantled home in Tennessee, followed by the esteem and affection of all who knew them. The White House holds the record of their spotless fame.

The last twenty years of Martha Patterson's life were spent quietly in her old home in Greenville, Tenn. Bereft of her husband, for many years, she devoted herself to her two children and to charitable work among the poor. Here on July 10, 1901, she died, almost in sight of the spot on which once stood the little one-room log cabin in which she was born.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE PRESIDENTS, THEIR WIVES, AND FAMOUS LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE, CONTINUED — GENERAL GRANT'S COURTSHIP — MRS. GRANT'S REIGN AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The Youth of Ulysses S. Grant — His Standing at West Point — Intimacy With the Dent Family — Meets His Future Wife — Finding Out "What Was the Matter" — A Half-Drowned Lover — Engagement to Miss Dent — A Bride at a Western Army Post — Assuming New Responsibilities — At the Beginning of the Civil War — Mrs. Grant as the Wife of a Gallant Soldier — Her Ceaseless Anxieties — Inspiring and Encouraging Her Husband — Comforting the Bereaved and Ministering to the Sick — Triumphant Return of General Grant — His Election to the Presidency — Remembering Old Friends — The Grant Children and Their Playmates at the White House — Marriage of Nellie Grant — Making a Home of the "Executive Mansion" — Royal Guests — Simple and Happy Family Life — The Journey Around the World — Return to the Old Home — General Grant's Reverses and Physical Suffering — Mrs. Grant in Later Years.

ANDREW JOHNSON was succeeded by Ulysses S. Grant, twice President of the United States. But for the Civil War, and the opportunities it gave him of displaying his military genius, it is entirely probable that his merit would never have been recognized and he might have passed his life in obscurity. If any one had predicted, on the election of Lincoln, that Grant would become one of the greatest military commanders of the world, and President of the United States, he would have been utterly disbelieved. No one suspected that he was in any way remarkable until he had

demonstrated his ability by his deeds. He received the rudiments of education at a common school, entered West Point as a cadet at seventeen, and was graduated four years later, standing twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine, which is not a flattering record.

One of Grant's classmates at West Point, in the last year of the course, was F. T. Dent, whose family resided about five miles west of Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. After his graduation Grant was ordered to report for duty at Jefferson Barracks. He soon found time to call at the home of his old classmate, where he met Miss Julia Dent, his classmate's sister, a boarding-school girl of seventeen. "As I found the family congenial," he says, "my visits became frequent." The following spring Miss Dent returned from boarding-school. "After that," says the General, "I do not know but my visits became more frequent; they certainly did become more enjoyable. We would often take walks, or go on horseback to visit the neighbors, until I became quite well acquainted in that vicinity. Sometimes one of the brothers would accompany us, sometimes one of the younger sisters. If the 4th Infantry had remained at Jefferson Barracks it is possible, even probable, that this life might have continued for some years without my finding out that there was anything serious the matter with me; but in the following May a circumstance occurred which developed my sentiment so palpably that there was no mistaking it."

The circumstance he alludes to was the departure of his regiment, the 4th Infantry, for Louisiana. Just before this time he had obtained leave of absence for twenty days to go to Ohio to visit his parents. He says: "I now discovered that I was exceedingly anxious to get back to Jefferson Barracks, and I understood the reason without explanation from any one." At the end of the twenty days he reported for duty and asked for a few days additional leave before starting for his regiment, which was readily granted. He

immediately procured a horse and started for the home of the Dent family. Between Jefferson Barracks and Miss Dent's home was a creek which, owing to recent heavy rains, was full to overflowing and the current was rapid. After a moment's hesitation he decided to ford the stream, and in an instant his horse was swimming and Grant was being carried down rapidly by the swift current.

To quote his own words: "I headed the horse towards the other bank and soon reached it, wet through and without other clothes on that side of the stream. I went on, however, to my destination, and borrowed a dry suit from my — future — brother-in-law. We were not of the same size, but the clothes answered every purpose until I got more of my own. Before I returned I mustered up courage to make known, in the most awkward manner imaginable, the discovery I had made on learning that the 4th Infantry had been ordered away from Jefferson Barracks. The young lady afterwards admitted that she, too, although until then she had never looked upon me other than as a visitor whose company was agreeable to her, had experienced a depression of spirits she could not account for when the regiment left.

"Before separating it was definitely understood that at a convenient time we would join our fortunes, and not let the removal of a regiment trouble us. This was in May, 1844. It was the 22d of August, 1848, before the fulfillment of this agreement. My duties kept me on the frontier, . . . and afterwards I was absent through the war with Mexico. . . . During that time there was a constant correspondence between Miss Dent and myself, but we only met once in the period of four years and three months. In May, 1845, I procured a leave for twenty days, visited St. Louis, and obtained the consent of her parents for the union, which had not been asked for before."

A Western military station offered none of the attractions that these same posts extend to the brides who marry into

the army to-day, but Julia Dent had no hesitancy in giving up the luxuries of her father's home, and the place she held in the social world in her native city, for the discomforts and inconveniences of a lieutenant's quarters at an army post. She was inexperienced in the responsibilities of housekeeping and the management of servants, because the turbaned "mammies" and maids of slavery days had watched over her tenderly all her life, but she loved her husband and for his sake willingly assumed all these domestic duties. For years they struggled against varying fortunes, she with patience, pride, and devotion performing her part right nobly. During these years four children came to bless them and to inspire them to greater exertion and sacrifice. The rôle of wife and mother was never more faithfully performed than by Mrs. Grant, whether fortune smiled or frowned.

At the age of thirty-two Lieutenant Grant resigned his commission in the army, and worked on a farm belonging to his father-in-law, near St. Louis. He was a real estate agent in that city, then a clerk to his father, then a leather merchant at Galena, Illinois. When the great Civil War began, and the West was aroused to a realization of the fact that a conflict was inevitable, among the first to tender his services to the Governor of Illinois, to aid in the organization of the troops, was Lieut. U. S. Grant, late of the U. S. Army. Military tacticians were very scarce in the West because of the years of peace which had preceded the Rebellion. Lieutenant Grant proved so efficient as drill master of the Volunteers that Governor Yates immediately commissioned him colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois. Colonel Grant assumed command of his regiment and started to the front, leaving Mrs. Grant to care for the home and children until peace should dawn upon a reunited country.

Bravely she bade him go, and without repining assumed her double duties, relieving him from all embarrassment about their separation by her cheerful submission to what

seemed his patriotic duty. Through the four long years of warfare Mrs. Grant never for a moment hindered General Grant in his career by her importunities to be allowed to join him or for him to return to his family. On the contrary, she constantly encouraged him and relieved him from all anxiety by assuring him that all was well at home.

No woman ever suffered more keenly through solicitude for her husband's welfare, or because of his absence, but she never shrank from her duty. I saw her in Cairo before the army moved up the Tennessee to capture Forts Henry and Donelson; saw her again before the Shiloh and Corinth campaign, and know what she suffered during those eventful months. During the Vicksburg campaign, when day after day the telegraph announced the casualties of the siege and almost every house was one of mourning, Mrs. Grant spent her time in trying to comfort the bereaved, and to buoy up the spirits of those whose husbands, fathers, and brothers were in the field, never taxing any one with her own anxieties and fears for her husband's safety. Busy with the care of her young family and in helping the unfortunate about her, she resolutely strove to forget the hazard of every hour.

For the two long years of General Grant's stupendous operations in Virginia, after the fall of Vicksburg and his transfer from the West to the East, Mrs. Grant still watched and waited for the end, meanwhile sending messages of good cheer to her husband, ministering to the sick and wounded, and in every way possible assisting the families of the soldiers. The bereavements and distress of her friends, through the inevitable disasters of war, were almost personal griefs to her, so sincerely did she sympathize with them.

Finally, when the war clouds had passed, and General Grant returned, he found his faithful wife still waiting and watching over their loved ones. Her happiness in all that he had achieved was only clouded by the thought that so

many of her friends were clothed in habiliments of mourning and were unable to participate in the general rejoicing over the termination of the war. The universal acclaim of the people and the abundance of honors heaped upon General Grant and his family made no difference in Mrs. Grant. She was the same thoughtful, generous, devoted wife and mother, whose loyalty to family and friends made her equally beloved with her husband by the whole nation.

After General Grant's election to the Presidency, and their installation in the White House, she was still the same unpretentious, sincere friend of the unfortunate. Among the first invited guests to the Executive Mansion were the associates whom she had known in earlier days. Nothing was too much to do or to command for these friends who had been her comforters before fortune had smiled upon her. Many sought her aid and sympathy, and were never turned away impatiently — she at least made an appeal for them. Every member of President Grant's Cabinet had stories to tell of Mrs. Grant's tender heart and her interest in the unfortunate. Not only at Christmas time, when the asylums and charitable associations of Washington received donations from her, and with the members of her own family, her friends and their children were most generously remembered, but all the year round, she was a veritable "Lady Bountiful."

In one thing it must be admitted that Mrs. Grant was most lenient. She could never discipline either her servants or her children, her kind heart always suggesting some excuse for misdemeanors or neglect of duty. She was never so happy as when planning some entertainment or indulgence for her children and the multitude of friends they had. The basement of the White House was utilized for the boisterous games of the boys who were always with her young sons, while the daughter had full sway on the upper floor with her girl companions.

During President Grant's second term he and Mrs. Grant yielded with reluctance to the importunities of Mr. Algernon Sartoris, and consented to his marriage to their only daughter. It was a bitter trial, for she was to accompany him to England, with the expectation of making that country her permanent home. Their daughter's happiness was paramount to all else with them, and though they did not approve of her choice, when they found she could not be persuaded out of it, they allowed her to have everything as she wished it should be.

Undoubtedly Nellie Grant's was the most elaborate wedding that ever took place in the White House. Social affairs in Washington were never more brilliant than at that time. The city was full of officers of the Army and the Navy who had won distinction during the Civil War. The Diplomatic Corps was never composed of more distinguished men, many of whom, as also numberless citizens, were wealthy and entertained lavishly and constantly. Nellie was so young and so much beloved that, while her friends were unwilling te part with her, every one was ready to pay her the most delightful attentions and to lavish upon her the costliest of gifts.

The wedding took place on the morning of the 22d of May, 1874,—a glorious spring day, when the soft air was laden with the perfume of blossoming magnolias and catalpas. Everything seemed to speak of new life and happiness. The White House had been elaborately decorated, and a profusion of orange blossoms from the South filled the beautiful rooms with their fragrance. The guests were a brilliant and distinguished company. Soon after the impressive ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris departed from the White House upon the first stage of their journey toward their English home.

Soon after, their eldest son, Colonel Grant, was married to the beautiful Miss Honoré of Chicago, and she came to

fill the place of daughter to the President and Mrs. Grant, bestowing a daughter's affection during the most trying ordeals of their lives.

Life at the White House under the administration of President Grant was a purely domestic one. It was the remark of all who had known its past that the White House never looked more home-like. It took on this aspect under the reign of Martha Patterson. Afterward, pictures and ornaments were added, one by one, till all its oldtime stiffness seemed to merge into a look of solid comfort. Its roof might leak occasionally — and it certainly was built before the day of "modern conveniences" — it might be altogether inadequate to be the house of the President of a great Nation; nevertheless, that Nation had no occasion to be ashamed of its order or adornment during President Grant's administration. The house was greatly improved by Mrs. Grant's suggestions. Many plants and flowers were added to the conservatories, and were used with much taste in the adornment of the rooms.

President and Mrs. Grant entertained more distinguished people and scions of royalty than any other occupants of the White House. Among them were the Duke of Edinburgh, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia; King Kalakaua; and the first Japanese and Chinese ministers after the signing of the Burlingame treaty. I was present at the state dinners and receptions tendered these celebrities, and have since sat at the tables of royalty more than once, and I can aver they in no wise surpassed in bounty, elegance, and good taste the entertainments of President and Mrs. Grant.

While neither the President nor Mrs. Grant could ever have been considered fine conversationalists, no one partook of their hospitality who was not charmed by them both because of their sincere and unpretentious cordiality. General Grant was full of quiet humor, and particularly enjoyed a joke at Mrs. Grant's expense, her frankness and pronounced

opinions frequently giving him opportunity to turn what might sometimes have proved embarrassing, particularly when those opinions were in contravention to those of a guest. Mrs. Grant never remembered individual characteristics or histories. Her kindly nature would never permit her purposely to wound any one, but she often failed to remember those personal circumstances, tastes, or opinions which make it dangerous, sometimes, to express oneself too frankly. The absolute harmony of their domestic lives was ideal. The boasted domestic bliss of our ancestors in the early days of the Republic furnishes no history of a happier or more united pair.

The latter part of General Grant's second term was full of sorrow, and yet no one could have imagined Mrs. Grant's distress over the vituperation poured out upon her husband, so careful was she not to gratify his enemies by betraying her unhappiness. In their wonderful journey around the world no woman could have borne herself with greater dignity and self-possession than did Mrs. Grant on all occasions, many of them most unusual, her kind heart and unaffected manner then, as ever, winning hosts of friends.

I had the pleasure of being one of the party who went to Galena to meet them in their old home in that city on their return from abroad, and can never forget that occasion, when, as if the wheel of Time had been turned back, we were again under their hospitable roof, with all the changes and scenes of the intervening years lingering only in memory like dreams of the past. Their friends of yore had replaced everything, as nearly as possible, as it was twenty years before; many of their old neighbors sat round the dinner table that night, and but for the touches of the finger of Time no one could have believed the fifth of a century had rolled away since their last home-coming. Both the General and Mrs. Grant were very merry that night, telling without restraint of the incidents and experi-

ences of their travels around the globe. After a short stay in Galena they went on to Chicago, where such a reception awaited them as had never before been extended to anyone.

The six years next ensuing were years of trouble, suffering, and anxiety. General Grant's connection with the firm of Grant & Ward was most unfortunate. His ignorance of the character of the business of the firm in which he was a partner, shows his unreserved and trusting faith in men, and of his somewhat defective judgment concerning them. After the collapse of the firm, in which Grant was the victim of his partner's rascalities, universal sympathy was extended to him on account of his financial adversities. Despite the mistakes of which he was bitterly accused in public life, and out of it, the fact was never lost sight of that the Nation owed him a debt of gratitude which it never could repay.

Much of the criticism of him was unjust. His well-known generosity of nature led him to place cordial confidence in those who traded on his good name and deceived him.

A bill was introduced in the Senate in 1884 placing ex-President Grant on the retired list of the army, with the rank and full pay of general, and it was passed by a unanimous vote. A bill to grant him a pension of $5,000 a year was withdrawn at his own request.

In the summer of 1884 General Grant became seriously ill from a cancerous affection of the throat. "Nothing in his career," says General Horace Porter, "was more heroic than the literary labor he now performed. Hovering between life and death, suffering almost constant agony, and some of the time speechless from disease, he struggled through his daily task and laid down his pen only four days before his death." This literary labor was the preparation of his "Memoirs," by the publication of which he hoped to retrieve the pecuniary losses he had suffered through the treachery of supposed friends.

During his illness the people everywhere responded with pathetic interest to the accounts of his great suffering, which he endured with patience and manly fortitude. He died at Mount McGregor, N. Y., July 22, 1885, and was buried at Riverside Park, New York City, where a magnificent tomb marks his last resting-place.

In all those long, weary months of suffering, Mrs. Grant kept the vigil that only the most devoted love could keep, courageously restraining her anguish through fear of its effect upon her husband. As soon as she could rally after his death she interested herself in her children and her grandchildren, and to this day devotes all her time to them and to the alleviation of the burdens of her kindred and friends. She divides her income between her children and dependent relatives with lavish generosity, but in such absolute silence that few people know anything about it except the recipients. She is ambitious for every one of her children and children's children. The marriage of General Frederick Grant's daughter to Prince Catacuzene of Russia she considered a compliment to the Russian Prince far in excess of any honor the Prince could confer on a granddaughter of General Grant. This granddaughter bears her name and is a great favorite with her.

Her home in Washington is not pretentious, but beautiful in its appointments, and rich in the great number of valuable souvenirs which were given to her illustrious husband. There may she happily spend the closing years of a life that has ever been abundant in good deeds, and suggestive of all that is worthy of emulation. Of her husband it has been well said: "Lincoln gave us Emancipation, and we bow before the majesty of that deed. Grant gave us Peace and Financial Integrity. As blessings of civilization, they will live with a glory as undying as that of the Proclamation which gave freedom to the slave."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE PRESIDENTS, THEIR WIVES, AND FAMOUS LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE, CONTINUED — THE REFINING REIGN OF MRS. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

A Woman of Remarkable Ability — Meets Rutherford B. Hayes, a Rising Young Lawyer — Their Marriage — General Hayes' Brilliant Army Record — Promoted to General for Extraordinary Services — Wounded Four Times — Mrs. Hayes' Visits to Her Wounded Husband — Two Winters in Camp — Ministering to the Sick and Wounded — General Hayes Elected President — Mrs. Hayes' Reign in the White House — Her Personal Appearance and Traits of Character — Her Dignified and Charming Presence — Banishing Wine from the President's Table — Her Love of Flowers — Magnificent Dinners and Receptions — A Superb State Dinner to Royalty — How the Question of the Use of Wine at the White House Was Decided — Leaving the White House — Returning to Their Modest Home — Death of Mrs. Hayes — President McKinley's Estimate of Ex-President Hayes — His Death.

IT is no disparagement to any one of the noble women who have filled the position of mistress of the White House to say that, all in all, Lucy Webb Hayes stands at the head of the list as having been by birth, education, experience, acquirements, and disposition the best-equipped for this high place. On the maternal side she came from the best Puritan blood of New England, while her father was of sturdy North Carolina stock. They were people of means, education, and refinement. Her mother, a woman of remarkable ability, being left a widow when her children were young, decided to remove from Chillicothe to Delaware, Ohio, so as to give them the advantages of an education at the Wesleyan University.

Lucy Ware Webb shared with her brothers the privileges of that institution, studying under the same professors. She prepared for the Wesleyan Female College at Cincinnati, entering that college at the same time her brothers began their collegiate course. Her natural talents were of the highest order, combined with most conscientious principles; and when she was graduated in 1852, she had won not only first honors for her scholarly attainments, but the love and admiration of the faculty and her associates.

Her vivacity of spirits and winning ways made her a universal favorite. During a vacation she visited Delaware Sulphur Springs, where she met Rutherford B. Hayes, then a rising young lawyer of Cincinnati, though a native of Delaware. From that moment Mr. Hayes became her suitor, and two years after their first meeting they were married, December, 1852. It was the kind of marriage that is said to be made in Heaven.

For some years they led a quiet domestic life, Mrs. Hayes being foremost in all good works in the community where they resided, while Mr. Hayes was gradually winning his way to positions of honor and responsibility.

When the Civil War broke out Mr. Hayes was appointed Major of the 23d Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, then in command of Colonel, afterwards General, Rosecrans. In July, 1861, the regiment was ordered into West Virginia. On the 14th of September, 1862, in the battle of South Mountain, Major Hayes distinguished himself by leading a charge, in which, though severely wounded, he held his position at the head of his men until he was carried from the field. In October he was appointed Colonel of the regiment. He aided materially in checking Morgan's raid. He also distinguished himself at the battles at Winchester, performing feats of extraordinary bravery.

At the battle of Cedar Creek, in October, 1864, the conduct of Colonel Hayes attracted so much attention that his

commander, General Crook, took him by the hand, saying, "Colonel, from this day you will be a Brigadier-General." His commission arrived soon afterward, and on the 13th of March, 1865, he received the rank of Brevet-Major "for gallant and distinguished services during the campaign of 1864 in West Virginia, and particularly at the battles of Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, Va." During his service he was wounded four times.

When General Hayes was in the field in 1864 he was nominated as a candidate for Congress. A friend wrote to him, suggesting that he should ask a furlough for the purpose of canvassing the District. His reply was: "An officer fit for duty, who at this crisis would abandon his post to electioneer for a seat in Congress, ought to be scalped!"

Mrs. Hayes spent two winters in camp in Virginia with her husband. She also served in the hospital for soldiers in Frederick City, Maryland. The regard of General Hayes' regiment for her amounted almost to adoration. It continued as long as she lived, and while there is a survivor of the 23d Ohio her memory will be cherished and venerated. It was in recognition of her services to sick and wounded soldiers that she was elected an honorary member of the Society of the Army of West Virginia.

The 20th of December, 1877, the President and Mrs. Hayes celebrated in the White House the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, and notwithstanding their announcement that no presents would be accepted, the surviving officers of the 23d Ohio Volunteers sent Mrs. Hayes a large silver plate, beautifully mounted on velvet, with the following inscription exquisitely engraved thereon:

"To Thee, 'Mother of ours,' from the 23d O. V. I.

"To Thee, our Mother, on thy silver troth, we bring this token of our love. Thy boys give greeting unto thee with burning hearts. Take the hoarded treasures of thy speech, kind words, gentle when a gentle word

was worth the surgery of an hundred schools to heal sick thought and make our bruises whole. Take it, our mother; 'tis but some small part of thy rare beauty we give back to thee, and while love speaks in silver, from our hearts we'll bribe Old Father Time to spare his gift."

Above the inscription was a sketch of the log hut erected as Colonel Hayes' headquarters in the valley of the Kanawha during the winter of 1863 and 1864, and above it the tattered and torn battle-flags of the regiment.

She had so endeared herself to every member by her ministrations to them in the hospital and in the camp that it is not surprising that in every campaign in which General Hayes was a candidate, these veterans were fully enlisted to secure his success. He was elected to Congress before peace was declared; became Governor of Ohio in 1869, and was elected President of the United States in 1876.

In every position Mrs. Hayes brought the same quick intelligence, charming manners, and tactful happy spirit; never manifesting the least weariness, irritability, or nervousness. Always the same cheerful, winsome woman, she seemed the embodiment of health and happiness.

Mrs. Hayes was very fond of young people, and often entertained youthful guests, to whom she gave every attention. One of the most elaborate entertainments ever given in the White House was a luncheon given by her to fifty young ladies in honor of a bevy of girls who were her guests. Her vivacious spirits on such occasions were captivating, making the young people forget that she was a matron, and bringing out all the brightness that was in them.

Mrs. Hayes was a beautiful woman, of medium height and full figure, with luxuriant and lustrous black hair, which she always wore combed smoothly down below the ears and braided or rolled in a coil at the back and fastened up with a shell comb. Her brow was low and unfurrowed by care. When she smiled she displayed fine teeth of

pearly whiteness. Her large black eyes were full of expression and sparkled brightly when she was animated. The perfect simplicity of her manner, the elegance and severity of style in her dress, bespoke her the lady at all times. As mistress of the Ohio Executive Mansion and of the Executive Mansion of the Capital of the Nation, she was always the same self-poised, attractive woman, unruffled by any situation, ever kind and amiable.

She loved elderly people and children, two classes sometimes overlooked by women in high places. No one who ever approached her received a rebuff. She listened patiently to all tales of woe, and gave her petitioner her sympathy and gracious smile if she could do no more. She acted always from a conscientious conviction of right and justice; never discussed her plans, or gave unsought her advice or opinions, and was devoutly religious, but never narrow-minded or intolerant.

She was much criticised by a certain class of fault-finders because of her temperance proclivities, and was accredited with banishing wine from the President's table. Neither she nor the President ever made any explanation to any one as to who suggested the change from the custom followed by other Presidents of placing wines before their guests. It was simply in accordance with their principles, and no one had any right to criticise. There were many attempts to ridicule this departure from a time-honored custom, Mr. Schurz, a member of Mr. Hayes' Cabinet, facetiously asserting that the sherbet preceding the game course at a dinner in the White House "was the life-saving station of these functions." Others attributed the decision to the parsimony of the President.

The true reason was that Mrs. Hayes could not consistently, with her deep convictions on the subject of temperance, consent to placing wine before her guests in the Executive Mansion, any more than she could at her own private

table. The President sharing her opinions, they did what they believed to be right, and suffered nothing from the adverse criticisms; on the contrary, all good people blessed them for exerting their influence in favor of temperance.

Mrs. Hayes, through her passionate love of flowers and her knowledge of botany, accomplished more in enlarging the conservatories, securing competent gardeners, and obtaining rare additions to the floral and foliage collections, than any other lady who ever reigned in the White House. Through her intelligent oversight the beauty and value of the conservatories were greatly increased. It was at her suggestion that the billiard-room, which was formerly between the conservatory and the state dining-room, was made an extension of the conservatory, and by this means guests of to-day enjoy a beautiful vista of arching palms and blooming flowers while sitting at a state dinner or luncheon.

Mrs. Hayes also inaugurated the abundant use of flowers and growing plants in the decorations of the White House for all social occasions. This innovation having been adopted by her successors, the demand upon the conservatories of the White House, Botanical Gardens, and Agricultural Department, is now so great that but for the skillful management of the chiefs of these departments they could not possibly furnish a sufficient supply.

The dinners and receptions given by President and Mrs. Hayes were magnificent, characterized by good taste and regal hospitality. There have never been more delightful receptions in the Executive Mansion than the informal ones that were held every Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Hayes always invited some lady of the many official families to assist her in receiving the guests. There was never a crowd; every one donned their best calling costumes; the house was always filled with flowers and plants; and there was much more real enjoyment than at an evening "crush,"

with the discomfort of crowded rooms, and the heat of hundreds of burning gas-jets. Mrs. Hayes seemed as happy as any of her guests. Never disguising her gratification at her position, and never guilty of vanity or affectation, she succeeded in making every one feel welcome.

She once said to me: "Why should not the people come to see the White House? It is theirs, and they have a right to be cordially received by those whom they have elected to reside in it for four years."

Very soon after their occupancy of the White House, they gave a superb state dinner to the visiting Grand Dukes Alexis and Constantine of Russia, which had not been surpassed by any similar function in that stately dining-room. Mrs. Hayes superintended the table and house decorations on this occasion, knowing that anything falling below the standard of previous entertainments of this kind would be severely criticised. The question of the use of wine was left to the Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts, as it was purely an official affair. The President and Mrs. Hayes gracefully conformed to Mr. Evarts' decision, and the master of ceremonies provided the best wine that could be procured for this international occasion.

Miss Cook, a niece of Mrs. Hayes, was quietly married to the gallant General Hastings in the White House. The wedding could not have been more simple in the bride's own home in Fremont, Ohio. Immediately after the ceremony General and Mrs. Hastings left Washington for their new home in Bermuda.

When the time came for Mr. and Mrs. Hayes to leave the White House, the genuine love and admiration which every one entertained for her found expression in elaborate entertainments, and lavish gifts of flowers and more durable remembrances. Tearful eyes followed her on her departure, and no one has ever spoken of this charming mistress of the White House except in terms of the highest praise.

THE EAST ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE DECORATED FOR A STATE RECEPTION.

It is a rare sight to see this famous room decorated for a state function. Over 5,000 decorative plants are used, ranging from giant palms to tiny and delicate ferns. About a mile of smilax is required. The room is not open to visitors when decorated for such occasions

They returned to their modest home in Fremont, Ohio, and took up life's duties with the same enthusiasm as if they had not laid down those of national importance. If either missed the adulation of the people and the fawning of society's devotees, they made no sign. When the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was held in Columbus, Ohio, the ex-President and Mrs. Hayes came to Columbus and remained during the encampment. At a reception given in the State Capitol I witnessed the devotion of the Grand Army men to Mrs. Hayes, and her gracious manner toward them recalled vividly her queenly bearing when receiving guests in the Executive Mansion in Washington.

Though a woman of remarkable health and youthful vigor she died suddenly at her home in Fremont, Ohio, June 25, 1889.

After the presidential campaign of 1876, a great outcry was made that Hayes had not been honestly elected, and he was roundly abused for two years. But, though bitterly assailed by political enemies, he preserved a firm, dignified demeanor, and conducted his administration to a creditable close. His enemies ridiculed him as unfit for the position; but the facts show nothing of the kind. His lofty purpose was never questioned. He was not a great or a brilliant man — few of our Presidents have been — but he was honest, modest, and conscientious in the discharge of the duties of his high office, and was fully entitled to the esteem which he won and retained.

President McKinley once said of him, "No ex-President ever passed the period of his retirement from the executive chair to the grave with more dignity, self-respect, or public usefulness."

He died in Fremont, Ohio, of paralysis of the heart, January 17, 1893.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PRESIDENTS, THEIR WIVES, AND FAMOUS LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE, CONTINUED — GARFIELD'S AND ARTHUR'S ADMINISTRATIONS.

President James A. Garfield and His Wife — From a Log Cabin to the White House — His First Ambition — First Meeting with Miss Rudolph — Pupils in the Same School — Their Engagement — Garfield's Enviable War Record — Advancing Step by Step to Fame — His Marriage and Election to the Presidency — His Tribute to His Devoted Wife — His Assassination — Brave Fight for Life — Weary Weeks of Torture — His Death and Burial — James G. Blaine's Remarkable Eulogy — Mrs. Garfield's Devotion and Christian Fortitude — A Brave and Silent Watcher — Intense Grief — Leaving the White House Forever — President Chester A. Arthur — Charming Personality of His Wife — His Sister as Mistress of the White House — Elegant Entertainments and Receptions — Lavish Hospitality — A Memorable Occasion.

MRS. JAMES A. GARFIELD'S reign in the White House was so brief, and so overshadowed by the awful tragedy which caused the protracted suffering and untimely death of her husband, that one can form little idea of what it might have been under happier auspices. It can well be said of both President and Mrs. Garfield that they were true representatives of the people. Their innate abilities and tastes had led them into channels of education and culture, and both had literally worked their way from humble life to an enviable position among educated and refined people before their marriage.

He was born in Orange township, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, November 19, 1831. His father, a native of Worces-

ter, New York, had removed to northeastern Ohio and made what he considered a home in the primeval forest, cutting down the trees and building a log cabin for his family. In that uninviting place four children were born, James being the youngest, and participated with their parents in the desperate struggle for existence, inevitable in such a region. Everything was of the rudest. The cabin was without windows or doors — holes serving for the purpose — and two or three acres of cleared land furnishing the grain, and the woods the game on which they subsisted. In such an abode the future President cut wood, dug up stumps, watched cattle, and tilled land until his twelfth year. The father died before James was two years old, and he might have starved except for his elder brother and his mother — a descendant of the famous Ballou family — who labored night and day to keep the wolf from the door. A relative who lived in the neighborhood pitied their poverty and aided them to the extent of his limited ability.

James does not seem to have been different from other boys. He showed no precocious talents, or, in fact, talents of any sort until he had reached his teens. His first ambition was to be the captain of a canal boat; but he never got any further than to drive a mule on the tow-path on the Ohio canal. He was fond of reading, and, as he went to Cleveland frequently to sell wood or buy provisions, he had opportunities to get books. His mother first inspired him with a desire for education; then the district schoolmaster gave him a helping hand, but it was not until he was sixteen that he decided that he would be an educated man, and win an honorable position. Supporting himself by manual labor, and practicing the sternest kind of self-denial, he was enabled to attend an academy in the adjoining township of Chester. While there the struggling, ambitious lad met the young woman who was destined to become his wife. She was Lucretia Rudolph daughter of a well-to-do farmer.

Lucretia Rudolph and young Garfield were pupils at the same school. She was "a quiet, thoughtful girl of singularly sweet and refined nature, fond of study and reading, and possessing a warm heart, and a mind capable of steady growth." From the seminary Garfield went to Hiram College, where, in his second term he acted as a tutor, Lucretia Rudolph being one of his pupils. After she had finished her course at Hiram she went to Cleveland to teach in one of the public schools. They were engaged before parting, plighting their troth until they should be able to unite their destinies "for better, for worse."

Garfield entered Williams College, at Williamstown, Mass., where he was graduated in 1856, at the age of twenty-five, having won the highest honor within the gift of the institution. He was at once elected teacher of Latin and Greek in the college at Hiram, at the end of a year becoming its President. His influence there was most inspiring; students flocked to it from near and far, and Hiram became one of the best educational institutions in that section of the country. It was during his presidency that he and Miss Rudolph were married, November 11, 1858.

From that day Mrs. Garfield performed her duties as the wife of an ambitious man with no little tact and valuable assistance to him in the acquisition of whatever he desired. She was an efficient helpmate in all things, following him in his studies, and sharing his labors. She also encouraged and assisted his pupils in many ways, enabling them to solve many a difficult problem of the curriculum. At this time Garfield began the study of law; was admitted to the bar, and in 1859 was elected to the State Senate. He was serving in that body when hostilities between the North and South began, and it was he who sprang to his feet when the President's call for 75,000 men was read, and moved, amid tumultuous applause, that 20,000 troops and 3,000,000 of money should be voted as the quota of the State.

In 1861 Mr. Garfield, in command of the 42d Regiment Ohio Volunteers, left his family for service in the field. Mrs. Garfield took care of their little daughter, cherished his aged mother, and carefully economized, so that she could put his savings into a home that they might call their own; and though it cost only $800.00, it is doubtful if any other they ever had gave them greater pleasure.

Here General Garfield found his loved ones, including his aged mother, when he returned at the close of the war with a splendid record for gallant conduct and the shoulder-straps of a Brevet Brigadier-General.

As he advanced step by step through the House of Representatives to the Presidency, Mrs. Garfield kept pace with her husband, rearing their four children with admirable success, preparing her sons for college and her only daughter for higher school work. Their modest home in Washington was the center of a literary circle that has never been surpassed in the capital. Their tastes were congenial, and President Garfield has left on record some beautiful tributes to his devoted wife. Upon his elevation to the Presidency she assumed the duties of mistress of the White House in the same unpretentious, sincere, and unaffected manner that had always characterized her life at the capital.

President Garfield was inaugurated March 4, 1881, after one of the most bitter presidential campaigns that ever occurred in this country. The populace had literally invaded President Garfield's home, destroying every vestige of shrubbery and other movable objects around his house by the species of vandalism called relic-collecting. So outrageous had been their depredations that little Irwin McDowell Garfield, the youngest of the children, anxiously inquired of his father if he thought they would carry away all the palings of the garden fence and the corn from the field near the house.

The tax upon Mrs. Garfield during the campaign and the

intervening months between the election and inauguration was so great that early in the next June she was taken ill, and for many days she hovered between life and death. As soon as she could be moved she was taken to Elberon, New Jersey, for the benefit of the sea air, and the quiet impossible to obtain in the White House, where hordes of office-seekers were constantly pressing their claims on the President. She improved rapidly, and was preparing to join President Garfield on the way to Williams College, where he was to address the graduating class.

On the morning of July 2d he started on his journey. He was passing through the waiting-room of the Baltimore & Potomac depot — now the Pennsylvania railroad station — leaning on the arm of Mr. Blaine, when the assassin Guiteau, a disappointed office-seeker and dangerous crank, fired at him with a pistol. The first ball passed through his coat sleeve; the second entered the back, fractured a rib, and lodged deep in the body. The wounded President was tenderly carried back to the White House, where for more than ten weeks he lingered between life and death, bearing his suffering with fortitude and cheerfulness. A day of national supplication was set apart and sacredly observed, and, as if in answer to the people's prayers, his condition seemed to improve. But when midsummer came the President failed perceptibly, and he was removed to Elberon, Sept. 6, 1881. He bore the journey well, and for awhile, under the inspiration of the invigorating sea-breezes, seemed to be gaining. But on the 15th of September symptoms of blood poisoning appeared. He lingered till the 19th, when, after a few hours of unconsciousness, he died peacefully. A special train carried the body to Washington through a country draped with emblems of mourning, past crowds of reverent spectators, to lie in state in the rotunda of the Capitol for two days.

On the 24th, in a long train, crowded with the most

illustrious of his countrymen, which in its passage day or night was never out of the silent watch of mourning citizens who stood in city, field, and forest to see it pass, Garfield's remains were borne to Cleveland and placed in a beautiful cemetery which overlooks the waters of Lake Erie. An imposing monument marks his resting place.

The services held at the Capitol were never surpassed in solemnity, except on February 22, 1882, when, in the Hall of Representatives, James G. Blaine delivered an eloquent memorial address in the presence of President Arthur, his Cabinet, Senators, Members of Congress, and the heads of all departments of the Government. In this he said:

"On the morning of Saturday, July 2, the President was a contented and happy man — not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. On his way to the railroad station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and a keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor and destined to grow stronger; that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed; that trouble lay behind him and not before him; that he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted and at times almost unnerved him; that he was going to his Alma Mater to renew the most cherished associations of his young manhood, and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress from the day he entered upon his college course until he had attained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

"Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboc

ing of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

"Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death — and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly langour, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave.

"As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain; and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders, — on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore,

and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning."

The world remembers the story of Mrs. Garfield's hurried return to the side of her stricken husband, her untiring devotion to him through the weary weeks that followed, and his solicitude for her in his conscious moments. Bravely and silently she watched every movement of the physicians in their efforts to save his life, and was heroically calm when they decided to take him to Elberon as a last resort. Her grief was intense when his last hours came, but the agonizing scenes which followed were borne with Christian fortitude. When all was over she returned to the White House, of which she can have only melancholy memories, and directed the removal of her personal effects to her home in Mentor, Ohio.

All the world must admire her womanly deportment in her widowhood. The motherly and loving care she always bestowed on her family marks her as one of whom all American women should be proud.

Chester A. Arthur, the twenty-first President of the United States, was the fourth Vice-President who became President by the death of the Chief Magistrate, and two of the deaths, strange to say, were by assassination in a land that has an instinctive horror of assassins.

Arthur was the son of a Baptist clergyman from the North of Ireland, who had settled in eastern Canada, from whence he removed just across the border, an event that gave his eldest boy a geographical chance to be President of the United States. He was born at the hamlet of Fairfield, Franklin County, Vermont, in a log cabin; was one of five children, whom his father, at this time preaching for $350 a year to a poor congregation in an old barn, could hardly afford to have. But families were not then regarded financially, nor were they the dispensable luxuries that they are now. The poor clergyman was obliged to eke out his

necessary expenses by manual labor in field or shop, and even when his circumstances improved was but an itinerant preacher continually perplexed with making both ends meet. Young Arthur's education was acquired in the rude schoolhouse of the rural districts of the time. He was only eighteen when he was graduated at Union College, Schenectady. After teaching a while in his native State, he was admitted to the bar at twenty-eight and settled in New York city. For seven years he was collector of the port of New York, and was removed by President Hayes, who thought the office was too much used as a political power in the State. He then resumed the practice of law, entered actively into political life, and was so engaged when nominated to the Vice-Presidency.

When President Garfield died, Mr. Arthur bore himself with great delicacy and discretion, and so acted to the end of his administration. His views were broad and statesmanlike, his bearing dignified, his policy enlightened.

Judging from the reputation of Mrs. Chester A. Arthur, society and the country lost much by her death in 1880, a short time before the nomination of her husband to the Vice-Presidency. Her lovely face, charming personality, and magnificent voice would have been a benediction to her husband, and especially after his ascendancy to the Presidency. She was fascinating in her manners and a general favorite in society. A native of the South, she had all the vivacity and enthusiasm of the impulsive temperaments and affectionate natures of Southern women. President Arthur kept her picture on a table near his bed, and, like President Jackson, the portrait of his beloved wife was the last thing he saw before sleeping and the first thing to greet his eyes on awakening. Every morning, by the President's order, a vase of fresh flowers was placed beside the picture. One can imagine how he missed in the trying hours of his life one so lovable, and who held his heart captive evermore.

Mrs. Arthur was the daughter of Capt. William L. Herndon, who while a lieutenant in the United States Navy explored the valley of the Amazon. He perished at sea while commanding the steamer *Central America*, which went down in the Gulf of Mexico with 426 persons on board. In recognition of his heroism at that time Congress voted a gold medal to his widow.

President Arthur's fine taste was based upon principles of generosity and ideas of lavish hospitality. No administration has ever approached the perfection and liberality of his entertainments. The fitness of things was innate with him, and he allowed nothing to be done cheaply or in a narrow, ungenerous way. He made radical innovations in the style of entertaining at the White House, and under his directions the decorations of the sober old mansion were greatly improved. On the reassembling of Congress, December, 1885, they found that a transformation scene had taken place in the White House. There was no trace of the ruin that had been wrought by the inevitable tread of thousands of persons deeply solicitous for the dying Garfield. The White House was bright and cheerful.

The President was a man of charming presence. His sister, Mrs. John McElroy; her two daughters; his won little daughter Nellie, and his son Alan, composed the White House family. The ushers and attendants seemed to have laid aside their melancholy expressions and to have assumed an air of smiling and obliging cordiality. The cloud which had hung with so depressing an effect during President Garfield's long illness had lifted, greatly to the relief of every one.

Mrs. McElroy, while one of the most quiet and gentle of women, entered upon her duties with such a desire to please, if possible, the unreasonable public that she was not long in winning their love and admiration. Her whole life had been spent under serene skies and so hallowed by sur-

roundings of a happy religious character that at first she half dreaded the ordeal through which one must pass who is at all at the bidding of the insatiable public. She feared the jealousies of the people, the rivalries in society and politics; but her own lovable nature made her an adept in diplomacy. Her pride in her brother, her attractive personality and winning manners disarmed criticism and made her one of the most efficient and beloved of the ladies of the White House.

President Arthur was a polished man of society, and noted as a giver of elegant dinners. He must have contrasted sometimes the sumptuousness of these days with the Spartan plainness of the days of his boyhood. He was so disposed to have guests in the White House that Mrs. McElroy had something to do continually, and she performed her arduous duties conscientiously and with rare grace. Although she was a novice in the ways of the world and public life, no one would have guessed it who witnessed the consummate skill with which she received and presided over the White House. She was passionately fond of young people, and at every reception in the afternoon or evening she had a bevy of young women, who might be said to have rivaled the magnificent flowers in their radiant beauty and attractiveness. Many individuals who had almost passed into the shades of oblivion because the conspicuous figures who had given them prominence were no more, were brought from their retreats by President Arthur and Mrs. McElroy and made to feel that they were not forgotten. He remembered who people were and what was their due in the dispensing of social recognition. Mrs. John Tyler, Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston, Mrs. Grant, and other members of the families of celebrated Americans, were often seen among the guests at the most distinguished functions given during Arthur's administration.

Mrs. McElroy introduced an agreeable feature of an

IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE DURING A NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION.

Every grade of society is represented at a New Year's reception at the White House, and the President welcomes courtly ambassadors and humble laboring men with equal cordiality.

afternoon and evening reception by having tea served upstairs in the corridor to the ladies who assisted in receiving, and many others who were quietly told to remain for this social aftermath. President Arthur sent many flowers to the ladies of official families, invalids, and on wedding and funeral occasions, which courtesy it was said that his thoughtful sister suggested.

Mrs. McElroy's last reception, which occurred on Saturday afternoon preceding the 4th of March which closed her brother's administration, was almost if not quite equal to the farewell reception of Mrs. Hayes. The house was superbly decorated; Mrs. McElroy was beautifully gowned; her daughters and Miss Arthur in soft, delicate shades of the finest nun's veiling, looked like ladies of noble birth; twenty-five or thirty young women from the official families in Washington completed the picture of the memorable occasion, saddened by the thought that it was the last social event of President Arthur's uneventful but successful administration.

He retired to his home in New York in 1885, upon the inauguration of Cleveland. He went out of office with honors that, when he entered it, were not his, and no one can say that he was not an able man, who fulfilled the duties of his high office with dignity, firmness, and faithfulness. He died November 18, 1886.

CHAPTER L.

THE PRESIDENTS, THEIR WIVES, AND FAMOUS LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE, CONTINUED—A YOUTHFUL BRIDE AS MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

A Bachelor President — Managing Mammas with Marriageable Daughters — Brief Reign of the President's Sister — An Intellectual and Self-Reliant Woman — The President's Engagement to Miss Frances Folsom — A Well-Guarded Family Secret — The President Meets His Fiancée at New York — Preparations for the Wedding — Miss Folsom's Appearance — Preparing to Receive Her at the White House — Arrival of the Eventful Day — The President's Unconventional Invitation to His Wedding — The Wedding Procession and the Ceremony — A Beautiful Bride — Mrs. Cleveland's Popular Reign — Winning Universal Admiration — Her Return to the White House — Why She Lost Interest in Social Functions — Retirement to Private Life — A Growing Family — A Quiet Home and Domestic Bliss.

STEPHEN GROVER CLEVELAND, or as he always officially signed his name, Grover Cleveland, succeeded Chester A. Arthur, and became the twenty-second President of the United States. Immediately after his election every one began to wonder who would preside as mistress of the White House; for it was well known that he was a bachelor long past the age when men are apt to marry. Managing mammas with marriageable daughters began to plan for opportunity to meet the President-elect, unconscious of the fact that he had at the time settled the question in his own mind by inviting his talented sister, Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, to perform the social duties of the Executive

Mansion until he was ready to install his bride, already chosen.

Miss Cleveland was a clever, well-educated, well-informed woman, who had already had much experience in life, having entered upon her career as teacher and author, and lecturer to college classes when quite young. She brought to the White House all the dignity and intelligence necessary for a successful fulfillment of the duties of the important position of first lady of the land, and while she did not inspire the admiration which her successor and sister-in-law did later, no one ever criticised Miss Cleveland for lack of genuine ability and a natural disposition to please. If her mannerisms were those of a teacher and independent woman, she was nevertheless cordial, easy, and agreeable. Intellectual people found her attractive, and she was well versed on important questions of the day. She made others comfortable by her perfect simplicity and absolute freedom from affectation. Always ready to entertain, or do anything required of her as mistress of the White House, the requisite official functions were given with punctilious care; and every person entitled to social courtesies from the President or his family duly received them.

For more than twelve months she conscientiously discharged every duty and obligation devolving upon her; but when the time came to receive her brother's fiancée, to arrange for their marriage in the White House, and to relinquish her position as its mistress, Miss Cleveland displayed true nobility of character. If she felt at all sensitive because another was about to take her exalted place as the first lady of the land, and supplant her in her brother's affection, she never in the slightest degree betrayed it. The White House was exquisitely decorated, the suite the bridal couple were to occupy was newly fitted up, and everything that loving thought could suggest for their happiness was done. She entertained Mrs. and Miss Folsom royally,

personally superintended everything necessary to make the wedding all that could be desired, and assisted in the preparation for the departure of the bride and groom for the place where they were to spend their honeymoon. Soon after their return Miss Cleveland departed for her home at Holland Patent, New York, so that the bride might without embarrassment assume her rightful place as mistress of the White House.

Doubtless Miss Cleveland resumed her accustomed work with much pleasure, for it was beyond question more agreeable to her than the conventionalities of official social life. She had no taste for the foibles of fashionable society, or ambition to be a society leader in the common acceptance of the term. As much as she appreciated the dignity of her position, and her brother's advancement to the highest honor in the people's gift, she was too independent to cater to the whims of the frivolous or yield to all the senseless and insatiable demands made upon the lady of the White House.

All conjectures as to whom President Cleveland was paying his addresses were silenced in May, 1886, when Mrs. and Miss Folsom, of Buffalo, landed in New York from the steamer *Noordland* from Antwerp, after a short sojourn abroad, where, it had been whispered, Miss Folsom had been making preparations for her marriage to the President.

In 1875, her father, then residing in Buffalo, was thrown from his carriage and killed almost instantly. His intimate friend, Grover Cleveland, immediately took upon himself the care of his affairs, becoming the legal guardian of his only child. The little girl — Frances — was born July 21, 1864. Her childhood was passed in much the same way as that of the average American girl. Her primary education was carefully conducted, and, after her father's death, was continued in the high schools of Medina and Buffalo. From the latter she was admitted to the Sophomore class at Wells

College, Aurora, N. Y., graduating in June, 1885, with the approbation and affection of teachers and pupils alike.

Meantime Mr. Cleveland had risen from Governor of New York to be President of the United States. His strong interest in the young girl was well known. During the second year of her college life flowers came regularly from the conservatories of the gubernatorial mansion in Albany, and on the day of her valedictory a superb floral gift of white flowers was sent by the President from the White House conservatories.

Soon after the marriage, Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie wrote an interesting account of the ceremony,* from which I quote: "Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the sister of the President, invited Mrs. and Miss Folsom to visit the Executive Mansion in the winter of 1886. Miss Cleveland presented the charming young lady who assisted her at certain receptions as 'my little school girl,' but it was a family secret, wisely kept as such in order to avoid publicity, that the President and Miss Folsom were engaged. So carefully was this guarded from the public that within three weeks of the marriage some of the bride-elect's most intimate friends were not aware of the engagement.

"Early in the spring of 1886 Miss Folsom and her mother went abroad for a short trip. Although many of the passengers on the steamer that brought them home suspected the true state of affairs, all were too delicate to make any direct inquiry, and the young lady appeared as usual, affable and uniformly agreeable.

"When the steamer arrived they were met by Colonel Lamont, then Secretary to the President, and conducted to the Gilsey House. Here the President arrived soon after. His visit to New York was ostensibly to assist in the exercises of Memorial Day, but it had become generally known that he was to be married, and, for the first time in our history,

* Lippincott's Magazine, July, 1887

arrangements were made for the marriage of a President to be celebrated in the Executive Mansion itself.

"Miss Rose Cleveland, as hostess of the White House, made every preparation to receive Miss Folsom and her mother on the day of the wedding. In the early morning she met the ladies and their party at the Washington station, which was thronged with people anxious to see their President's bride. What they beheld was a tall, slenderly-built, and beautiful girl, with a manner of extreme simplicity and dignity.

"The Blue Room was prepared for the bride's reception. During the eventful day the President continued as usual to attend to public affairs, with only occasional interruptions from those engaged in preparing for the wedding-ceremony, or for a brief time of recreation with the family circle when he and Miss Folsom together addressed certain boxes of wedding-cake to be sent with their autographs to her particular friends. So informal had they desired the wedding to be that the President himself wrote certain invitations, the following of which may be taken as a specimen:

'EXECUTIVE MANSION, May 29, 1886.

"'MY DEAR MR. ———:

"'I am to be married on Wednesday evening, at seven o'clock, at the White House, to Miss Folsom. It will be a very quiet affair, and I will be extremely gratified at your attendance on the occasion.

'Yours sincerely,

'GROVER CLEVELAND.'"

"At six o'clock on the afternoon of June 2, a detachment of police entered the White House grounds, to clear the portion of the premises directly south of the mansion, and soon afterward the members of the Marine Band were admitted to the vestibule. By seven the invited guests arrived, entering the Blue Room on the first floor, the southern end of which was completely banked with flowers. The wedding procession started from the west end of the

corridor on the upper floor. The President came down the staircase, his bride leaning on his arm, the members of the family following. The strains of the Wedding March ushered them into the Blue Room, where at five minutes past seven o'clock the ceremony was performed. The observances which followed were such as would characterize any home wedding. A supper or collation was served, and an hour later the bride and groom started for their honeymoon at Deer Park, Maryland. They had sought seclusion, but at the same time they did not shun visits from intimate friends, and they could not escape the ubiquitous reporter. On her return to the White House Mrs. Cleveland immediately inaugurated the hospitalities which she afterwards so pleasantly dispensed, by a ball at which she wore her wedding-garments of white silk with the necklace of diamonds which was her husband's gift.

"A competent housekeeper regulated the affairs of the *ménage*, but the bride took an active interest in all that was going on. . . . At this time the first impression she created was of a girlish figure, tall and willowy, with a well-shaped and well-poised head, soft brown hair, brilliant eyes under finely-marked brows, and a mouth and chin absolutely faultless. The character of the face, if girlish, was intelligent and thoughtful. Although the dimples came readily, the smile was exceedingly sweet, and seemed a fitting accompaniment to her well-modulated voice. There was not a trace of affectation in her manner, but a self-possession which was remarkable in one so young, unless we accept the conclusion that it was instinctive."

Notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, it seemed certain that President Cleveland could not have made a wiser choice. Mrs. Cleveland was well equipped by nature and acquirements for the exalted position she had attained at twenty-two. Her whole life had been spent in earnest study and the acquisition of knowledge and accomplish-

ments. It is doubtful if any of her successors will ever fill the position with more popular acclaim than did the youthful bride of Grover Cleveland.

From the moment of her arrival at the White House she was recognized as one who was destined to win golden opinions. Imposing in appearance, beautiful in face, gracious in manners, she captivated all whom she met. For two years she continued to win her way to universal admiration, every one regretting her departure from the White House at the close of President Cleveland's first term.

As the wife of citizen Cleveland she was equally admired; as a mother she has been an example of noble womanhood. Four years after they left the White House, on Mr. Cleveland's second election to the Presidency, they returned to Washington, this time with the addition of all the necessary paraphernalia of a nursery, the little daughter Ruth having come in the meantime to gladden their home. Mrs. Cleveland quietly slipped into her old place, scarcely realizing that four years had intervened since she had reigned in the White House, and that meanwhile sad scenes had been enacted in the historic old mansion.

President Cleveland secured a country residence, as he was wont to do during his first term, and much of their time in the early spring and fall was spent in the country, affording all of them an opportunity for rest impossible at the White House. There was much less disposition to entertain during President Cleveland's second term, and Mrs. Cleveland had become so much engrossed in her domestic cares and motherly duties that she manifested less interest in social functions. Her second daughter was born during their occupancy of the White House, another reason for her increased interest in family affairs in preference to those of the public, to whom, however, she was always cordial and considerate.

Since their retirement to private life and their establish

ment of a permanent home in Princeton, New Jersey, they seem to be supremely happy and to pursue the even tenor of domestic life much as other people, as if they had no regrets for the prominence and excitement in which they began their matrimonial journey together. Mrs. Cleveland is still much beloved by those by whom she is surrounded. The birth of a third daughter and a son has added to their domestic bliss, and doubtless she finds more perfect happiness in her quiet home at classic Princeton than she did in the White House, where almost every hour of her life was subject to intrusion.

CHAPTER LI.

THE PRESIDENTS, THEIR WIVES, AND FAMOUS LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE, CONTINUED — THE REIGN AND DEATH OF PRESIDENT AND MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Boyhood Days of Benjamin Harrison — His Life on His Father's Farm — The Influence of His Mother's Example — He Becomes "Enamored of an Interesting Young Lady" — His Early Marriage — Working for $2.50 a Day — Setting up Housekeeping in a House of Three Rooms — Helping His Wife with Her Household Duties — A Rising Young Lawyer — Enlists in the Civil War — His Enviable War Record — Becomes Brigadier-General — Elected President of the United States — His Wife a True Helpmate — A Devoted Wife and Mother — Renovating the White House From Cellar to Garret — Burning of the Home of the Secretary of the Navy — Tragic Death of His Wife and Daughter — How the Tragedy Affected Mrs. Harrison — Her Illness and Death — The President's Marriage to Mrs. Dimmick — His Illness and Death — Affecting Scenes at His Bedside.

BENJAMIN HARRISON succeeded Grover Cleveland and became twenty-third President of the United States. He had been tried and proved in public life, and during the latter part of his term of six years as United States Senator he was regarded as a strong presidential possibility.

He was born at North Bend, Ohio, August 20, 1833. His father, John Scott Harrison, was a son of General William Henry Harrison, who became President in March, 1841, and died a month later. Not the least significant feature in Benjamin Harrison's biography is his descent from men who were conspicuous for distinguished public service. No

THE RED ROOM IN THE REMODELED WHITE HOUSE.

At the right is a Cabinet of Japanese dolls presented to Mrs. Roosevelt by the Japanese minister.

family is more closely connected than his with the best traditions of our race, and the story of his life reveals sturdy patriotism, unimpeached integrity, and high ideals regarding the duties of public office.

His grandfather, the President, died a poor man. His father was a hard-working farmer who passed as well-to-do, but despite his industry and his thrift his acres melted away in his later years, and the title to his farm passed into other hands long before his death. Yet he made his limited means suffice to furnish his children with more than a common school education.

Benjamin's early years were spent on his father's farm, and how his early days were passed has been told by the late ex-Congressman Butterworth, who, writing to a friend on the subject, said:

"He was born just over across the hills where you and I first saw the light. Ben Harrison's experiences were just like ours. He was a farmer's boy, lived in a little farmhouse, had to hustle out of bed between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning the year round to feed stock, get ready to drop corn or potatoes, or rake hay by the time the sun was up. He knew how to feed the pigs, how to teach a calf to drink milk out of a bucket; could harness a horse in the dark, and do all the things we, as farmers' boys, knew how to do. He used to go to the mill on a sack of wheat or corn and balance it over the horse's back by getting on one end of it, holding on to the horse's mane while he was going up hill, and feeling anxious about the result. He had the usual number of stone bruises and stubbed toes, and the average number of nails in his foot that fell to the portion of the rest of us. He knew how to get up, feed, milk, and then study his lessons by a little tallow dip. Then he walked his two miles to school and got there in time to play 'bull-pen' for half an hour before books."

He was fond of spending his evenings in the large family

sitting-room, which also served as a dining-room. At one side of this apartment was a wide open fireplace, where, in the winter, the blazing logs rendered almost unnecessary the additional light of the home-made tallow dips. His mother always sat before this fire during the evening with her knitting All of the children treated her with the greatest respect. She was a devout Presbyterian. Every evening when the hour for her retirement came she would fold her knitting, and, going to one side of the room, would kneel in silent prayer. This little ceremony made a great impression upon her little son Benjamin, and the influence of that mother's example was exemplified in after years, when, as President of the United States, he had morning prayers regularly at the Executive Mansion. Nor was any accusation of insincerity ever made against him. The practice was in keeping with his faithful church attendance and with the tenor of his whole life.

Young Harrison learned enough at the country school to enter Farmers' College, near Cincinnati, going from there to Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, from which he was graduated when eighteen years of age. Mr. W. P. Fishback, his law partner for seven years, is authority for the statement that young Harrison left Farmers' College because he had become "enamored of an interesting young lady whose father, Dr. Scott, had established a school for young ladies at Oxford." The young lady was Miss Caroline Lavinia Scott. He won her affections, and departed from Oxford full of hope and ambition. Loyal to her lover, the young lady devoted herself assiduously to her studies and a thorough preparation for the duties of life as the wife of young Harrison, to whom she had plighted her troth.

While at Miami he joined the Presbyterian Church during a religious revival in that town, and he never afterward wavered in his allegiance to the church or failed to perform the duties which devolved upon him through this step.

From the University he entered as a student a law office in Cincinnati. He was an impatient lover, and before he had finished his studies he made Caroline L. Scott his wife, on October 20, 1853.

His early marriage, with scarcely visible means of support, was evidence of his self-confidence; but he soon felt the necessity of at once branching out for himself. He selected Indianapolis as his future home. He had inherited from an aunt a lot in Cincinnati, upon which he was able to borrow $800. This was all the capital he had when he and his bride went to Indianapolis, in March, 1854. He knew there John A. Rea, who was clerk of the United States District Court. He found deskroom in his friend's office, and there hung out his shingle. As he was financially unable to set up a home of his own, he found a boarding house for himself and wife. He succeeded in securing an appointment as crier of the Federal Court, and for performing the duties of this comparatively humble position he received $2.50 a day. In later years Mr. Harrison often reverted to this as the first money he had ever earned in his profession.

In 1854 the birth of Harrison's eldest son, Russell, made it necessary for him to go to housekeeping, and he hired a modest residence in the eastern part of Indianapolis. It was a one-story wooden building, containing three rooms, a bedroom, dining-room, and kitchen. Outside there was a shed where Mrs. Harrison could do her cooking in summer. They kept no servant. The young husband helped his wife all he could. Before going to his office in the morning he sawed all the wood she would need for the day. When he came home for his noonday dinner he would fill a water bucket and attend to other work about the house. Mrs. Harrison's domestic qualities were her strongest characteristic, and in after years, when she was exalted to the position of "first lady of the land," her housewifely traits never deserted her. The strictest economy and most scrupulous

neatness prevailed throughout their humble home, and her exquisite taste made it attractive. Money was scarce with the Harrisons at this time. The struggling couple had one particular friend, a druggist named Robert Browning. When Harrison happened to be in a particularly tight place he not infrequently borrowed five dollars from this druggist for household expenses. These favors were not forgotten in later years.

In his business the rising young lawyer exhibited tremendous capacity for work, and his practice rapidly increased. It was at this time, when he was just beginning to earn a fair living, that the nation was electrified by the uprising of the South and the opening of the Civil War.

For a time Harrison, thinking of his wife and children dependent upon his efforts, refrained from activity. But the situation in the summer of 1862 became critical. President Lincoln had issued a second proclamation calling for volunteers, and Gov. Morton was finding difficulty in filling the quota due from Indiana. One day, when the gloom of the public was darkest, Harrison and a friend called upon Gov. Morton. The business of their call being concluded, the Governor invited his visitors into his private office. There Morton remarked that he was much discouraged. He pointed to some stonecutters at work across the street upon material for a building, and said: "There is an example. People are following their private business and letting the war take care of itself."

Harrison's patriotism was bred in the bone. To his sensitive conscience the Governor's remark seemed to be addressed to himself. He felt that he was indeed attending to his private business while his country needed his services. He said: "Governor, if I can be of any service, I will go." The fateful words were spoken. "Raise a regiment in this congressional district and you can command it," the Governor replied.

From this interview Harrison walked directly to his office, hung the Stars and Stripes out of his window, and began recruiting Company A, which was the nucleus of the Seventieth Regiment of Indiana Volunteers.

To recount in detail the military services of Col. Harrison would involve a recitation of no inconsiderable part of the history of the Civil War. He was in many battles. Perhaps the best known of them was that of Resaca. Here he especially distinguished himself in a heroic charge upon the works of the enemy, involving a hand-to-hand conflict and the capture of a redoubt essential to the Union position. This fight earned Harrison the pet name of "Little Ben," by which he was ever after known among his soldiers.

It was after the battle of Peach Tree Creek, where Harrison had again shown conspicuous bravery, that Hooker rode up to him and said: "I'll make you a brigadier-general for this fight!" His promotion soon followed, and his commission as brevet brigadier-general is signed by Abraham Lincoln and countersigned by Edwin M. Stanton. It states that it was given "for ability and manifest energy and gallantry in the command of the brigade."

At the close of the war Harrison returned to his Indianapolis home and resumed his law practice. He was in debt, but his salary as reporter of the Supreme Court, and the returns from his business as a member of the new law firm of Porter, Harrison & Fishback, formed in 1865, soon relieved his immediate embarrassment. It may be said that from this time forward his career was one of financial success as well as of political advancement. His election to the United States Senate soon followed, and during his term of six years as Senator his reputation as a sound, progressive, and enlightened statesman, and a ready, finished, and powerful debater was firmly established.

During her husband's service in the Senate, Mrs. Harrison made herself universally popular by her never-failing,

unaffected cordiality and obliging disposition toward their innumerable callers, whether they called socially or to persuade her to contribute to charitable objects. She took a very active part in efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the poor and unfortunate.

Meantime her husband's fame increased, and in June, 1888, he was nominated for President of the United States. His triumphal election followed a spirited political campaign. His administration during the four years following was universally conceded by political friends and foes alike to have been one of the most honorable in the history of the country. There were no foreign entanglements during his term, no glories from war, but the arts of peace triumphed as never before.

The elevation of her husband to the highest position within the gift of the nation made no change in Mrs. Harrison. She was still the same devoted daughter, wife, and mother, the same careful, conscientious housewife. Although criticised by the press for her excessive domestic proclivities, she was not deterred in her self-assumed task of a thorough renovation of the White House from cellar to garret. She discarded the accumulations of years, and secured cleanliness, order, and system. Neatness and thrift took the place of carelessness and destruction. This seriously interfered with the indifference and extravagance of the old servants of the Executive Mansion. High life below stairs ended with her advent, to the indignation of the worthies of those regions, who resented the idea that the mistress of the White House was privileged to extend her jurisdiction into the domain of the kitchen. It is perhaps true that Mrs. Harrison gave unnecessary personal attention to the details of this department, but she could not help feeling responsible for the domestic management of the White House; nor could she be indifferent to the household affairs of the home over which she presided.

Soon after General Harrison's inauguration Mrs. Harrison's sister, Mrs. Lord, who kept house for their aged father, who was then an employee of the Interior Department, was taken ill, and for months Mrs. Harrison's daily visits and devotion to her afflicted sister won the admiration of all. Death finally ended Mrs. Lord's suffering, and Mrs. Harrison at once closed the house, took her father and Mrs. Lord's widowed daughter, Mrs. Mary Scott Lord Dimmick, to live at the White House with her. Many remember the tender, loving care bestowed upon her father, then 90 years of age, and her niece, Mrs. Dimmick, who was afterward to become the second wife of the President.

It would have been impossible for Mrs. Harrison to have discharged the many social duties devolving on her but for the assistance of her truly devoted daughter, Mary Harrison McKee, and the wife of her beloved son Russell, who were untiring in their efforts to relieve their mother from the burdens of her multiplied cares and duties. Both Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Harrison, Jr., had children, and the world has not forgotten how thoroughly absorbed both the President and Mrs. Harrison were in these children.

I remember an occasion when the President and Mrs. Harrison had been dining with Vice-President and Mrs. Morton. The dinner was followed by a large reception which kept them late, and both were very tired. When they reached home they found Marthena, Russell's little daughter, very ill with a high fever. Mrs. Harrison took off her evening gown, donned a wrapper, and insisted upon everybody retiring. Assuming entire charge of the little patient, she followed the doctor's instructions, and nursed the child till morning, when the fever developed into measles, with the result that Mrs. Harrison and her little granddaughter were quarantined for weeks.

On the morning of Feb. 3, 1890, Washington was aroused to the highest pitch of excitement by the burning of the

home of Benjamin F. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy. The fire had evidently been burning between the floors and walls hours before it was discovered, and the family, little knowing the danger that surrounded them, slept soundly. When they finally awoke they found themselves cut off from each other and all means of escape, and to save their lives some of them jumped from the windows. After the flames had been sufficiently extinguished the bodies of Mrs. Tracy, Miss Tracy, and a French maid were found dead in their beds, burned beyond recognition.

President Harrison was among the first to arrive at the house after the alarm, and took Mr. Tracy and Mrs. Wilmerding to the White House, giving directions that the remains of mother and daughter be brought there also. Mrs. Harrison received her stricken friends with genuine sympathy, doing all in her power to minister to their physical and mental suffering. The coffined remains of the ill-fated ladies were placed side by side in the center of the East Room, and here the funeral services were held.

Mrs. Harrison's sympathies had been so severely taxed by this shocking tragedy that it was some time before she rallied, though she persistently replied to anxious inquirers that she was all right, only a little fatigued. She was desirous that all social functions expected at the White House should be given; and ordered that she should be advised of the presence in Washington of distinguished visitors who were entitled to courtesies. In the spring of 1892, Mrs. Harrison had an acute attack of "La Grippe," terminating in alarming symptoms of lung trouble, causing deep solicitude on the part of her family and friends. In the early summer they took her to Loon Lake, in the Adirondacks. But she was not benefited by the change, and was brought home early in October in the last stages of consumption. She never left her room again after her return. In the early morning of October 24, 1892, this noble, self-denying

woman fell asleep to wake no more, after eight months of patient suffering borne with Christian resignation and fortitude, in the same room where President Garfield, cruelly wounded, had lain so long. Her funeral was very simple. The family, the Supreme Court, the Cabinet, and a small chosen number from among her hosts of friends assembled around the casket in the East Room on Thursday morning, October 27th, to look for the last time upon her gentle face. The casket was completely covered with orchids and roses, her favorite flowers. After the close of the services her remains were taken by special train to her old home in Indianapolis.

In November following, Mrs. Harrison's father, the Rev. John W. H. Scott, died; his funeral was held in the White House. He was 93 years old but had performed his duties as clerk in the Pension office until after Mr. Harrison's election to the Presidency.

To those who loved Mrs. Harrison, there is something inexpressibly sad about her life and death in the White House. To her tender, loving nature, the continual succession of sorrows was overwhelming, and in the light of subsequent events it seems the world knew little of all that she suffered so keenly. In the many high positions attained by President Harrison, his devoted wife filled her place beside him with conspicuous credit. He was never embarrassed on account of anything she did, left undone, or said; her amiable disposition and the great kindness of her heart prompted all her acts. She made no mistakes requiring finesse to correct. She was unspoiled by her husband's steady promotion. Even when he reached the pinnacle of fame she was always the same unpretentious, gracious woman, a devoted wife, and loving mother, who ever exerted her benign influence for the advancement of all good works.

In a retrospective glance at the social side of President Harrison's administration one cannot but feel that far more

of sadness than gladness occurred beneath the roof of the White House during those four years. The emblems of mourning were seen very frequently, and regular social entertainments were all too often turned into melancholy occasions by untoward happenings.

It has frequently been remarked that there were more deaths in the families of President Harrison's cabinet and in his own than had ever occurred during the term of any other President. Mrs. Lord, Mrs. Harrison's sister; Mrs. Harrison; her father, Dr. Scott; Secretary Windom; Mrs. Coppinger, Secretary Blaine's daughter; Walker Blaine; Mrs. and Miss Tracy, wife and daughter of Secretary Tracy, having died during the four years intervening between March 4, 1889, and March 4, 1893.

In the death of Mrs. Harrison the President lost a devoted wife and a faithful companion who for many years had, in no small degree, contributed to whatever of personal popularity the President had; for her lovable and gracious qualities offset the President's well known reserve, a reserve often called frigidity by many who found him difficult to approach. If his reticence and apparent unapproachableness were not liked by those who encountered them, if he was stigmatized as an "iceberg," the thinking part of the country apparently thought none the less of him for it. His demeanor might be characterized as distant when he was accosted by strangers or even by acquaintances. What was signified by his attitude in social intercourse has been well indicated by Mr. Fishback. He says:

"He has been unjustly censured for his apparent lack of sociability. Probably it would have seemed better to some if General Harrison had sacrificed a little more to the graces, but it remains to be seen if the country is not to be congratulated upon having a Chief Executive with the great virtues emphasized, even if there should be a lack of that able-bodied joviality which invites the approaches of the

THE RED ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Used by the President and his family as a reception room. It is furnished and decorated in red, and is one of the most attractive rooms in the White House. At the left hangs a portrait of President Harrison's first wife, who died in the White House. At the right is a portrait of Mrs. President Hayes. In the center, over the door, is a portrait of President Hayes. Many portraits of former Presidents look down from its walls.

back-slapping Toms, Dicks, and Harrys who make a market of their assumed familiarity with men high in office. Gen eral Harrison had personal dignity and self-respect, which upon occasion could repel unwelcome intrusion."

Like every man who has occupied the presidential office, General Harrison aspired to a second term, and in 1892 he was again nominated as the national standard bearer of the Republican Party. He was defeated in the following election by Grover Cleveland, who was again elected President.

On April 6, 1896, ex-President Harrison married Mrs. Mary Scott Lord Dimmick, a niece of his first wife. She had been a widow for more than a dozen years when Gen. Harrison became President, her husband having died three months after marriage. As already stated, she went with her grandfather to the White House after her mother's death, and lived there nearly as long as the Harrison family occupied it. She acted as Mrs. Harrison's secretary and was a frequent companion of the President on his long walks, exercise to which Mrs. Harrison in the last years of her life was not equal. Gen. Harrison was married to Mrs. Dimmick in St. Thomas's Protestant Episcopal Church on Fifth Avenue in New York city before a small party of friends. Neither his son Russell, nor his daughter, Mrs. McKee, was present. Gen. Harrison took his wife at once to his Indianapolis home. A girl was born to him in the following year.

The second marriage, while apparently one of extreme happiness to Gen. Harrison, was not agreeable to the children of his first wife, and estranged the members of his family.

After his retirement from the presidency, Gen. Harrison's income from his law practice averaged at least $150,000 a year. He solved in a dignified manner the old problem of "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" His retirement from public life did not mean idleness with him. Upon the contrary, he became one of the busiest men

among all his busy fellow-citizens. He would undertake only select law cases and he could command his own fees.

Ex-President Harrison died of acute pneumonia at Indianapolis, March 13, 1901, surrounded by the immediate members of his family and the physicians who had been constantly in attendance on him. Mrs. Harrison knelt at the right side of the bed, her husband's right hand grasped in hers, while Dr. Jameson held the left hand of the dying man, counting the feeble pulse beats. In a few moments after the friends had been summoned to the room the end came, Dr. Jameson announcing the sad fact. The great silence that fell on the sorrowing watchers by the bedside was broken by the voice of Rev. Dr. Haines, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church which Gen. Harrison had attended for many years, raised in prayer, supplicating consolation for the bereaved wife and family.

Neither Russell B. Harrison nor Mrs. McKee were present when their father died, although both were hurrying on their way to his bedside as fast as steam could carry them. Elizabeth, President Harrison's little daughter, had been taken from the sick room by her nurse before the end came.

One of the most pathetic incidents of his illness occurred just before he became unconscious. The General's little daughter, Elizabeth, was brought into the sick room for a few moments to see her father, and offered him a small apple pie which she herself had made. He smiled, but the effort to speak was too much, and he could do nothing more to express his appreciation.

Benjamin Harrison was one of the greatest and noblest presidents, and his place of honor among the makers of American history is assured.

CHAPTER LII.

THE PRESIDENTS, THEIR WIVES, AND FAMOUS LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE, CONTINUED — PRESIDENT AND MRS. McKINLEY'S REIGN — HIS ASSASSINATION.

The House in Which William McKinley, Jr., was Born — His Work for the Family Woodpile — How He Obtained an Education — Striding "Across Lots" to Teach School — Enlisting as a Private Soldier in the Civil War — His Conspicuous Gallantry and Rapid Promotion — Begins the Study of Law — His First Case in Court — The Bow-legged Man Who Lost His Case for Damages — Marriage and Early Home Life — Elected President of the United States — Mrs. McKinley at the White House — Hands That Were Never Idle — Assassination of the President — His Last Days on Earth — His Patience, Fortitude, and Resignation — His Last Words — His Death and Burial — Beloved By All — Devotion of Mrs. McKinley — A Grief Stricken World — Arrest, Conviction, and Execution of the Murderer.

FOR the first time in the history of our country a President was given a second term without succeeding himself, when ex-President Grover Cleveland defeated Benjamin Harrison in the presidential contest of 1892. In the following March, President and Mrs. Cleveland for the second time took up their residence in the Executive Mansion. An account of their reign has been given in a previous chapter and covers both terms. President Cleveland was succeeded by William McKinley, Jr., who was elected in 1896, and entered the White House in March, 1897, as twenty-fourth President of the United States.

In the early forties President McKinley's father was managing an iron furnace near Niles, Ohio, a settlement of

very few inhabitants then, and it was there, in a long, two-story dwelling, that, on January 29, 1843, William McKinley, Jr., was born. The building served the double purpose of a country store, with dwellings above. It is still standing, and just over the vine-clad entrance to the second story is the part of the house where the future President first saw the light of day. He was the seventh of nine children. The McKinleys were regarded by their neighbors as possessing superior intelligence, and were respected accordingly.

The boys were always provided with something to do for the comfort and support of the family. Wood was the fuel of those days, and the thriftiness of a family was often judged by the extent and appearance of its woodpile. Both William and his brother Abner remember their work for the family woodpile, each doing a certain share; and it is said that while William always did his part as quickly and as skillfully as he could, some of the others would get their share done for them when the desire for play was too strong to be resisted.

His father soon realized that with a large family of intelligent boys and girls growing up about him, better educational facilities were required, and in 1852, or when William was nine years old, the family moved to Poland, Ohio, where young William attended an academic school. The story is told of a strife between him and another pupil, who roomed across the street from the McKinleys, as to which should first show a light to begin the early morning study, and exhibit the greatest endurance by being the last to extinguish it at night.

He pursued his academic education at Poland until he was seventeen years of age. By this time he had secured a better education than most boys possess at his age, largely by his own study and reading, while his association with the Methodist minister of Poland had broadened and strengthened his ideas.

Later, he entered Allegheny College, at Meadville, Pa., but his devotion to his studies and lack of exercise had expanded his mind at the expense of his body, and ill health compelled him to return to his home. He now engaged as a school teacher in a small district about two and one-half miles from Poland, and the old inhabitants of that section still recall the sight of young McKinley striding "across lots" to and from the old schoolhouse, which still stands.

Just before the beginning of that winter, while he was teaching, Abraham Lincoln was elected President. Buchanan, in the few remaining months of his official term, betrayed his utter inefficiency. Congress was endeavoring to adjust the grave difficulties that threatened to end in the dissolution of the Union, but without avail, and the dreaded Civil War could no longer be averted.

Shortly after the President's call for three-years volunteers the young men of Poland gathered at the old Sparrow house in that place, all of them raw and undisciplined youths who had never shouldered a musket, but were enthusiastic and determined in the defense of the Union. A company, which was known as the Poland Guards, was formed, a captain and a first lieutenant were elected, and the company marched down the old street wildly cheered by the inhabitants of the little place. The company marched to Youngstown accompanied by half the men, women, and children of Poland, including young McKinley. The next day he enlisted as a private in the Twenty-third regiment, Ohio volunteers, of which Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards President of the United States, was major.

Speaking one day to a friend of his in the governor's office at Columbus concerning his enlistment, Governor McKinley said, "I always look back with pleasure upon those fourteen months in which I served in the ranks. They taught me a great deal. I was but a school-boy when I went into the army, and the first year was a formative

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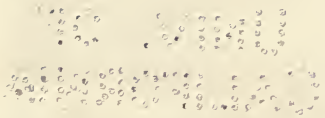

not meet with the approval of his father. However this may be, it is certain that the attractions of army life were overcome, and he decided to enter the legal profession. His old appetite for study returned, and he began the study of law with a man who was esteemed for his high character, Judge Charles E. Glidden, whose office was in Youngstown. He entered upon his law course with all the earnestness that characterized his school-boy days, and became again an excessive burner of the proverbial "midnight oil". Once or twice a week he would go to Youngstown to recite to Judge Glidden or his partner. Even then he was known to the people of Poland and its vicinity as a good speaker, and was looked upon as a young man with a bright future before him.

In another year he entered the Ohio Law School at Albany. There he completed his course, and gained admittance to the bar in 1867, two years after his return from the war. Bidding adieu to his old friends and comrades in Poland, he went to Canton, Ohio, and there the briefless young lawyer, engaging a small office in the rear of an old building, waited for clients, and studied.

Occupying a well-equipped office on the front of the same building was Judge Belden, then one of the most prominent advocates in Stark county. He had been a circuit judge, and was a man of influence and high social position. He was attracted by the personality of McKinley and thought the young lawyer was a man who deserved assistance. The latter was not seeking any, however. But one day the judge came into McKinley's office, complaining of feeling unwell, and wishing to go home, and said:

"Here are the papers in a case coming up to-morrow. Now, I want you to try it — I shall not be able to attend to it."

McKinley had never tried a case in court, excepting one or two of little or no consequence in the justice's court.

The papers in the case were voluminous; moreover, it was a very doubtful case. Indeed, Judge Belden had very little hope of it.

"Why, I can't try that case, Judge," said McKinley; "it's all new to me; there is not time to prepare it; and you know I've never tried an important case yet."

"Well, begin on this one, then," replied the judge; and McKinley agreed to do so, nothing being said, however, about a fee for his services. He went to his office and sat up all night, going through every detail of the case, and the next day he went into court and won it.

Meeting him soon afterward, Judge Belden said: "So you won the case," and putting his hand in his pocket, he handed McKinley twenty-five dollars.

"Oh, I can't take that," said McKinley; "it's too much for one day's work."

"Don't worry about that," said the judge, good-naturedly, "I got a hundred dollars as a retainer."

From that moment Judge Belden and his friends knew that McKinley was a man of ability, and very soon the judge made him a partner. He moved out of the little rear office where he had spent his briefless days, and continued his practice with Judge Belden with increasing success until the latter died in 1870.

McKinley soon won a reputation as a shrewd lawyer and a successful pleader. In one case, not long after entering into partnership with Judge Belden, he found himself pitted against one of the most brilliant lawyers of the Ohio bar. The case was a suit for damages for malpractice, the complainant charging that a surgeon had set his broken leg in such a way as to make him bow-legged. McKinley appeared for the surgeon. The opposing counsel brought his misshapen client into court, put him on the stand, had his broken leg bared, and it was held up conspicuously in evidence. A bad looking leg in shape it certainly was.

Things looked serious for the surgeon and for McKinley's case. But meanwhile McKinley had his keen eyes fixed on the other leg, and when the witness was turned over to him for cross-examination he demanded that this too be bared. The plaintiff's counsel made a vigorous objection, but the court overruled it. Much to the plaintiff's attorney's confusion, the merriment of the jurors, and the collapse of the complainant's case, the other leg was more bowed than the one set by the surgeon.

"My client seems to have done better for this man than did nature herself," said McKinley, "and I move that the suit be dismissed with a recommendation to have the plaintiff's right leg broken and set by my client, the surgeon."

McKinley was soon elected prosecuting attorney for Stark county, and served in that capacity for two years. From the time of his first campaign for election to this office he had been active in politics. He was in great demand as a political speaker, and soon made himself a power among the people of that section.

When McKinley was fighting for the Union there was a young lady in Canton, Miss Ida Saxton, of excellent family, handsome features, and lively and attractive disposition, who was pursuing her studies, and devoting some of her leisure time to scraping lint and making bandages to be sent to the front for wounded soldiers, as thousands of other young ladies did in those days of anxiety and dread. She was born and reared in Canton. Her grandfather, John Saxton, founded the Canton Repository in March, 1815, a paper that is still published. His son, James A. Saxton, the father of Ida Saxton, became a banker and a capitalist, and was prominent in local affairs. His wife was one of the loveliest of women, with a beautiful face and sunny disposition. Ida Saxton was born June 8, 1847. She inherited her mother's bright and cheerful disposition, which has aided in making her life, — though having far more than its

share of physical suffering, — one of constant usefulness to others.

Ida Saxton was graduated from a seminary in Media, Penn., at the age of sixteen. Even at this time she was seriously threatened with ill health, and her ambition often carried her further than her physical strength warranted. Though with prospects of inheriting a fortune, her father believed in giving his daughter the advantages of a practical business training, and to this end she was taken into the employ of the bank with which he was connected, and for three years held the position of assistant to him.

After her father's death she spent a season of travel abroad, and on her return home William McKinley, who had just been elected prosecuting attorney of Stark county, wooed and won her, and they were married January 25, 1871. After boarding for a time, they began housekeeping in Canton in a modest and pretty home, where, in 1871, their first child, a daughter, was born. She lived to be only three years of age. A second child, also a daughter, died in infancy. Just before the birth of the second child, Mrs. McKinley experienced the great sorrow of her life in the death of her beloved mother. Mrs. McKinley's actual invalidism dates from this period, when, within a few months, she lost her two children and her mother.

Major McKinley was elected to Congress at the age of thirty-four. As a Congressman he led a quiet and studious life, paying little regard to social functions at Washington. During his first term he gained the reputation of an industrious, well-informed, and plodding Congressman, and at the same time a reputation for affability and courtesy that made him extremely popular.

He was returned to Congress for another term. He had already become an acknowledged leader in the House in debates upon economic and financial questions. He was defeated for a third term in Congress in 1890, but was

elected governor of Ohio in the following year. His opening speech in the gubernatorial campaign that followed was made at Niles, his birthplace, from the little porch over the doorway to the house in which he was born forty-eight years before.

He was nominated for president June 16, 1896, at the Republican convention in the city of St. Louis, and was elected in the ensuing campaign.

In our war with Spain that occurred during his first term, and the numerous complications growing out of it, the nation had profound respect for President McKinley's judgment and the utmost confidence in his devotion to the national honor. History will certainly call that a striking moment in our national life when Congress gave to him $50,000,000 and a vote of confidence such as no President ever had received, without a minute's hesitation or a dissenting voice, or exacting a promise in return. For the first time since the Civil War, Congress was united as one man in a common cause, for the honor of a common flag — every man voting, and all on one side, ready and eager to go on record.

Within less than four months of warfare the conflict ended — a conflict which drove Spain from the last of her once great possessions in the eastern world, which established the United States as a world power of the first magnitude, enlarged its territory in both hemispheres, and opened to the American people new opportunities and new and grave responsibilities.

President McKinley, whose patient diplomacy deferred war till it could be deferred no longer, whose courage carried it through to a successful issue, and whose gentle firmness at its close secured a peace with a rich legacy for our future, proved himself one of the great American statesmen of this generation, and amply justified the trust which the American people had placed in his hands. He was renominated in 1900, and re-elected to the Presidency in the cam-

paign that followed. He entered upon his second term as President, March 4, 1901.

Few public men have spoken on such a variety of topics in the course of their careers as President McKinley. His principal speeches were prepared with great care. He delivered memorable eulogies on Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, and Logan, which exhibit his keen insight into human nature and his high appreciation of noble qualities. The record of his public life is an open book. His bitterest political opponent never sought to cast reflections upon his integrity. No friend of his was ever compelled to make an apology for anything in his conduct as a man in private or public life.

Very much has been said and written of Mrs. President McKinley, and yet the half of her gentleness and beautiful character has never been told. Her most charming characteristics were her perfect sincerity, utter forgetfulness of self, and great thoughtfulness for others. As mistress of the White House scarcely a day passed that she did not do a kindness for some one. Many a grievously afflicted person — sometimes an utter stranger to her — received a token of her sympathy and good wishes, if nothing more than a bunch of flowers or a tender message. Always bright and cheerful, she never alluded to the affliction that held her captive for so many years. Her refined face, sunny disposition, and sweet smile reflected the spirit of gentleness and resignation that bodily suffering had wrought.

Her busy fingers were constantly at work for charity. Before she left the White House she had finished more than three thousand five hundred pairs of knitted slippers for ladies and children, all of which had been given to friends or for charity and invalids. Many of these slippers were sold for large sums at church and charity fairs. She spent hours in the distribution of flowers among her friends to grace happy occasions, or to cheer the unhappy or unfor-

PRESIDENT AND MRS. McKINLEY'S BEDROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

From a photograph taken the day after their departure from the White House for Buffalo, where the President was assassinated, September 6, 1901. "Little did the President think when he started on this journey that he would never again occupy this room, and that his dead body would in a few days lie in state in the historic East Room of the White House." President McKinley's portrait is at the left. Mrs. McKinley's at the right. A portrait of their little daughter, who died at the age of three years, is in the center.

tunate. She could never turn away from an appeal for help; and, but for the watchfulness of those in attendance at the Executive Mansion, there would have been a constant throng about her, awaiting her bounty.

As a mother, Mrs. McKinley was devoted to her little ones. The memory of them was ever present, and their pictures were ever before her. She talked about them with so much motherly love and tenderness that one could scarcely believe that a score of years had come and gone since they were taken from her.

Mrs. McKinley's adoration of her husband was well known. In her estimation he was perfect, and she discoursed upon his good qualities with all the fervor of a girl in her teens over her lover. She appreciated the unexampled thoughtfulness that often prompted him to leave cabinet meetings or other important councils, if they were at all protracted, to seek her for a moment and see that she was provided with every comfort. No sacrifice was too great for him to make for her. In all his busy hours she was never forgotten. It was said of him when he was a Congressman that he could always be found either at the Capitol, in his office, or with his wife.

President McKinley left Washington on the evening of July 5, 1901, to spend the remainder of the summer in his old home, at Canton, Ohio, where rest and quiet, it was hoped, would be of great benefit to Mrs. McKinley. He had accepted an invitation to be present at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, "President's Day" being fixed for the fifth of September. That day was to him one long ovation, the assembled thousands greeting him with affectionate enthusiasm.

On the afternoon of September 6th, the President, while holding a public reception in the Temple of Music, on the Exposition grounds, was mortally wounded by an assassin. The presidential party had on that afternoon returned from

a visit to Niagara Falls, and the President had proceeded at once to the Exposition. The fatigue of the morning journey prevented Mrs. McKinley from accompanying him, and she returned to the home of Mr. John G. Milburn, President of the Pan-American Exposition, whose guests they were. Throngs of people crowded the grounds to see the President enter, and, if possible, to clasp his hand at the public reception.

Shortly after 4 P. M. one of the throng that surged past the presidential party approached as if to greet the President. It was noticed that the man's right hand was wrapped in a handkerchief, but no one suspected that the concealed hand held a revolver. Mr. McKinley smiled and extended his hand to the stranger in friendly greeting, when suddenly the sharp crack of a revolver rang out above the hum of voices and the shuffling of thousands of feet. There was an instant of almost complete silence. The President stood still, a look of perplexity and bewilderment on his face. His lips pressed each other in a rigid line. His shoulders straightened as those of a military commander. He threw his head back, and as he brought his right hand up to his chest he grew deathly pale. The wounded President reeled and staggered into the arms of his private Secretary, George B. Cortelyou, and was led to a chair, where he removed his hat and bowed his head in his hands. By this time the crowd, at first dazed and bewildered, realizing the awful import of the scene, surged forward with hoarse shouts and cries. Only the President remained calm, and begged those near him not to be alarmed.

"But you are wounded," cried the secretary; "let me examine."

"No, I think not," answered the President. "I am not badly hurt, I assure you."

The President opened his waistcoat and thrust his hand

into the opening in his shirt bosom, and after moving his fingers there a moment, replied: "This pains me greatly." He slowly drew forth his hand. The fingers were covered with blood. He gazed at his hand an instant, a most piteous expression stole over his face, and he stared blankly before him.

His outer garments were now hastily loosened and the worst fears were confirmed. The assassin had fired two shots at close range. One bullet had struck the President on the breast bone, glancing and not penetrating; the second bullet had penetrated the abdomen and passed through the stomach. The President was at once placed on a stretcher and removed to the Emergency Hospital, on the Exposition grounds, the best surgeons available having been hastily summoned. He was placed upon an operating table, and a thorough examination was made. The surgeons informed him that an immediate operation was necessary. To this the President, who was in full possession of his faculties, replied with great calmness, "Gentlemen, do what in your judgment you think best." He was immediately placed under the influence of ether, an incision was made in the abdomen, and the wounds in the stomach were closed. The bullet could not be found. After the operation, which lasted an hour and a half, the President, still under the influence of the anæsthetic, was removed in an ambulance to the house of Mr. Milburn.

It would be impossible to describe adequately the exciting scene that followed the shooting. No sooner had the shots been fired than several men threw themselves forward as with one impulse upon the assassin. In an instant he was borne to the ground, his weapon was wrenched from his grasp, and strong arms pinioned him down. He was hurried into a little room, from which he was immediately removed to the police station house. His name was Leon F. Czolgosz, a young man of Polish extraction, whose home

was in Cleveland, where his father, mother, and brothers lived. He was an avowed Anarchist, and boasted that in shooting the President he had only done his duty.

Czolgosz was born in Detroit and was twenty-eight years of age. He received some education in the common schools of that city. He read all the Socialistic literature that he could lay his hands on, and finally he became fairly well known in Chicago, Cleveland, and Detroit, not only as a Socialist, but as an Anarchist of the most venomous type.

Learning that President McKinley was to visit the Pan-American Exposition, and was to remain for several days, he started for Buffalo on his murderous mission. He had followed the President for two days, knew when he would enter the Exposition grounds, and waited for his appearance. He was among the first of the great throng to enter the Temple of Music, and immediately took his position in line to shake hands with the President. When Mr. McKinley cordially extended his hand in greeting the assassin extended his left hand, aimed the revolver at the President's breast with his right hand, and fired. The murder was planned with all the diabolical ingenuity of which anarchy and nihilism are capable, and the assassin carried out his plan as perfectly as did his prototype, Judas.

Mrs. McKinley, who had been resting in her room at Mr. Milburn's, did not know what had happened until three hours had elapsed. She had begun to be anxious, as the President was expected to return at about six o'clock. Mrs. McKinley did not suspect assassination, but she naturally feared that some accident had befallen her husband. Minute precautions had been taken to shield her from all knowledge of the tragic occurrence, but now the terrible tidings could be withheld no longer. She must be told, for the President was even then being borne to the house. It was feared the shock would prostrate her, but, greatly to the relief of those about her, she bore it with surprising courage, and when the

President was brought in she was able to be taken to his room.

A few weeks before, Mr. McKinley had watched over her through a serious illness, and it was her turn now. She realized then, if never before, that the deepest anguish is the portion of the one who sits in sorrowful vigil. The President seemed troubled when she was not permitted to come into his room, and the physicians soon saw that it would be best for both that she should see him at least once a day.

The public was kept informed of the President's condition by daily bulletins issued by the attending physicians, and for several days after the tragedy his condition was so favorably reported that confident predictions were made of his recovery. Indeed, five days after the shooting the physicians declared that he was practically out of danger and would probably recover.

Following closely upon that reassuring announcement came the startling statement, on the night of September 12, that the President was worse. He had complained of weariness, and had frequently exclaimed, "I am so tired." Mr. McKinley's relatives were notified, and they hastened to the house.

The next morning at 6 o'clock, while the windows of his room were opened for a short time, the President turned his head and glanced out. The sky was overcast with clouds, and he remarked that it was not quite so bright as the day before. When the nurses were closing the windows to exclude the light, he gently protested, saying, "I want to see the trees. They are so beautiful." He was fully conscious then, and seemed grateful for the chance to see the sky and trees.

The President gradually failed during the day. That evening he asked to see Mrs. McKinley. She was led into the death chamber, and the strong face of the President lighted up as she bent over him. There Mrs. McKinley took

her last farewell of her dying husband, who for years had given her his tenderest care. She took his hands in both her own, gazed fondly, tearlessly, at the changing features, then smoothed back the hair from his brow, half arose, placed both arms around his neck, held them so for an instant, then arose and turned, and was led from the chamber as one in a dream. On returning to her room she gave way to bitter sobs and heartbreaking lamentations. Friends did their utmost to console her, but their efforts were unavailing. Her grief was absorbing and intense.

The President's condition grew steadily worse, and it was apparent that the end was near at hand. In his last period of consciousness he repeated the words of the beautiful hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and his last audible, conscious words, as taken down by one of the attending physicians at the bedside, were: "Good-bye, all, good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done." Hovering on the border line between life and death, waiting only for the fulfillment of the time allotted him by his Maker, his mind wandered to his home and the days when he was a boy. With each brief period of returning consciousness his thoughts reverted to her for whose comfort he had always striven. All else was forgotten, and she alone filled his thoughts.

Just as he had lived, with words of kindness and gentleness for all on his lips, without bitterness toward any human being in his heart, serenely, painlessly, President McKinley ended his earthly life at 2.15 A.M. on September 14, 1901. He passed away peacefully. It was as though he had fallen asleep. Only the sobs of the mourners broke the silence of the chamber of death. Mrs. McKinley bore her burden of grief with a Christian fortitude and calmness that surprised her friends.

The remains of the martyr President were borne in impressive state from Buffalo to Washington and taken to the White House, from which he and his wife had gone forth

only a few weeks previous full of happy thoughts and anticipations. There, in the historic East Room, sombre with its drawn shades and dim burning lights, the heavy black casket resting in the center of the room, under the great crystal chandelier, the guard of honor watched over the dead body of the lamented President. Thenceforward the White House had a new sacredness in American eyes.

That night Mrs. McKinley rested in her old room in the Executive Mansion from which she was so soon to depart to make place for a new mistress of the White House. On the next morning the dead body of the President was reverently taken to the rotunda of the Capitol, where the state funeral was held, and on Wednesday the remains were escorted to Canton, Ohio, where interment took place September 19, 1901. This was the twentieth anniversary of the death of President Garfield.

Swift punishment awaited the assassin. He was promptly tried, and on September 26th, just twenty days after he fired the fatal shots, he was condemned to death and was executed in the state prison at Auburn, N. Y., October 29, 1901.

As a wise, just, pure-hearted statesman, William McKinley achieved imperishable fame. In the Chief Magistrate the man was never lost. Modest, equable, benign, patient, and magnanimous, he won esteem and inspired love. Of all our Presidents, he was the most popular for his human qualities, and no man could better deserve the regard of his countrymen. Posterity will acclaim him one of the greatest Presidents of our Republic, and in the hearts of Americans McKinley will be enshrined with the lamented Lincoln.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE PRESIDENTS, THEIR WIVES, AND FAMOUS LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE, CONTINUED — PRESIDENT AND MRS ROOSEVELT ENTER THE WHITE HOUSE.

Theodore Roosevelt Becomes President of the United States — The Story of His Life — His Rapid Rise to Fame — His Ability and Honesty in Public Office — Why He Became the Most Thoroughly Hated Man in New York — Selected by President McKinley for Assistant Secretary of the Navy — What the "Old Timers" Thought of the Appointment — The Liveliest Official in Washington — His Life on a Western Ranch — Getting Acquainted with Cowboys — Raising the Regiment of "Rough Riders" — "I'm Kinder Holler" — His Personal Bravery on the Battlefield — A Popular Hero — Elected Governor of New York — Elected Vice-President of the United States — Assuming the Great Office of President of the United States — Mrs. Roosevelt and Her Six Children — An Ideal Wife and Mother — Superintending Her Own Household — Children at the White House.

BY the death of President McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, then Vice-President, became the twenty-fifth President of the United States. The title, the honors, and the burdens of the highest office of the greatest nation in the world came to him unexpectedly and prematurely.

For years Theodore Roosevelt has had the potentialities of a President of the United States in him, and thousands have turned instinctively to him as the man who, early in the twentieth century, would be made the Chief Executive. The candor and rugged honesty of his political life made him formidable to certain selfish corporate influences, and his personal popularity stood in the way of the ambitions of powerful individuals in the Republican party.

Very largely for these reasons the vice-presidential nomination was forced upon him against his will and the desires of his best friends. He was regarded as a dangerous presidential possibility, and designing politicians were anxious to get him out of the way.

By the irony of fate he now becomes president through a tragedy which made him heir to much of popular affection for his predecessor. Thus were the machinations of his enemies and rivals brought to naught; and thus did the nation gain an Executive vigorous in body and mind, finely educated, notable as a writer of American history, exacting yet sympathetic in administrative labors, intensely American in policy, yet without a trace of racial narrowness, unequivocal in his religious convictions yet tolerant of men of all faiths, a champion of civil service reform, municipal reform, and all altruistic movements.

President Roosevelt was born in New York City October 27, 1858. His early education was obtained in private and preparatory schools. He entered Harvard College in 1875, and was graduated in 1880. After a trip to Europe for much needed rest, he returned to New York in 1881, and began the study of law, but soon abandoned it and became interested in politics. He has described his entry into the political field thus: "I have always believed that every man should join a political organization and should attend the primaries; that he should not be content to be merely governed, but should do his part of that work. So after leaving college I went to the local political headquarters, attended all the meetings and took my part in whatever came up."

In the fall of 1881 he was elected to the New York Assembly, and was twice re-elected, serving in the Legislatures of 1882, 1883, and 1884. He began his career in the Assembly without prestige and with the opposition of a powerful political ring. But he fought it down, mastering

one opponent after another until he was recognized as a leader, and won his way to the very front rank of Assembly influence. He was highly popular with his associates, irrespective of party.

Four years membership in the Eighth Regiment of the New York State National Guard, to which Roosevelt belonged from 1884 to 1888, and in which he was for a time a captain, furnished at least a basis for his subsequent brilliant military career.

Mr. Roosevelt's rapid rise from ward to national politics was the natural result of his brilliant Legislative work. He was appointed a member of the United States Civil Service Commission by President Harrison in 1889. His ability and honesty in conducting the affairs of that office greatly strengthened his hold on the public, and he was regarded the best member of the Civil Service Commission the United States ever had.

In 1895 he accepted the office of Police Commissioner of New York. His administration of this office was characterized by the same uncompromising honesty that is the most prominent note in his character. He set about to enforce the laws as he found them in the statutes, and this brought into the legal net many delinquents who had never anticipated being discovered or punished. In a very few weeks he was the most thoroughly hated man in all the city. His was the dominating personality in a board that did more to dethrone evil and clear out the worst part of the slums of New York and introduce honest administration of affairs, than any other board has ever done. The saloon element that had suffered most said they would get rid of Roosevelt by fair means or foul. No greater compliment could have been paid to him.

Such was the man whom President McKinley selected for Assistant Secretary of the Navy in April, 1897. He accepted the position and went to work on the instant.

Before the "old timers" in the department realized the change, the Assistant Secretary, but a few days in office, began to astonish them by his comprehensive mastery of detail. Presently it was perceived that he was about the liveliest man in that part of Washington. He was everywhere at once, and he could be found at almost any hour where the complications were thickest and the problems most serious.

The conservative members of the Service immediately concluded that Roosevelt would upset the Navy Department. His first duty on coming into office was to investigate the efficiency of the navy. He aroused the bureaus of the Department from lethargy, provided shot and shell for naval vessels, and enforced ceaseless practice and drill with the ships of the navy. From the time he entered the office he seemed to realize that war with Spain was inevitable. His energy and quick mastery of detail contributed much to the successful administration of the department and the preparing of the navy for the most brilliant feats in naval warfare in the history of the world. To him more than to any other person was due the readiness of the navy to strike when our war with Spain began.

When war was finally declared, Mr. Roosevelt could not sit still behind a desk. He submitted his resignation as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and proposed to the President to raise a mounted regiment to be composed of men who knew how to ride and shoot. His offer was accepted.

Mr. Roosevelt had been one of the first of the Eastern men of culture to enter upon the cattle business in the far West, with the serious purpose of making money, and for years he spent so much of his summers as could be spared from other business to live among the rough riders of the plains, eating with them, sleeping with them, hunting with them, and sharing in the roughest of their sports and in trials of endurance, strength, and skill.

He told his hired cowboys that he intended to be one of them. As he was a college graduate and wore glasses, they set him down for a typical "tenderfoot" at first, but were soon undeceived. His great personal popularity among them was won by his ability to more than hold his own with them. With cowboys he was a cowboy, and the ranchmen claimed him for their very own. He endured all the hardships of that life, branded his own cattle, rounded up his own herds, and never expected anything more than he found at hand. He learned to know cowboys as fearless riders and courageous men, strong to bear the hardships of warfare. From such men the famous regiment of Rough Riders was chiefly recruited.

At Roosevelt's suggestion Dr. Leonard A. Wood, an army surgeon, was appointed Colonel of the regiment, with Roosevelt as Lieutenant-Colonel. He became Colonel on the promotion of Wood to be a brigadier-general. At the very start Roosevelt moulded this band of independent, high-spirited ranchers, cow-punchers, and athletes into regimental shape with no uncertain hand. In one of his first speeches to them he said: "You've got to perform without flinching whatever duty is assigned you, regardless of the difficulty or danger attending it. No matter what comes, you must not squeal." These words of Roosevelt became almost a religion with his men. "To do anything without flinching and not to squeal" was their aim, and to hear the Colonel say "Good" was reward enough. He was on thoroughly good terms with his men, many of whom he knew by name.

When it came to discipline Colonel Roosevelt never let his kindness of heart degenerate into anything like laxity. It is related of him that one day in camp, before Santiago, one of his troopers objected to the performance of some menial work which was unpleasant, but necessary. Colonel Roosevelt, who had striven to impress every man while the

command was being recruited that no picnic was ahead of them, and that there would be many unpleasant and distasteful duties to perform, was vexed that the lesson had been so imperfectly learned, or, if learned, so quickly forgotten, and he became angry when the man got obstinate. He gave him a lecture that made his ears ring.

When he had finished the trooper said: "All right, Colonel; I'll do it." Then he paused for a minute. "Colonel," he went on, "haven't you got a few beans to spare? I'm kinder holler." The commander of the Rough Riders had been scowling savagely, but at the appeal for beans the scowl vanished. "I'll see," he said. "Come over here." The trooper followed to where Colonel Roosevelt's belongings were lying. The Colonel found a small can three-quarters full. "Here," he said, emptying out half of them, "take 'em and fill up your 'holler,' but you bury that dead horse at once or there'll be trouble in this camp, and you'll be in it."

In Cuba the Rough Riders saw active service, and Roosevelt distinguished himself again and again by personal bravery and efficiency in the management of his command, always leading his men into the thickest of the battle. His conduct at the jungle fight of Los Guasimas, and in the bloody charge up San Juan Hill, made him easily the leading popular hero of the Spanish War in Cuba. When he returned to the United States with his regiment in August, 1898, he was already talked of as the next governor of New York. But his regiment, which he had "breathed with and eaten with for three months," was still on his hands, and he had no time for anything but that. Not until he became a plain citizen would he talk of politics. The demand for his nomination as the Republican candidate for Governor of New York was so great that he could not resist it, though he neither sought nor desired it. He was elected Governor in the ensuing election.

As Governor it was felt that the State would have as an executive a man of such high integrity that every office-holder in Albany would understand that his accounts must be absolutely correct, that there would be no stealing, and that there would be no jobbery attempted in the legislature. It was also felt that the standard of official efficiency would be raised; that inefficient public servants would be retired and replaced with men of undoubted capacity. He exhibited the most desirable qualities of an executive officer, and his administration was of absolute moral purity. Its integrity was recognized by every political party.

When the Republican National Convention of 1900 met in Philadelphia, the demand for the nomination of Governor Roosevelt for Vice-President of the United States was irresistible. He did not seek and did not want the nomination. At his party's imperative call, however, he relinquished the desire he had to be re-elected Governor of New York, and accepted the position on the national Republican ticket with William McKinley.

That President Roosevelt is in reality a man of many sides is shown by the fact that in the midst of his intensely active life he has found time to do a large amount of literary work. He is the first man of letters to occupy the presidential chair since Thomas Jefferson. He has written many books, some of them notable, and contributed many articles to the press. His writings are marked by rich descriptive power, and his historical works by accuracy, breadth, and fairness. In his books are recorded his best thoughts on public policy, legislation, and ideal government.

Throughout his public career, which in a few years has been crowded with more stirring events than usually fall to the lot of one man in a lifetime, President Roosevelt has been first and always a family man. His children not only love him, but make him their playmate and companion whenever he is with them, which is every moment that his

THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT'S BEDROOM IN THE REMODELED WHITE HOUSE.

From a special photograph taken for this book.

public duties will admit. He is never so happy as when he is sitting quietly in his home with his wife and children. Home is to him the most sacred place on earth, and he never allows his family circle to be disturbed by the many cares which fall upon him as a servant of his country.

President Roosevelt has always been a vigorous speaker, with opinions of his own, and upon subjects of national importance he never hesitates to say what he believes. His views are constant and unchanging, as his manner of stating them is as straight as a sword-thrust. In one of his public addresses he said: "No nation, no matter how glorious its history, can exist unless it practices — *practices*, mind you, not merely preaches — civic honesty, civic decency, civic righteousness. No nation can permanently prosper unless the decalogue and the golden rule are its guides in public as in private life."

Above all things he is a man. This is the keynote to his popularity. "For myself," he said, "I'd work as quick beside 'Pat' Dugan as with the last descendants of the Patroon. It literally makes no difference to me, so long as the work is good and the man is in earnest. I would have young men work. I'd try to develop and work out an ideal of mine, the theory of the duty of the leisure classes to the community. I have tried to do it by example, and it is what I have preached — first and foremost, to be American heart and soul, and to go with any person, heedless of anything but that person's qualifications."

Young in years, but old in experience, and with qualities of character which won the cowboy on the plains and the Harvard undergraduate with equal potency, he came to the presidency at the earliest age on record, with the faith of the young men of the country going out to him as it never had to any other president.

His faith in American institutions and the future of his country is unlimited and inspiring. With a remarkable ca-

pacity for work and a constitution equal to any strain, he will always be found laboring for his country's good. A citizen of exalted personal character, a type of all the homely virtues, of irreproachable private life, an ardent patriot, a keen student of men and affairs, a statesman of large experience in executive tasks, and of wide acquaintance with the people, the history and the institutions of the United States, he will give the American people an able, honest, and clean administration. He stands before the country picturesque and unique, a daring leader of men and affairs. He entered the White House with the heritage of the example of one of the most eminent and successful administrations of our history, and he assumed the great office of President of the United States with a sustaining assurance of the confidence and support of his fellow countrymen.

Mrs. Roosevelt, who is now the first lady in the land, is the second wife of the President. She comes from a long line of ancestors high in social position, and as a young girl she was a great favorite in society not only in this country but abroad. Thoroughly well posted in the requirements and duties of social etiquette, the formality that must needs rule in the White House will yet be much mitigated by the indescribable charm of the home life which will dominate everything.

The attractive personality of Mrs. Roosevelt made her especially popular as the wife of the Governor of New York. She has never been in any sense a "public woman" even when as the wife of the Governor social and public functions made great demands upon her. She avoids prominent identification with any movement, and dislikes ostentatious display. Shrinking from undue publicity, hers is one of those rare personalities which are bound to assert themselves under any and all circumstances. Yet as the social leader of the country Mrs. Roosevelt is fully equipped.

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, THE PRESIDENT'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

From her latest photograph, approved by President and Mrs. Roosevelt. Engraved exp essly for this book.

Few women of the present day are more cultured or accomplished. Indeed, she might be taken as the type of the American woman; for, though essentially feminine and dainty in appearance, she has yet enough fondness for outdoor life and sports to be in entire sympathy with her husband. She is also the personification of the good American wife and mother. No matter how busy and how full her life may be, certain hours are devoted exclusively to her children, who receive probably the tenderest care and attention that a mother has ever lavished upon children in their position in life. Yet she superintends her own household, and is a business woman when business interests claim her attention.

The first wife of President Roosevelt was Miss Alice Lee of Boston. After only a year of married life the young wife died, leaving a baby girl, Miss Alice, who has recently entered society.

The present Mrs. Roosevelt was Miss Edith Kermit Carew, and Mr. Roosevelt married her in London in 1886. She was born in New York, where her girlhood was passed and where she attended school.

Mrs. Roosevelt's life while wife of the Governor of New York State indicates that while not craving public notoriety she will neglect none of the social duties which tradition assigns to the mistress of the White House. She has a genius for hospitality, and has, in addition, the unusual gift of being able to remember the faces of persons she has met but once or twice. She is of medium height and graceful figure, and has a charm of manner that attracts all who meet her. She dresses simply, but always in perfect taste.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt are the youngest couple who have ever occupied the White House, and they, with their children, will unquestionably transform it in many ways. They have six children, ranging in age according to the order in which they are here named: Alice, Theodore,

Kermit, Ethel, Archibald, and Quentin. Thus the stately rooms of the White House again resound to the voices of children. With the single exception of President McKinley's administration the Executive Mansion has for the past forty years never been without the charms of childhood life. All the presidents did not have young children, but where these were lacking there were grandchildren to take their places.

The home life of the White House during Roosevelt's administration promises to be an interesting and very happy one. The people of the United States will love Mrs. Roosevelt as they admire the rugged courage, uncompromising honesty, and indomitable persistency of her husband — the President.

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